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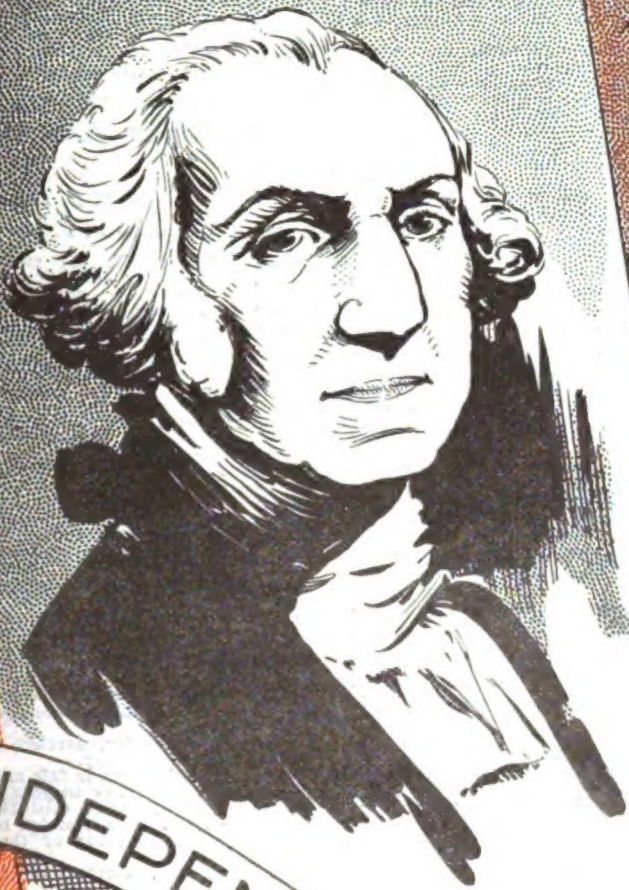
*The Key to Happiness and Success  
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.  
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INDEPENDENCE  
AND PEACE



FREEDOM AND UNION  
FOREVER



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# COMFORT

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A Million and a Quarter Homes  
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## CONTENTS

	Page
CRUMBS OF COMFORT	2
THE MIRACLE OF LOVE Short Story Mary Chapman Bennett	2 & 13
MONTHLY LESSON IN HISTORY C. B. Irvine	2
EDITORIAL	3
COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER	5, 9, 12 & 24
A THORNE AMONG ROSES (continued) Mrs. Georgie Sheldon	6 & 28
A HUMAN PLEA Poem Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)	6
HOW TO ARRANGE FOR SPARE TIME TIME Adele Steiner Burleson	7 & 12
REDEEMED BY A VALENTINE Short Story Lydia M. D. O'Neil	8
TOUGHIE: Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch (continued) Adele Steiner Burleson	9
THE IRON CROSS OF GERMANY Short Article	9
IN AND AROUND THE HOME. Fancy Work Conducted by Mrs. Wheeler Wilkinson	10
COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS Conducted by Uncle Charlie	11, 22, 32, 33 & 34
PRETTY GIRLS' CLUB Conducted by Katherine Booth	13
HOME DRESSMAKING HINTS Geneva Gladding	14
JOKES AND ANECDOTES OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN	15
POULTRY FARMING FOR WOMEN Mrs. Kate V. St. Clair	16 & 25
MODERN FARMER	17 & 27
EDNA'S SECRET MARRIAGE (continued) Charles Garvice	18, 29 & 36
GENERAL MARION WHO MADE GOOD HIS MOTTO "LIBERTY OR DEATH"	20 & 21
SONG OF MARION'S MEN Poem By William Cullen Bryant	21
LITTLE STORIES ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON	23
A CORNER FOR BOYS Uncle John	26
VETERINARY INFORMATION	27
MANNERS AND LOOKS	29
INFORMATION BUREAU	30
TALKS WITH GIRLS	31
CUBBY BEAR IN BAD COMPANY A Bed-time Story for the Little Ones Lena B. Ellingwood	32
SIX WHEEL CHAIRS IN JANUARY	32
HOME LAWYER	33
FAMILY DOCTOR	34
DECEMBER PRIZE WINNERS	34

## Crums of Comfort

God may delay, but He never forgets.  
Take things always by the smooth handle.  
A mule and a woman do best by fair means.  
The husband must not see and the wife must be blind.

The wound that is never given is the easiest one cured.  
A great deal is ill wasted and a little would do as well.

We weep when we are born and every day shows why.

Custom is the plague of wise men and the idol of fools.

A blunt edge will sometimes do what a sharp axe will not.

The good you do is not lost although you may forget it.

Away goes the devil when he finds the door fast against him.

Your looking glass will tell you what none of your friends will.

When two friends have a common purse one sings and the other weeps.

Since you can bear with your own, bear with the failings of others as well.

If you get vexed or lose your temper you will have two troubles instead of one.

It is not your posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory.

None more impudently suffer injuries than those who are the readiest to do them.

Before you walk into the front door of a saloon, look at the blot that went out at the back door.

Go not to your doctor for every ill, nor to your lawyer for every quarrel, nor to your bottle for every thirst.

# The Miracle of Love

By Mary Chapman Bennett

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"DON'T you think it will rain before night? The air seems so heavy," and Kathie raised her arms wearily above her head, and looked up at the cloudless sky streaked with the gold, and purple, and pink tints of the setting sun.

"Fred," said the invalid, half petulantly, "can't you put aside your paper and talk to me? I am so tired of this hot weather."

The young man at the other end of the veranda put down his paper and seated himself on the top step near the couch.

"What is the matter with my little sister tonight," he said, with caressing tones, "has the heat upset your nerves?"

"I don't know," said Kathie. "I try not to be selfish and complaining, but I am so very tired of being sick," and a few tears welled up into the violet eyes of the girl who, day in and day out, was doomed to lie on her back.

"This was too much for the tender-hearted brother who gathered the girl into his arms murmuring, 'My precious sister.'"

For a long time they sat quietly watching the stars come out, one by one.

Kathie nestled in the shelter of his arms, her head pillowed against his breast, a grateful change from the position she was obliged to be in during the many hours of the day.

"Fred, are you going to marry Miss Jessie Lane?" the sick girl asked at length.

If Kathie had not been so wrapped up in her own thought, she would have felt the start of surprise, heard the rapid pounding of his blood through his veins, heard the quickened beat of his heart.

It was with a supreme effort that the young man replied in a voice calm and gentle, "No, dear. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I don't know. But you remember last winter she sent me that beautiful basket of fruit, when everything was so high and scarce; and now today, those lovely roses from her own garden, and it made me think that perhaps she sent them because you were in love with her."

"Miss Lane is always trying to bring happiness to those who are suffering. She very likely does the same thing every day to some one. She never thought of me," quietly said the young man.

In his inmost soul he knew that he lied, and the knowledge that it was a lie brought a strange calm to his sad heart.

"Some way I should hate to have you marry her. I don't know what I should do. I think I should die," and Kathie nestled closer while her voice died away in a little trembling sob.

Now Kathie had absolutely no idea that she was selfish. Sick people rarely have the same viewpoint as those who are well, and the thought that her words might help to deprive him of a joy, which was as necessary to his best happiness as his presence was essential to her very life, did not occur to her. Not for worlds would she have added a single drop more to the already full bucket the young man was bearing.

A fall from a hammock when she was a child had injured her spine so that her legs were paralyzed, and when, just entering her teens her mother had died, Fred took up the burden, not only of support, but tender care. Everything that heart and mind could invent was done for the sufferer. Some days she was able to be carried out to the shady lawn at the rear of the house, but usually the long hours were spent on the broad veranda, screened and shut in when neces-

sary. Here, summer and winter, was her sun parlor.

It was here that she watched the autos speed by and saw the lights of the trolley a block away. It was here that she suffered and thought; here that she listened to the chatter and songs of the birds; here that she dreamed of the days when she would be well and strong; here that she received her friends and learned of the big world outside; and it was here that she fought her battles and won. At nineteen it is hard to acknowledge that death alone can make one well, and that life here on this beautiful earth must always be lived on one's back, and full of pain.

The house was on a quiet street far from the center of the city, and in the garden were old-fashioned flowers which Kathie's mother had planted and tended. But Kathie never seemed to care so much for them as for the flowers she could not see growing—some of the things that grew where the other girls lived—where she could never go. Oh, the pain of it!

Yet the doctors said that Kathie was an unusually happy invalid, and doctors learn to know the real character, not only of their patients, but of the other members of the family as well.

After the lights were out, Fred stood by his open window as he had done many a night before; stood with his head turned toward a distant home, straining his eyes to see when his mind told him he could not. Into his heart, as he stood, came a deep peace, and across the city, through the tree tops, via wireless, went the unspoken message. Perhaps it was a prayer, perhaps, the longing of a soul calling to its mate. Who shall say?

And Jessie Lane, in her sleep, dreamed that someone said to her, "Peace be with thee, Jessie, My love."

A few days later, Fred went out to spend the evening. Only once in many weeks did he call on Miss Lane. If anyone came in, he made only a formal visit, but if he chanced to find her alone, which was rare, he remained as long as he dared. Not being able to marry, he felt that he had no right in any way to compromise her, or place her in any position where their names would be linked. So his calls were few and far between.

On this evening Jessie was home and frankly glad to see him.

"You have not been to see me in many weeks, and I was beginning to wonder if you had forgotten my existence," she said playfully as she took up some light work.

Somewhat Fred always found her busy with her needle and he often marvelled over the piles and stacks of work that she must have accomplished. Men have the idea that nothing ever wears out, and, naturally, Fred deemed the work must of necessity by now be well nigh to the ceiling.

"I suppose Kathie needs you," she continued as she adjusted her needle. "How is she these warm days? Is she able to lie out in the garden?"

"Not over strong this weather," Fred replied as he settled himself in the easy chair close by the table upon which rested the work basket of his hostess. "She is cheerful though and tries to make the best of her hard lot. She was deeply appreciative of your kindness in sending the roses the other day," he added after a pause in which he watched the fingers readjust a loop and thread a needle with the floss near at hand.

Then remembering his sister's remark and his own pain, he said in an apologetic tone, "But I would rather you do not do it again. I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"But you most certainly do hurt my feelings

when you speak in that way," quickly responded his hostess, cut to the heart by the cruel words, and thinking only of the selfish ways of mankind. "What possible reason can you give, because I cut a few of my roses and sent them to a suffering girl, for refusing her the right to receive and me the joy of giving. What right have you to dictate in a matter entirely outside of your domain?" concluded Jessie, by now thoroughly angered by his tactless and wholly unnecessary words.

For a moment the young man was staggered by the storm of protest and in a laughing way stammered some apology.

"But I—I didn't mean it in just the way you thought."

"Well, I should hope not!" exclaimed Jessie with the angry color still glowing in her cheeks. Then the thought of what he really did mean gave Fred courage to say quietly, but sadly, "I am afraid I was extremely rude to you, Miss Jessie. For that I crave your pardon. My little sister, being ill and shut out from the social life of the world, looks at deeds in a somewhat different light from those of us who live in the glare of the day. When you have time to think it over, you will agree with me, that for her sake—as well as my own—he added in a lower tone, "It is wisest not to disturb her peace."

As the full meaning of his tone, more than his words, penetrated her mind, a deep flush overspread her features, and with ready tact she turned the tide of speech in other channels.

But although the conversation flowed on smoothly enough, there was a little constraint felt by both. Jessie was conscious of the eyes of love bent upon her whenever her own were turned away, but she could not understand the strain of sadness, both in them, and in his voice.

And the man, knowing the ache in his own heart, grieved over the hurt he knew he had inflicted upon the girl who was to him the one woman in all the world. And he wondered why it was that over and over again he would those who love the most, wound them when we would gladly protect them from all harm within the shelter of our love—wound them through that very love.

And the longing for her grew so insistent that he dare not linger over the good night, but hurried out into the street. And there, on the street, during that long walk home, a battle waged.

Why do we always think of a field, and two large armies when we use the word battle? The biggest battle ever fought is between a man and his own soul—between the force of right and the power of wrong in one human breast.

And the struggle caused the young man to cry out in his misery, "Oh, Jessie, my love, I need thee."

But his soul grew calm as, there in the darkness, he stretched out his hands to the one woman, whispering, "My love, I dare not ask thee to share my life. Fare—thee—well."

And in another part of the city a woman knelt by an open window, gazing up at the stars she said softly, "He loves me, I am sure of it. And

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

## Monthly Lesson in History

By C. B. Irvine

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**F**EBRUARY, the month of expiration, took its name from *februare*, which means to purify. Ordinarily it has twenty-eight days, but during leap years is given an additional day. Originally among the Romans it had twenty-nine days, but when it was decreed that the eighth month should bear the name of Augustus Caesar, a day was taken from the shortest month and given to August, which then had but thirty, that it might not be inferior to July, so named for Julius Caesar. The name February was given because it was during this month that the Romans celebrated the festival of *Februalia*. The month was introduced into the calendar along with January when Numa Pompilius decided that the year should have twelve instead of ten months. The amethyst is the gem-stone symbolical of the month, and stands for deep and pure love. One of its supposed powers is that of preventing intoxication and the Greeks and Romans drank wine from amethyst cups. The flower which represents February is the primrose, representing youth and sadness, and its motto, "Believe me." The month was notable in having brought two of the greatest Presidents of the United States in the world—Washington and Lincoln—and in many of the states their birthdays are celebrated as legal holidays. Other notable events of the month are here given:

1st—Mary Shelley, novelist, died 1851.  
2nd—Candlemas day.  
"If Candlemas is fair and clear,  
There'll be two winters in the year."

3rd—John of Gaunt, died 1399. Horace Greeley, born 1811. Mendelssohn, born 1809.  
4th—Horta, inventor of the camera obscura, died 1615.  
5th—Galvani, discoverer of galvanism, died 1799.

6th—Anne, Queen of England, born 1665. Charles II, King of England, died 1685.

7th—Charles Dickens, born 1812. M. Bourrienne, secretary to Napoleon, died in a madhouse 1834.

8th—Mary, Queen of Scots, beheaded 1586. Napoleon in Battle of Eylau, 1807. Last earthquake of any consequence in England, 1750.

9th—Henry Lord Darnley, consort of Mary Queen of Scots, murdered 1567. Treaty of Lunenburg between Germany and France, signed 1801. President W. H. Harrison, born 1773.

10th—James Nares, composer, died 1783.  
11th—Princess Elizabeth of York, born 1466. Elizabeth Plantagenet of York, died 1502; Battle of Montmirail, 1814.

12th—Abraham Lincoln, born 1809. Cotton Mather, born 1663. Lady Jane Gray, beheaded 1553.

13th—Cotton Mather, died 1728. Celebrated as St. Valentine's eve.  
14th—St. Valentine's Day. Richard II, King of England, died 1400.

15th—Galileo, astronomer, born 1564. John Hadley, inventor of the sextant, died 1744.  
16th—Lindley Murray, grammarian, died 1826.  
17th—Michael Angelo, died 1563.

18th—Mary I, Queen of England, born 1517. Martin Luther, died 1546. Balzac, died 1854. In the Nile campaign, Gen. Gordon arrived at Khartoum, 1884.

19th—Copernicus, astronomer, born 1473. Poe, poet, born 1809.

20th—Voltaire, born 1694. David Garrick, born 1716. Andreas Hofer, shot by the French 1810.  
21st—Ariippa, died 4 A. D.

22nd—President George Washington, born 1731. Charles, Duke of Richmond, born 1735. Rev. Sydney Smith, died 1845.

23rd—President J. Q. Adams, died 1872. John Keats, poet, died 1821. Handel, composer, born 1685. The Battle of the Alamo, in which Col. David Crockett was butchered by Santa Ana.

24th—Charles Lamb, essayist, born 1775.  
25th—Robert, Earl of Essex, beheaded 1600.

26th—Victor Hugo, born 1802. Thomas Moore, poet, died 1852. Napoleon quitted Elba, 1815.  
27th—Henry W. Longfellow, born at Portland, Maine 1812. The first Russian embassy arrived in London.

28th—Montaigne, essayist, born 1533. Susan Cromwell, last of the descendants bearing the name of the Lord Protector, died 1834. She was the daughter of Thomas Cromwell, the great grandson of Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of Puritan England, under whose leadership King Charles I was defeated and beheaded.

29th—Rossini, composer, born 1792. Every year whose number is not divisible by four nor by 100, as 366 days; every year divisible by 100 but not by 400, 365 days; and every year divisible by 400, 366 days. Thus you may determine the leap-years as far in the future as you like.

## IMPROVE THE HOME FOR HEALTH, HAPPINESS AND THRIFT

Unattractive, untidy homes in which slovenly housekeeping and bad cooking prevail produce discontent, sickness, poverty and mental and moral degradation among the members of the family, especially the children that grow up under such blighting influences. Such conditions are too common and are largely due to mismanagement and not knowing how to do better, how to make the most of the means at hand. It is not a question of money but of what to do and how to do it.

The humblest home, especially in the country, can be made attractive, comfortable and sanitary by care, good management and a little effort by the family with little or no expense, and it will yield big returns, not only in happiness and contentment but also in health and prosperity.

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will contain a lot of valuable information on best methods of housekeeping, domestic economy, cooking and improvement of the home for health, comfort and convenience, also articles on kindred home topics such as

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## Liquor Banished by a Nation of One Hundred and Seventy Million People

IT is an ill wind that blows no one any good, and out of the fearful conflict in Europe, war has brought about in a day a mighty reform, that peace might not have accomplished in a century. Russia has stopped the sale of vodka, France has banished absinthe, and the hours in which strong drink can be purchased in Great Britain have been so materially cut down that saloons find it hardly profitable to do business.

It is in Russia, however, that the most astounding change has taken place. Vodka, the national drink, a fiery liquor which had reduced the Russian peasantry to besotted apathy and chronic poverty, has been shut off by the government at its source. An altruistic, humane and self-sacrificing act, probably never before equalled by any government on earth, and the more remarkable from the fact that it is from the manufacture and sale of vodka, which is a government monopoly, that Russia largely realizes the enormous revenues which are needed for the upkeep of her military and imperial establishments. With every liquor den in Russia closed and sealed with the Czar's seal, which none dare break, the hundred and seventy million subjects of the Romanoff autocrat have of necessity become sober.

There is an old saying that you cannot make men good by an act of parliament, but it has been proved that you can at least make them sober, which is a ninety per cent step toward making men mentally, morally and physically sound, for it is temperance that builds character and intemperance that destroys it, and it is to character building that we must look for permanent racial uplift.

The improvement in the Russian people in the five months since vodka has been banned is astounding. Men who looked as though every worthy impulse had been crushed out of them, have been transformed as though by magic, from bleary-eyed physical wrecks to upstanding, vigorous humans, rejoicing in a new outlook, conscious of new hope, inspired by new ambitions.

As to the evils of intemperance Europe did little more than talk in time of peace, but when the great nations became involved in a life-or-death conflict of arms, and keen eyes, strong arms, steady nerves, sound judgment and stout hearts were required for the game of war then the belligerent powers took drastic action to put their soldiers and their people in the best of trim, by putting alcohol, man's greatest enemy, beyond their reach.

## We Need Nation-Wide Prohibition as Much as Russia Does

Cannot Congress learn the lesson to do for our people in time of peace what Russia has been moved by the exigency of war to do for her people?

State prohibition has done much, but its limitations are such that it falls far short of being an effective and thorough remedy for intemperance, as experience has painfully demonstrated.

Only nation-wide prohibition, with the Federal government taking upon itself the manufacture and sale of such alcoholic products as are necessary for mechanical and medicinal purposes, will rid this nation of the fearful curse which the drink demon has imposed upon it.

In spite of the strenuous efforts of men and women of high purpose who have devoted their lives to fighting this insidious evil, in spite of laws, regulations and preachments and vast expenditures of time and money, the consumption of alcoholic beverages steadily increases in the United States.

As a people we are the greatest law makers and law breakers on earth, and so long as some of the States permit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor and the Federal government allows its importation enormous quantities of strong drink will still find their way to every corner of the land despite local and State prohibitory laws. Not until the drink question is made a national instead of a State issue and Uncle Sam becomes the sole manufacturer and purveyor of alcoholic liquor in this country shall we see a similar condition here to that which today obtains in Russia.

The plea that prohibition interferes with personal liberty is very true; so do our laws against burglary, theft and murder and every other form of crime. Alcohol is a destructive poison and its effects, whether taken in large or small quantities, are disastrous and appalling.

Anything that strikes at the health and welfare of the individual and the nation (and alcoholic drink does this to an extent greater than any other evil) must be taken severely in hand, even to the extent of depriving the individual of the "liberty" of that means of self-destruction.

Decadent China has shown the courage and ability to grapple with the plague of opium, and has abolished it as thoroughly and completely as the Czar has abolished vodka in Russia. Who dares say that our government shall be less progressive and must not grapple with the demon alcohol?

If rum slew or injured only those who indulge in it, one might regard its use with complacent toleration, but drink is the promoter of vice and crime which inflicts the misery of poverty, disease and destruction on the innocent; it is the servant of the white slave traffic, the arch enemy of the human race.

No drunkard goes to his miserable grave until he has ruined the life and wrecked the hope of one or more heart-broken innocent victims of his vile appetite.

And the horror of it all is that this accursed appetite is handed on to generations yet unborn who must suffer from the sins of the fathers (and often the mothers), and suffer as acutely from cravings inherited from moderate drinkers as immoderate drinkers, until the third and fourth generations.

We want children *born* into the world, *now damned into the world*. Dr. L. Maus, Colonel of the U. S. Medical Corps, says: "Society must prevent its own ruin and degradation at any cost and defend the innocent members of the community against the ravages of the great destroyer, alcohol. When the general public learns that the diseases and evil traits we possess were transmitted by those who are mouldering in the grave, thousands of defective sons and daughters will curse the memory of their dead parents who fastened upon them the seeds of degeneracy."

Ex-Governor Patterson of Tennessee, once a fiery advocate of personal "liberty" and a friend of the saloon, saw drink strike down his first-born. He says:

"At last I have felt its foul and stealthy blows. It turned upon me in its deadly and shaming wrath—upon me who had pleaded before the people for its very existence."

"If we had no sorrows liquor creates them; and if we have them it increases them and makes them harder to bear."

"It blights the young man as lightning does the trees, and leaves him stripped of his heritage."

"It is the thief of character."

"It invades the ballot box and corrupts it."

"It weakens the administration of justice."

"It is the polluted stream that mingles with the current of public affairs and poisons all it touches."

"Whenever it comes it brings a sorrow, and whenever it goes it leaves remorse."

"Liquor dulls the edge of endeavor; it dethrones the reason; it enters and stains the cloisters of spirituality and becomes the foul and stealthy murderer of human souls."

"I hate it for what it has done to others, to the State and to my country."

"I hate it with every fiber of my being—with every passion of my soul."

The evils of drunkenness are obvious and many drunkards, in their sober intervals, favor prohibition as their only means of deliverance. But it is the so-called "moderate drinker," the man who takes a social glass or two whenever occasion offers or takes his daily drinks with a regularity and measured accuracy which never exceed the bounds of sobriety, that is hardest to reach and convince. He is the worst stumbling block in the path to prohibition and temperance. Because he never gets drunk he parades as a man of "temperate" habits and a model of self control, one who can "use liquor without abusing it." He strenuously objects to any law that will abolish his supposedly innocent and innocuous use of liquor; and in this he manifests a selfish and contemptuous disregard for the consequences to his weaker brothers who cannot imbibe without running the gamut of intoxication.

But his belief that he is not injured or endangered by liquor, as he uses it, is a delusion, for extensive scientific research and experimentation have proved beyond question that even a single drink of alcoholic liquor has a depressing effect on the brain and nerve centers which appreciably lowers the speed, accuracy and endurance of the working powers of mind and body, and that it requires a day or two for nature to recover and repair the damage; also that where the drink is taken habitually, even no oftener than once a day, the deleterious effect is cumulative, producing a weakening of the constitution and a permanent and progressive diminution of mental and physical capacity. Furthermore, moderate drinking weakens the power of resisting acute attacks of disease and is directly productive of chronic and fatal diseases of the arteries, liver, kidneys and other vital organs, and last, but not least, may doom the moderate drinker's child to an inherited propensity for liquor which may ruin him body and soul.

Thus we see that the word "moderate" does not properly apply to the use of alcoholic liquor as a beverage under any conditions. We frequently hear the friends of the saloon draw a distinction between temperance and total abstinence, but in the drinking of liquor, which is poisonous and injurious even in small quantities, there is no such thing as temperance; every drink is an intemperate use, an abuse, and temperance consists only in total abstinence. Therefore the so-called "moderate" drinker has no right to complain of a law which deprives him of the "personal" liberty of slowly poisoning himself.

## Appalling Growth and Magnitude of the Liquor Evil

The alarming extent to which drinking in the United States has grown is apparent in the Internal Revenue Department's figures which show that more than two billion gallons of intoxicating liquors were consumed by the people of this country in one year, 1913; that is more than two thousand million gallons (to be exact 2,128,452,226 gallons) which, if equally distributed, would be about ninety quarts to every man, woman and child in the United States. But of course it was not equally distributed, for most of the children, the larger part of the women and many of the men had no share in it, and therefore those who did drink it, constituting less than half the population, must have averaged near about two hundred quarts each. Imagine, if you can, its destructive effect on them and the calamity to their families, even though a considerable part of it consisted of wine, lager beer and ale.

Then the money spent for this drink was one billion seven hundred and twenty-four million dollars, enough to have ruined most any other nation, to say nothing the indirect loss occasioned by the drunkenness, idleness, sickness, pauperism and crime which it produced.

These figures prove conclusively that State prohibitory and local-option laws are ineffectual and that

## A National Prohibitory Law is Necessary to Suppress Drunkenness

Congressman Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, introduced a resolution in Congress to amend the U. S. Constitution so as to prohibit the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquor throughout the United States, except as made and distributed by the Federal government for necessary medicinal and mechanical purposes.

To adopt this amendment requires a favorable vote of two thirds of the members of both branches of Congress and the consent of the legislatures of three quarters of the States. It was acted on by Congress just before Christmas and received a favorable vote from a majority of the members in the House and Senate but fell short of the necessary two thirds.

This was so near a victory that it has greatly encouraged the promoters of the cause of nation-wide prohibition. They will make it an issue in the next Presidential and Congressional campaign in 1916 with strong hopes of success.

We appeal to COMFORT readers to support this movement as the most vitally important one before the country and we shall tell you more about it in our March issue.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.





# The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

*Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.*



## AGENTS WANTED

**Agents—Here's The Best Line of food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc. ever offered. No capital needed. Complete outfits furnished free to workers. Write today for full particulars. American Products Co., 633 Third St., Cincinnati, O.**

**Photo Pillow Toss. Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Photo China Plates. Rejects credited. Prompt shipments; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk X3, Chicago, Ill.**

**Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, \$1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit \$57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid 98c. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.**

**Every Household on Farm in small town or suburbs, where oil lamps are used, needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin Mantle Lamp; burns kerosene; gives a light five times as bright as electric. One farmer cleared over \$500.00 in six weeks; hundreds with rigs earning \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month. No cash required. We furnish capital. Write quick for wholesale price, territory and sample lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 652 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

**Magic Ink Eraser—No blade, no acid; removes ink like magic. Sold as easily as bread in a famine. Sample 10c. Sells 35c. Offices buy 1 to 12. Mfg. Co., 20 W. Warren St., N. Y.**

**Now Is The Time To Sell guaranteed hosiery, underwear and sweaters. Biggest money making proposition ever offered. Something entirely new. Complete sample line free. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City.**

**400% Profit—Evergrip Gliders. Samples free. Anyone can attach. Costs 3c, sells 15c. Homes buy dozens, hotels hundreds. Save floors, carpets. S. Mfg. Co., 20 W. Warren St., N. Y.**

**Earn Money Showing Queen Fabric Dress Goods. Honest, ambitious women wanted. Salary or com. Whole or part time. Mrs. Grace earns \$1,200 a year. Experience unnecessary. Instructions ready. Be first in your locality. Queen Fabric Mfg. Co., Dept. 408, Syracuse, N. Y.**

**Agents Wanted—To advertise our goods by distributing free sample to consumer. 50 cents an hour. Write for full particulars. The Favori Company, 1019 West St., Dayton, O.**

**Agents wanted to sell our granite and marble monuments and headstones. Good commissions. First class work. Write for terms. Moore Monument Co., Sterling, Ill.**

**Agents—150% profit selling new Easy Wringer Mop. Every home buys. Martin sold 131 in 2 days. One man orders \$2500 one month. Get details. U. S. Mop Co., 234 Main St., Toledo, Ohio.**

**Agents—208% profit. Wonderful little article. Sells like wildfire. Can be carried in pocket. Write at once for free sample. H. Matthews, 1919 Third St., Dayton, Ohio.**

**Agents—\$25 a week for two hours' work a day. A brand new Hosiery proposition that beats them all. Write for terms and free sample if you mean business. Guaranteed Hosiery Co., 1019 Third Street, Dayton, Ohio.**

**New Patented Articles. Different from the rest. Used in every home. Big profits. Ed. Hutchison, Winsor Ave., Elmira, N. Y.**

**Koko-Wheat Crisp. \$10.00 Daily Profit. New confection. 5c package costs 1 1/2c. samples 10c; particulars free. Machine \$7.50 prepaid. Cornean Co., 644 No. Parkside, Chicago.**

**I Need Branch Managers for my worldwide mail order business. Operate from your own home in spare time. No canvassing or peddling. Experience unnecessary. You should make \$50 weekly. Butler, 209 Factories, Toledo, O.**

**Agents—Get Particulars Of One Of the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make \$4000 Yearly. Address: E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 632 Third St., Cincinnati, O.**

**Make \$21 Next Saturday. Brand new proposition, patented last January. Amazing invention, compressed air washing machine, weighs but 2 pounds, excels work of high priced machines. Customers excited; agents coming money. A sale at every house. Price only \$1.50; 200% profit. Cleans tub of clothes in 3 minutes; works like magic. F. Hughes made \$21 first 8 hours. No charge for territory. Wendell Co., 613 Oak St., Leipsic, O.**

**Sell a Line of Monogram Stationery and Calling Cards. Big profit. Samples free. F. D. Leder, 109 S. Charles, Baltimore, Md.**

**Agents earn \$2.25 on each sale of our Special \$5.00 Raincoats. Why don't you try it? Boston Raincoat Company, Boston, Mass.**

**Young Man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor made suit just for showing it to your friends? Then write Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 952, Chicago, and get beautiful samples, styles and a wonderful offer.**

**Agents Wanted to devote all or part of their time selling lubricating oils and paints direct to the consumers. Salary or Commission. The Harvey Oil Co., Cleveland, Ohio.**

**Agents make \$10 a day selling rugs at \$1 each, cost agents 55c. Size 36 x 68. Sell from one to six at every house. Something every housewife wants. Full size rug for sample, 98 cents by parcel post. Commerce Specialty Co., Commerce, Tex.**

**\$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Luther Manufacturing Co., Dept. 419, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

**20 Choice, Easter, Birthday, Greeting, Etc. Postcards 10c. Special offer to agents. Palmer Postcard Co., North Ferrisburg, Vt.**

**Free Offer. A 25c box of Eg-Save—substitute for 40 eggs for baking and cooking. Send 10c in stamps to pay for postage and wrapping. Agents wanted. Parmelee Mfg. Co., Buffalo, N. Y.**

**Sells Like Hot Cakes! Laundry wax perfumes clothes with lasting violet perfume; outlasts 5c; Perfume-gloss, 13 Water St., N. Y.**

**Big Textile Mills will employ everywhere to take orders for dress fabrics, hosiery, underwear and neckwear from samples. Factory prices. Many making over \$5000 weekly. Spare or all time. No experience. Permanent. Steadfast Mills, 34 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y.**

## AGENTS WANTED

**Agents—Pair Silk Hose Free. State size & color. Beautiful line direct from mill. Good profits. Agents wanted. Write today. Triplewear Mills, Dept. G, 112 So. 13th St., Phila., Pa.**

**Agents are coming money selling our Big 10c Packages of 20 Assorted Postal Cards. "5000 Varieties." "Big Profits." Sell everywhere. Sample Pkg. 10c. Particulars Free. Sullivan Card Co., 1234 Van Buren St., Chicago.**

**Engesser Made \$42.50 in 8 hours with Plateless Daydark taking Photos direct on cards, finishing instantly. Experience unnecessary. Trial proposition free. Daydark Specialty Co., Dept. A, St. Louis, Mo.**

**Man Or Woman of good character in each town to distribute free goods as advertising; experience unnecessary; references required; \$15 a week to start. Address Hudson, King & Co., Dept. A, 9 South Clinton St., Chicago.**

**Large Profits. Manufacture "Barley Crisp." New confection. Five cent package cost one cent to make. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send ten cents for samples. Barley Crisp Co., 1242 Broadway, San Francisco.**

**Soap Agents Make more money selling Linro Products. Coffee, flavorings, spices, soaps, perfumes—135 other items. Big commission. Exclusive territory. Freight allowed. Extra free premiums besides cash given. Free Sample Case. No deposit required. Particulars cost nothing. Write today. Linro Company, 14 Linro Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.**

**Operate Profitable Mail Order Book Business. 700% profit each sale, everything furnished. Folders free. Rollins Co., Dept. B, Boston.**

**Hosiery And Underwear—Agents write for terms on best line. Free outfits this month. If you have never sold before write anyhow, and let us put you next to a winner. Tremont Mills, 102 Fifth Ave., New York.**

**We start you in business, furnishing everything; men and women, \$30 to \$200 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories." Book free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N.J.**

**Agents—New Mighty Money Making marvel. World started. New marvelous clothes washing crystal. Clothes washing ideas revolutionized, positively abolishes rubbing, washboards, washing machines—women astounded, wild over it, absolutely harmless. \$1.00 guaranteed goes with it, make \$50 to \$100 weekly easy. Exclusive territory, no experience necessary; credit granted; own a business, supply customers; pocket big profits; nature's mighty elements do work. Hurry! Write today—get overwhelming proof, all free. Equitable Corporation, Dept. T, 215-217 W. Superior, Chicago.**

**\$15 Week Salary and commission paid one person each town selling non-alcoholic flavorings. Linton Co., H-Kansas City, Mo.**

**Wanted: Lady Agent. 100% profit selling our brand new Sanitary Drawers; every lady will buy; first time offered to agents; not sold in stores; send postal for particulars. The Moss Company, 22 Moss Bldg., Rochester, N.Y.**

## FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

**Women Make Money Introducing Priscilla Fabrics. Hosiery, Raincoats, etc. All or spare time. Samples free. Get particulars. Pitscharles Co., Dept. 66, Trenton, N. J.**

## FARM LANDS WANTED

**San Joaquin Valley, California—What Another Man Did: At Riverbank, Stanislaus County, California, he bought 12 irrigated acres at \$150 an acre. A small farm? Yes, but 1/4 acre of strawberries realized \$265 and other small fruits brought his returns to over \$500 in addition to the living for the family. This was from less than half of the twelve acres—just think how much more he will obtain as the balance of the farm is put into crop. Hundreds of small farms like this have made their owners independent of hard times or a "boom." Do you want to abundantly provide for your family in the heart of Sunny California? Then write for our free booklet about "Poultry Raising," "Dairying" and the "San Joaquin Valley." Write Now. Today, to C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agent, AT & SP Ry., 1809 Ry. Exchange, Chicago.**

**Wanted to hear of good farm for sale. Send description and price. Northwestern Business Agency, Minneapolis, Minn.**

**Productive lands, crop payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 22 Northern Pac. Ry., St. Paul, Minn.**

**Fertile Farms near Phila., fruit, poultry, truck, dairy; mild climate, excellent markets; catalog. W. Stevens, Parkside, Pa.**

**How Much Do You Want For Your Farm? Let me know at once. A. Mohler, 1059 N. Calif. Ave., Chicago, Ill.**

**"California Homesteads Free. Send stamps or dime for New Booklet. California State Land Information Bureau, Sacramento, California.**

## POST CARD CLUBS

**Why Be Lonesome? Exchange post cards. Members everywhere. Membership 10 cents. Golden West Club, 141 So. Alma St., Los Angeles, Cal.**

**If you really want to exchange post cards or letters, join the Halcyon. Lists circulate many countries. Membership ten cents. The Halcyon, Box 133, Erie, Pa.**

**Parents. Let your children join our Post Card Club. Receive post card views from all parts the United States. Will teach them more about our country. Membership only 25 cents. Hundreds are joining. Also a large pack beautiful Post Cards free. Charles Tanner, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.**

## STAMMERING

**St-stu-t-tering And Stammering cured at home. Instructive booklet free. Walter McDonnell, 606 Windsor Building, Wash., D.C.**

## BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

**We Pay 25c cash each for farmers' names. Any number taken. Send dime for contract. T-Sun, LeRoy, Michigan.**

**Wanted—Names and addresses. All kinds. We pay 25c each. Send dime for contract. Directory Co., 9460 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.**

**Free—6 Months—Investing for Profit. A monthly Guide to Money-Making. Tells how \$100 grows to \$2,200—how to get rich quickly and honestly. H. L. Barber, Pub., 470, 28 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago.**

**Big Profits in Home Gardens. Plant Ginseng and Golden Seal. Small plot brings more money than many farms. Booklet telling how. Rising Sun Ginseng Nursery, Box 310, Narrows, Ky.**

**Make Money gathering all kinds Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs etc. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Sta., Philadelphia, Pa.**

**We Buy Weed Roots, Barks, Herbs if properly cured. War prices. October Dandelion 18c. Leonard Drug Co., Bradford, Pa.**

**Best Yet! Get 50 to 100 letters daily with a dime in each. We do, so can you. No matter where you live. Particulars 10 cents. Eureka Co., Drawer D, Station A, Detroit, Michigan.**

**Make \$2500 A Year in spare time. We teach you and start you in business for yourself. You can learn on the side and make money hand over fist. Your friends will wonder how you do it. Particulars free. National D. Co., 4313 Lincoln Av., Chicago.**

## HEIRS WANTED

**Thousands of families are wanted to claim fortunes. Many now living in poverty are rich, but don't know it. Our 400-page index, entitled "Missing Heirs and Next of Kin," alphabetically arranged, contains authentic list of unclaimed estates and heirs wanted and advertised for in America and abroad to claim fortunes. Also contains Chancery Court of England and Ireland lists, and Bank of England unclaimed dividend list. Thousands of names in book. Yours or your ancestors' names may be among them. Send 2c stamp at once for free booklet. International Claim Agency, 2 Pittsburgh, Pa.**

## MALE HELP WANTED

**Government Farmers Wanted—Age 21 to 60. \$75 to \$125 monthly. Ozment, 8-F St. Louis.**

**Railway Mail Clerks, Carriers and Rural Carriers wanted. I conducted exam. Can help you. Trial exam. Free. Ozment 8-F St. Louis.**

**I Want A Reliable Man in each county to give away premiums advertising Rogers 20 year Silverware. Pay \$52 monthly, also commission. Chance for advancement. A. A. Cline, Advertising Manager, 809 Rogers Bldg., Philadelphia.**

**Be a Detective—Earn \$150 to \$300 monthly. Easy work; travel; we show you. Write Wagner, 1243 Lexington Ave., New York. Dept. 371.**

**Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. \$75 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-9, Rochester, N.Y.**

**A Money Proposition—Co-operate with me in a profit-sharing mail order business. Will place trial advertisement, furnish printed matter, guide to fill orders and divide the profits. Particulars Desk 152, Hazen A. Horton, Tekonsha, Michigan.**

## BOOKS

**Herb Doctor Recipe Book and Herb Catalog 10c. Reveals rare Indian herb secrets. Ind. Herb Gardens, Box 5X, Hammond, Ind.**

## MUSICAL INSTRUCTION

**How To Play Mouth-Organ (harmonica). Anybody can learn; write for circular. Montfort Bros., 20 Maritime Bldg., New York.**

## TRAVEL

**Free Exposition Guide Book—Indispensable in planning trip. Profusely illustrated with Exposition and Western Views. Authentic information regarding hotels, restaurants, side-trips, stop-over privileges. Enables you to plan definitely cost of trip. Send today for this Free book and any other information. Gerrit Fort, P. T. M., Union Pacific Railroad Co., Room 8, U.P. Bldg., Omaha, Neb.**

## FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS

**Have You A Camera? Write For Samples of our magazines. American Photography and Popular Photography, which tell you how to make better pictures and earn money. F. R. Fraprie, 669 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.**

## OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

**Will pay reliable Woman \$250.00 for distributing 2000 Free packages Perfumed Soap Powder in your town. No money required. A. Ward & Co., 218 Institute Pl., Chicago.**

**Women With Tender Feet Should Wear our unlined kid glove Pillow Shoe. Fits and feels like a kid glove. Soft, durable, handsome. New shoes easy as old ones. No breaking in required. Write for free catalog and self-measure blank. Pillow Shoe Co., 184 Summer St., Dept. P, Boston, Mass.**

**Spend Summer Gathering Insects. I pay big prices. Instructions. Send Stamp. Sinclair, D. 30, Los Angeles, Cal.**

**Absolutely Free. Send postal. Sample sachet in silk bag, Orange Blossoms. Austin Chemical Co., Centre Harbor, N. H.**

## REAL ESTATE

**Little Farms In Valley Of Virginia. 5 and 10 acre tracts, near R. R. town, \$250 and up, good fruit, and live stock country. Send for literature. F. LaBaume, Agr'l. Agt., N. & W. Ry., 289 Arcade Bldg., Roanoke, Va.**

**Farms Wanted. Have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Assn., 77 Talcece Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.**

**Real Estate Wanted. Sell your property quickly for cash, no matter where located, particulars free. Real Estate Salesman Co., Dept. 11, Lincoln, Neb.**

**Money-Making Farms thruout 17 states; one acre to 1,000 acres, \$500 to \$50,000, many with livestock, tools and crops included. Big illustrated list sent free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 W. 34th St., New York.**

**Profit Making Farmlands in best districts of South, growing greatest variety of crops, giving best home locations. Shall we give you information? M. V. Richards, Ind. & Agri. Commissioner, Room 19, Southern Railway, Washington, D. C.**

**\$100 Building Lots \$50. Size 50x100 ft. Limited number. Forced sale. P. O. Box 305, Pen Argyl, Pa.**

## MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

**Write Moving Picture Plays. \$50 each. Constant demand. Devote all or spare time. Correspondence course not required. Details free. Atlas Pub. Co., 326, Cincinnati, O.**

**I guarantee \$10 for first photo-play you write after taking my lessons. Obtain free booklet "How To Write Photoplays." Elbert Moore, Box 772, KN, Chicago.**

**We Accept Mas. In Any Form: Criticize Free; Sell on commission. Quick sales; Big Prices. Don't waste money on instructions. Write us. Story Rev. Co., Box 39, Smethport, Pa.**

**\$50 to \$100 Weekly Writing Moving picture plays. Free book, valuable information and special price offer. Chicago Photoplaywright College, Box 278 T. X. Chicago.**

**We Buy Plays. We tell how to write them. Details Free. C. Frye Publishing Co., 15 West 107 St., New York City.**

## COINS AND STAMPS BOUGHT

**\$50. paid for Half Dol. 1853 no arrows; \$5. for 1878 Half S. Mint; \$100 for 1894 Dime S. Mint. Many valuable coins circulating. Send 4c. Get our illus. Coin Circular. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 6, Fort Worth, Tex.**

**\$4.25 Each Paid for U. S. Eagle Cents dated 1856. Keep all money dated before 1896, and send 10c at once for New illus'd Coin Value Book. 42c it may mean a fortune. Clarke & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 20, LeRoy, N. Y.**

**I pay from \$1 to \$1500 for thousands of rare Coins, Books, Paper Money, Stamps to 1901. Certain Mint Marks bring over \$100. Get Posted quickly. Ill. Circular for 2 stamps. Vonbergen, (Est. 1885) Dept. (9), Boston, Mass.**

## FOOD BY PARCEL POST

**Constipated? You're In Danger! Eat your way to Safety via Fidara the new Fruit Food. Delicious, Nourishing, Healthful. Send 10c for liberal sample and valuable folder. Cosnett Company, Sole Makers, Norwalk, O.**

## FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

**Guaranteed Boy's Watch or Girl's Gold-plated Bracelet given boys and girls for placing sample packet seeds with friends. P. Peoples Co., B-77, York Haven, Pa.**

## HOW TO GET PATENTS

**Idea Wanted—Manufacturers are writing for patents procured through me. Three books with list 200 inventions wanted sent free. Advice Free. I get patent or no fee. R. B. Owen, 18 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.**

## POST CARDS

**Send Ten Cents for 20 Assorted High Grade Post Cards. One Flag Rug Free. Nichols Specialty Co., Whitehall, N. Y.**

## FOR POULTRYMEN

**\$500.00 Yearly Profit Out Of 12 Hens; Send for circular. Gen'l Products Mfg. Co., 807 Perkiomen St., Philadelphia, Pa.**

## SALESMEN WANTED

**Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for made-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits for \$30.00 to \$22.00. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity. Handy Dandy Line, Dept. H, Sangamon St., Chicago.**

**Traveling Salesmen Wanted—Experience unnecessary. Earn big pay while you learn by mail during spare time, only eight week's time required, one or two hours a day. Steady position, easy work, hundreds of good positions to select from. Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip," containing full particulars and testimonials from hundreds of students we have recently placed in good positions and who are earning \$100 to \$500 per month. Address Department B-28, National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, Kansas City, San Francisco.**

## POULTRY

**Poultry Paper, 44-124 page periodical, up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10 cents. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 112, Syracuse, N. Y.**

**Gibson White Leghorns. R. I. Beds, Barred Rocks, White Wyandots are properly bred. They lay and pay. Baby Chicks, Strong, livable, safe delivery guaranteed. Eggs for Hatching, guaranteed 80% fertile, give large hatches. Breeding Stock, large size, vigorous, healthy. Write for free catalog—Today. G. F. Gibson, Galen Farms, Drawer D, Clyde, N. Y.**

**Reliable Eggs For Hatching. Ringlet B. P. Rocks, Lt. Brahma, R. C. B. & S. C. W. Leghorns, I. R. Ducks, Circular, Lackawanna Poultry Farm, North Water Gap, Pa.**

**Poultry, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Pigeons, and Dogs. Send 10 cents for book (tells in color) tells how to make money with Poultry. Largest producers of poultry in the world. United Poultry Farms, Box 60, Hope, Ind.**

**43 Varieties, poultry, pigeons, ducks, geese. Incubators, feed and supplies. Catalog 4 cents. Missouri Squab Co., Kirkwood, Mo.**

**Poultry Raisers Succeed with Mandy Lee Incubators, Lee's Lice Killer, Germozona, and Lee's Egg Maker. Sold by dealers or direct. Send for Catalogs and Lee's Poultry Book. Free. Geo. H. Lee Co., Mfrs., Dept. 41, Omaha, Neb.**

**60 Varieties Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Turkeys, Guinea and Hares. Stock and eggs. 60 page catalogue free. H. A. Souder, Box 4, Sellersville, Pa.**

**Barred Rocks, Silver Laced Wyandottes, Ruffs or Br. Leghorn eggs. Book Free. Sunnyside Poultry Farm, Box 7, Owensville, Mo.**

## EGGS FOR SALE

**Buff and White Orpingtons. Winners at leading shows. Eggs for sale. Send two-cent stamp for circular telling how settings may be had free. A. J. Street, Forest Hill, Maryland.**

## BY PARCEL POST

**Ky. Tobacco—Old and sweet; natural leaf; guaranteed best chewing and smoking. 35c a pound, postpaid. J. L. Workman, Mayfield, Ky.**

## HELP WANTED

**Wanted—Men prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, electric motormen, train porters (colored). Hundreds put to work—\$65 to \$150 a month. No experience necessary. \$500 more wanted. Enclose stamp for application blank and book. State position. I. Railway C. I., Dept. C, Indianapolis, Ind.**

**Investigators Work In Every County in the United States. Be One. \$15 to \$75 per week to start. Write, Fidelity Secret Service, Desk 177, Wheeling, West Va.**

**\$25 Weekly collecting all kinds names and addresses. No canvassing. Send stamp. Superba Co., A., Baltimore, Md.**

**15,000 Government Jobs Open To Men and women. \$2.00 a week. Write for list. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-12, Rochester, N. Y.**

## MUSIC AND SONG WRITERS

**Song Poems Wanted. Prompt Decision. Splendid proposition. National Manuscript Sales Co., Suite 333, Broadway & 40th St., New York.**

## WEDDING INVITATIONS AND CALLING CARDS

**Wedding Invitations or Announcements. Exquisite and cheapest in market. 100 calling cards, with case 60c. Write for samples. Franklin Art Co., Little Falls, N. Y.**

## PHOTO FINISHING

**Kodak Films Developed, 10c. per roll, any size. Prompt attention given mail orders. Prints 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, 3 1/4 x 4 1/4, 4 x 5, 4 1/2 x 5 1/2, 5 x 7, 6 x 9, 8 x 10, 10 x 12, 11 x 14, 12 x 16, 14 x 18, 16 x 20, 18 x 24, 20 x 28, 24 x 36, 30 x 40, 36 x 48, 40 x 56, 48 x 72, 56 x 84,**





This Department is conducted solely for the use of Comfort sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to Comfort subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to print letters requesting patterns, quilt pieces, etc., for the purpose of, or with the expectation of receiving the equivalent in return, for this is not an exchange column.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitles you to such a notice. See postal request notice in another column.

We cordially invite mothers and daughters of all ages to write to Comfort Sisters' Corner. Every letter will be carefully read and considered, and then the most helpful ones chosen for publication, whether the writer be an old or new subscriber.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address all letters for this department to Mrs. WHEELER WILKINSON, Care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

**W**E learned in our youth that "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," and if I may be permitted to add to that worthy, if somewhat worn, axiom I would say "and to health."

With the chill breezes of February blowing about us this may seem an inopportune time to speak of housecleaning, but when the health is at stake I do not believe in waiting until the day prescribed and set forth in the annals of housewifely lore and as I am a firm believer in getting at the bottom of things and working up the first step in the right direction is toward the cellar.

Much of the sickness families suffer can be traced to that necessary adjunct to a house but as we cannot for a moment entertain the thought of getting along without one, the only thing to do is to keep it in a state of such spick-and-span cleanliness that no germ, no matter how courageous, would dare venture therein. Usually the cellar opens into the kitchen, the kitchen is heated, the cellar is not; therefore, following natural laws, the colder air of the cellar will rush to take the place of the warmer and, of course, lighter air of the kitchen whenever the door is opened. Too often the air is laden with the odor of partly decayed vegetables and other germ-producing matter. Remove everything of that nature, brush down the cobwebs and with a bucket of lime give the walls and ceiling a coat of whitewash. If you do not possess a brush of the latest and most approved pattern, do not let that deter you from your good work for an old broom will answer the purpose quite as well only be sure and spread the whitewash on thick and strong. Let in all the sunlight possible for it is one of the greatest health producers and germ killers known and certainly the cheapest. Make sure of proper ventilation and drainage and then if after following these simple but effective rules, you are afflicted with fevers, diphtheria and kindred diseases, you may know that it is through no fault of yours and your cellars and can look elsewhere for the cause. —Ed.

GUX, KY.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: I have wondered in all the many letters I have read in dear old COMFORT that someone has not written on the "working girl." I wonder how many of the sisters earn their living behind the counter, in the office or factory as the case may be.

The working girls to my mind, need more care and protection than any other class of people in public life. Especially the pure country girl, who has been reared in a Christian home, and longs for the pleasure of city life. If she has a beautiful face, fresh with the roses of youth, she needs more protection than the ordinary boarding house can give. After a day in the office or shop, weary of the tread wheels of life, we are often tempted by the five-cent wheaters, or car rides, which are offered.

For six long years I have known what the life of the working girl means. I know what it means to be a saleslady; I know what it means to be a stenographer; I know what it means to be a dressmaker, in one of the largest dressmaking establishments in the United States, and I know what it means to accept the cross words of some, and reject the smiles of others, but to those who do not, I would say, bear it all silently. The place of difficulty is the place of power. Often the burning tears caused from ill-spoken words, rightly received will bring us at last to our goal.

The problem of so many working girls, is the cost of living, board, laundry and incidentals, exceed the salary, nothing being left for clothing, much less, little luxuries which every girl longs for and needs. Twelve months ago, a girl friend of mine, being employed in the same house as myself, mentioned a better way of living, than in the public boarding houses. She stated how she and another girl had been successful in "light housekeeping." I soon became interested, and we quietly established ourselves in a home of our own. We rented two rooms and a hall (furnished). The front room faced the street; we used it as sitting-room and bedroom. The hall we used as storeroom for groceries. It also contained a refrigerator and wash-stand. The back room we used for dining-room and kitchen. The rooms were furnished with modern conveniences and were easily kept in order.

The landlady was a dear, good woman, and we used her parlor on Sundays. Every working girl knows what it means to try to receive company in a public parlor in a boarding-house. That is the reason so many accept invitations to places not approved of by mothers.

My roommate, as well as myself, were reared in good country homes, consequently we were taught economics and cooking. We did our cooking and housecleaning and had plenty of time for little home pleasures. During our summer vacation we earned our fruit and prepared other things for our comfort. By so doing our expenses were less than half our board bill, and our pleasure far exceeded our extra work. Our evenings were spent in reading or needlework, which we were deprived of in the boarding house.

We feel we have the protection of home life, which is so dear to a home-loving girl.

To every girl having a good country home, I would say, try and make the most of every opportunity. While the city has many an opportunity it also has many an obstacle. It takes almost every cent one can make to "keep in style," and after all it is one ceaseless struggle.

To the girl who longs for city pleasures, think first of the pleasures of country life; the broad fields, meadows, hills and babbling brooks speak a language that brings more pleasure than you will ever find in a city. There is nothing in all the world so lonesome as being in a city without friends.

Would you like to know what this working girl is like? If you could see her in her country home, on a

summer day, swimming, rowing, horseback riding or indulging in other outdoor sports, you would say: "A mere girl, full of life," but in the workroom you find, a quiet reserved character, with hazel eyes, fair complexion and a wealth of auburn hair.

With very best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters, I am sincerely, LAURA CLARK.

Miss Clark. We are glad to make your acquaintance and almost envy you your cozy home. I knew of several girls who tried a plan similar to yours, only on a larger scale. Each girl turned in so much money every week and they took turns planning and serving the meals. Much good-natured rivalry existed as to which girl could do the best for the least amount of money. Not only were they able to enjoy the home privileges and shelter, but all learned much of practical value in household affairs. I hope this will meet the eye of some homesick country girl and enable her to do likewise.—Ed.

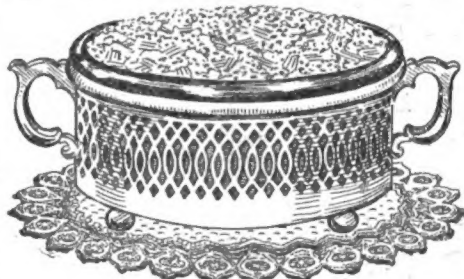
### Comfort's Sisters' Recipes and Everyday Helps

**CORNER BEEF SOUP.**—When the liquid in which the beef and vegetables were boiled is cold, remove all the grease that has risen and hardened on top, and add tomatoes and boil half an hour, thus making an excellent tomato soup; or add to it rice or sago, or turn it into a vegetable soup by boiling in the liquor any vegetables that are fancied; several varieties of soup may have this "stock" for a basis and be agreeable and nutritious.—Ed.

**CELERY SOUP.**—Five heads of celery, one pint of stock, three pints of water, one half pint of cream or good milk. Any ends of celery you may not care to use on table will do for soup. Cut them into inch pieces and cook till very tender, then press through a sieve. Add the stock and let it cook slowly half an hour; then stir in the cream and let it get very hot but not boil.—Ed.

**FISH CHOWDER.**—Take a small piece of pork, cut into squares, and put it into the bottom of the kettle. Then add the fish, cut into larger pieces than the pork (three pounds make a good-sized chowder), then a layer of potatoes, next a layer of crackers, onions if desired, and pepper and salt. Above this put a layer of pork and repeat; let the top layer be buttered crackers. Pour on boiling water until covered, cook for half an hour. Five minutes before serving add a pint of hot milk.—Ed.

**ESCALLOPED CHICKEN.**—Butter a baking dish. Arrange alternate layers of cold sliced chicken and boiled



ESCALLOPED CHICKEN.

macaroni or rice. Pour white sauce over this and cover with buttered cracker crumbs and bake in a hot oven till crumbs are brown.

**WHITE SAUCE.**—Two tablespoons butter, two tablespoons flour, one cup milk and one quarter teaspoon salt.

**FISH CROQUETTES.**—Take cold fish of any kind, separate it from the bones and mince fine; add a little seasoning, an egg, a very little milk and a teaspoon of flour; brush with an egg, roll in bread crumbs, shape and fry brown in hot lard.—Ed.

**MINCED LIVER.**—Cut liver into small pieces and fry with salt pork; cut both into square bits, nearly cover with water, add pepper and a little lemon juice; thicken the gravy with fine bread crumbs and serve.—Ed.

**SALMON SAUSAGE.**—Place in the cooking dish the liquor from one can of salmon with two tablespoons of butter, two of lemon juice, four of water, a half dozen cloves. When it begins to boil add the salmon free from skin and bones. Season with cayenne pepper and salt to taste. Boil for several minutes and serve on crackers. This is a good chafing dish recipe.—Ed.

**SALMON SAUSAGE.**—One cup of salmon and mix with corn-meal until of proper consistency to mix into cakes. Fry in hot fat. Salt to taste.

**MRS. CARRIE COOPER, Herrin, R. R. 1, Ill.**  
**SHEPHERD PIE.**—Season well some cold mashed potatoes, chop and season well some cold meat, ham is excellent. Put in a well-greased earthen dish in layers until the dish is filled with a layer of potatoes on top. Place bits of butter on top and bake a delicate brown.—Ed.

**ESCALLOPED ONIONS.**—Boil till tender six large onions; afterward separate them with a large spoon; then place a layer of onions and a layer of grated bread crumbs alternately in a pudding dish; season with pepper and salt to taste; moisten with milk; put in oven to brown.—Ed.

**BOILED TOMATOES.**—Take large, round tomatoes, wash and wipe and put in gridiron over lively coals, stem side down. When brown, turn and let cook through. Place them on hot dish and send quickly to table where they may be seasoned to suit individual tastes.—Ed.

**DUTCH CABBAGE.**—Slice one small red cabbage, wash and put on to boil with six tart apples, pared and quartered, and one quarter pound of fat salt pork. Cover with boiling water, boil one and one half hours. Drain, remove pork and serve.—Ed.

**CINNAMON ROLLS.**—Requested. When making bread, as you knead it the second time for the oven, take a quantity of the dough and roll it out on the cake board until about three quarters of an inch thick, spread over with melted butter, sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon; roll up as for jelly roll and cut in slices about an inch thick; put in a well-greased pan and let rise until light, then bake in a hot oven. When done frost with a little powdered sugar moistened with milk.—Ed.

**LEMON CRACKERS.**—(Requested.) Two cups sugar, one cup butter, two eggs, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon oil of lemon, five cents' worth baker's ammonia. Warm milk a little and dissolve ammonia in it; mix all together. Add flour to roll, and pound hard for ten minutes with rolling pin before cutting out. Prick with a fork after putting in the pans to bake.  
MRS. BERTHA STOVALL, Freeburg, Mo.

**OATMEAL COOKIES.**—Beat two eggs with a cup of sugar, one cup butter or lard, two cups flour, one scant teaspoon soda, one scant teaspoon baking powder, two thirds cup sour milk, two cups oatmeal, one cup raisins, one teaspoon cloves and one of cinnamon. Drop from spoon in pan, couple of inches apart.  
MRS. JOHN W. NOONAN, Leo Valley, Nebr.

**CORN FRITTERS.**—To a can of corn, add two eggs well-beaten, two tablespoons of flour, one teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of pepper; mix thoroughly; have the pan hot; put in two tablespoons of lard, and drop in the corn in large spoonfuls. Cook brown.—Ed.

**TOMATO TOAST.**—Rub tomatoes through the colander, and cook to taste; toast three slices of bread, butter and place on hot dish; just before serving add a cup of cream or milk and a pinch of soda to the tomatoes and pour over the toast.—Ed.

**POTATO CHEESE PUFFS.**—Take some grated cheese, some cold mashed potato and a beaten egg, with a little butter; mix well, adding salt and pepper; put into patty-pans and bake in a quick oven. Serve hot.—Ed.

**MOLASSES CAKE.**—Two cups of molasses, one cup of butter, four eggs, one heaping tablespoon soda, one scant cup of hot water, one teaspoon ginger, five cups of flour.

**YELLOW CAKE.**—Yolks of eight eggs, one cup of sugar, half a cup of butter, half a cup of sweet milk, one and one half cups of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder; flavor with lemon.  
MRS. LAURA B. GABRIEL, Eversale, Ky.

**SURPRISE CAKE.**—One egg, one cup sugar, one half cup butter, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoon soda, two teaspoons cream of tartar. Flavor with lemon and use enough sifted flour to make the proper consistency and you will be surprised at the result.

**POUND CAKE.**—One pound flour, one pound butter, one pound sugar, eight eggs and three teaspoons rose water.  
MRS. CLAUDE SELLARS, O'Neils, Cal.

**BLACK GEORGE CAKE.**—Yolks of two eggs, two cups

of flour, one tablespoon of cloves and one of cinnamon, one cup of dark molasses and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in a cup of boiling water. Mix and bake in slow oven.

**ICING.**—Take the whites of eggs and beat until hard then stir them into a cup of sugar that has boiled until it threads; beat until cold and spread over cake.  
MRS. CLARA VAN CLEVELAND, Houston, Ark.

**SOFT CHOCOLATE FILLING.**—Take six tablespoons of thick, sweet cream, thicken with powdered sugar, beating all the time. When sufficient chocolate to taste is melted, add to sugar and cream and add one half teaspoon vanilla; beat well and spread on while cake is hot.

**SPONGE CAKE.**—Four eggs beaten separately, then beaten together, two cups sugar slowly beaten in, two cups flour, two tablespoons baking powder, a pinch of salt, last of all one cup boiling water and one teaspoon lemon; heat the pan.  
ANNA BAILEY, McGregor, Texas.

**COLONIAL GINGERBREAD.**—Colonial gingerbread is the name of a delicious loaf cake which is served at certain well-known dining resorts in Southern California and which has done much to make the places known among epicures. To make this cake put a cup of New Orleans molasses in a mixing bowl with half a cup of butter and half a cup of sugar. Over this pour a cup of boiling water, in which a dessertspoon of soda (just level) has already been dissolved. Stir well and let the mixture cool. Then add a cup of chopped walnuts and a cup of seeded raisins, a teaspoon each of ginger and cinnamon, two and one half cups of flour and lastly two well-beaten eggs. Bake in a shallow pan and serve while still warm.

**DEVIL'S FOOD LAYER CAKE.**—First part. Half cup brown sugar, three quarters cup grated chocolate, one quarter cup sweet milk. Let come to a boil and cool. Second Part. Half cup brown sugar, and quarter cup butter creamed together. Add yolks of two small eggs and beat well with sugar and butter. Add half cup milk, a pinch of salt, vanilla to taste and the first mixture (thoroughly cooled), two cups flour, half teaspoon soda and quarter teaspoon cream of tartar. Put boiled frosting between layers.

**CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE.**—One cup butter, two cups sugar, one cup milk, five eggs, leaving out the whites of three, four cups sifted flour, two teaspoons baking powder, or one small teaspoon soda and two of cream of tartar in the flour. Bake in three layers in deep jelly tins. For icing take whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, one and one half cups of powdered sugar, six tablespoons grated chocolate, two teaspoons vanilla.

**SPICE CAKE.**—Take two cups of brown sugar, one half cup of butter, two and two thirds cups of flour, one cup sour milk, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon of baking powder, two teaspoons ground cinnamon, one teaspoon ground cloves, one half nutmeg grated, white of one egg and yolks of two eggs. Use the other white of egg for icing. Bake either in layers or in a loaf.

**CHOCOLATE SPICE CAKE.**—One half cup butter, one cup sugar, one half cup milk, one quarter teaspoon allspice, one quarter teaspoon cloves, one quarter teaspoon nutmeg, one and one half cups flour, two eggs, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon cinnamon, four teaspoons ground chocolate. Put spices in flour. Cream sugar and butter, add yolks of eggs well-beaten. Sift together flour, baking powder and spice and add to mixture alternately with milk and white of eggs beaten stiff.

**COOKIES.**—Two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup sour cream or milk, three eggs, one teaspoon soda; a scant half teaspoon baking powder. Mix soft, roll thin, sift granulated sugar over them, and gently roll in it.  
MRS. C. M. HILL, 1121 Guerrero St., San Francisco, Cal.

**FRUIT CAKE.**—One cup sugar, one half cup butter, two cups flour, one half cup raisins, one egg, one half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cinnamon, one teaspoon cloves; mix as for plain cake.  
IDA NIEMANN, Washington, R. R. 2, Mo.

**JELLY CAKE.**—Two eggs, well-beaten, one cup of milk, one and one half cups sugar, two cups flour, three tablespoons of butter, and three even teaspoons of baking powder. Bake in thin layers, cover with jelly and roll.  
NETTIE POWELL, Pearlinton, Miss.

**CHOCOLATE CRACKERS.**—Melt half a cake of chocolate and sweeten with a scant half cup of sugar; spread on thin crackers. To vary this, mix chopped nuts in part of the melted chocolate.—Ed.

**MOLASSES DOUGHNUTS.**—One cup molasses, one egg, one cup sour milk, one half cup sugar, two teaspoons butter or lard, one teaspoon soda, ginger and nutmeg, a little salt and flour to roll.—Ed.

**MOCK MINCE MEAT.**—One peck tomatoes, one half peck apples, five pounds brown sugar, one cup suet, one cup vinegar, one tablespoon salt, one teaspoon of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg, two pounds of raisins. Chop tomatoes and boil one and half hours, then chop the apples and add with all other ingredients and boil one half hour; then can. Try it sisters, it's fine.  
MARY DEARDURFF, Newark, Ohio.

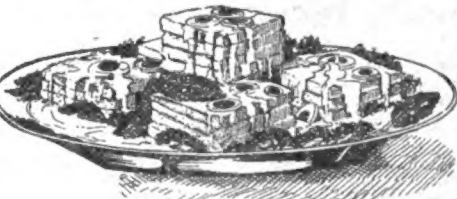
**STEAMED CHOCOLATE PUDDING.**—One egg, one half cup sugar, one half cup sweet milk, one cup flour, butter size of an egg, one teaspoon cream of tartar, one half teaspoon soda, one square melted chocolate; steam one hour. Serve with whipped cream.—Ed.

**PORK PIE.**—Line a deep dish with pastry, put in one layer of cut apples, two tablespoons of molasses, spice to taste, some sugar, a little salt and a slice of fat salt pork cut as thin as a knife, a layer of the pastry and so on until dish is full. Before covering the top put in three quarters cup of molasses and bake in a slow oven four hours. Serve with whipped cream.—Ed.

**SWEET POTATO PIE.**—(Requested.) Scrape clean two good-sized sweet potatoes; boil, when tender rub through the colander; beat the yolks of three eggs light; stir with a pint of sweet milk into the potato; add a small teacup of sugar, a pinch of salt; flavor with a little fresh lemon, or extract will do; bake as for a pumpkin pie; when done make a meringue top with the whites of eggs and powdered sugar; brown a moment in oven.

**TAPIOA CREAM.**—Soak three tablespoons of tapioca in one quart sweet milk over night. In the morning put the milk and tapioca to boil in double boiler, add salt to taste; beat the yolks of three eggs and one cup of sugar together and when the tapioca comes to a boil stir in eggs and sugar. Beat the whites to stiff froth and stir in the hot mixture. Flavor with vanilla and serve cold.  
MISS WILHELMIA STRAILL, Danville, Sta. A., Gen. Del., Ill.

**CREAMED EGGS.**—One tablespoon butter, one cup milk, one tablespoon flour, three hard-boiled eggs, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon pepper, as many slices of toast as required. Put the butter in dish and



CREAMED EGGS.

when boiling, add the flour, salt, pepper and gradually the milk. Beat the eggs, cut in thin slices. When hot, pour over toast and garnish with parsley.—Ed.

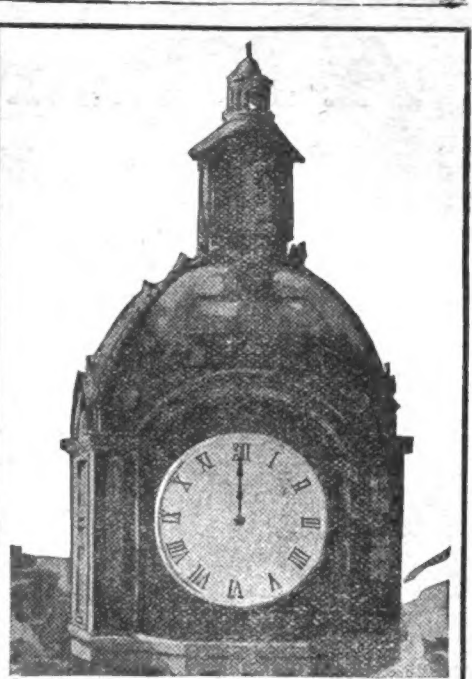
**EMERGENCY DESSERT.**—Warm the leftover biscuits in the oven, split them and cover with canned peaches or any fresh or canned fruit, cover with whipped cream and you have individual short cake on short notice.

**LEMON PIE HINT.**—Instead of grating off the rind of the lemon, squeeze out juice and put the rind on to boil in water to be used for making the filling. When boiled, remove and strain and proceed to make the custard exactly as you would if you had grated the rinds. Think water is much better for lemon pie than milk.  
MRS. A. B. WEDGEWOOD, Dutch Flat, Cal.

**SPICED APPLES.**—Three pounds of apples, pared; four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, half an ounce of cloves; boil the sugar, vinegar and spices together, put in the apples when boiling and let remain until tender; take them out, put into a jar, boil down the syrup until it is thick, and pour over.—Ed.

**SALAD CREAM DRESSING.**—One cup fresh cream, one tablespoon fine flour, whites of two eggs beaten stiff, three tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons olive oil or melted butter, two tablespoons powdered sugar, one teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon made mustard. Heat cream almost to boiling, stir in flour previously wet with water, boil two minutes, stirring constantly; add sugar and take from fire; when cold beat in whites of eggs; set aside to cool; when cold whip in the olive oil or butter, pepper, mustard and salt. Add vinegar about ten minutes afterwards.  
FLORENCE RIEGLE, Lyons, Kans.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)



## At Noon Today

Countless thousands will lunch on Van Camp's Pork and Beans. All over America, in restaurants and homes, they will meet to enjoy this dish.

A few years ago it was old-style Baked Beans—the kind our mothers baked. Now it's the new-style—Beans mealy and mellow, uncrisped and unbroken, with a zestful sauce baked in.

This new dish is our chefs' creation. They have spent 20 years in perfecting it. And nowhere today is a dish like Van Camp's baked outside these model kitchens.

**VAN CAMP'S**  
**PORK & BEANS** BAKED WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Also Baked Without the Sauce

10, 15 and 20 Cents Per Can

The time is past for home-baked beans. It took too long to prepare them. Some were hard, some crisp, some mushy. All were under-baked.

It is recognized now that modern steam ovens are essential to right baking. Even big hotels with their chefs and facilities buy baked beans from us.

These kitchens largely brought that change about—our methods, recipes and chefs. Van Camp's revealed how good baked beans can be. Let them show you—that is all we ask. A single meal will win you.

Buy a can of Van Camp's Beans to try. If you do not find them the best you ever ate, your grocer will refund your money.





# A Thorn Among Roses

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING EVENTS.

Alice and May Weston receive an invitation to a farewell reception, given to William Curtis Marchmont, the adopted son of Roland Fletcher, who is engaged to Alice, and is to enter Yale College. Alice is to study law with Judge Ashburton, whose daughter was the wife of Roland Fletcher. Her health failing their daughter Olive is sent, when a baby, to her grandfather, Judge Ashburton, living then in Philadelphia. Imogen Ingraham's mother, Mrs. Farquhar, marries Judge Ashburton. She dies, and Imogen, as the widow of Robert Ingraham and homeless, is invited by Judge Ashburton to accept a home with him and care for Olive. She conceals the birth of her child.

Roland Fletcher, assisted by Olive and Imogen on his left, Judge Ashburton and Will on his right receive their guests. Imogen and Olive, jealous of the attention given to Alice, ignore her half-extended hand. Mr. Fletcher mortified and displeased receives her most cordially and welcomes her to Castleview. Later he leads her in a quadrille, after which they go into a long corridor. Stopping before a painting Alice learns it is the portrait of Mr. Fletcher's wife. He wishes nothing better for her, than she may be as happy with his boy, as he was with his wife. Will joins them and Olive passes without a word of greeting. Mr. Fletcher follows Olive and requests that she be more courteous to her guests. Will goes to Yale. Judge Ashburton opens his office in town with Alice as his clerk. May is busy. Olive and Imogen out driving. Olive proposes they call for her grandfather. Imogen orders Buxton to drive to the office. Olive takes the lines. Judge Ashburton insists that Alice, who is suffering from a headache, shall ride home. A newspaper caught in the wind, frightens one of the horses and both spring forward. Olive drops the lines and Alice, with rare presence of mind seizes them and controls the horses. Judge Ashburton and the driver take Alice home. He reprimands Imogen and Olive for their indifference and failure to thank Alice and realizes a phase in Imogen's character, hitherto concealed. Mr. Fletcher calls upon Mrs. Weston and Alice and expresses his gratitude.

Will's last vacation comes. Judge Ashburton arranges a little excursion which includes Alice and May Weston. Arriving at their destination, they meet Arthur Stamford, Mr. Tom Radcliffe and his sister, Miss Grace. Tom Radcliffe proposes a visit to the caves. Alice Weston and Grace Radcliffe become separated from the party. Alice stopping to tie her shoe Grace goes on. Alice's candle goes out. She feels a grip on her arm and a gruff voice inquires if she knows a woman by the name of Ingraham who lives at Castleview and requests her to send a letter, which he thrusts into her hands. Arthur Stamford returns to find Alice and asks her to be his wife. She admits her love for and engagement to another. In the meanwhile Sir Arthur evinces unusual interest in Will Marchmont and learns to his astonishment that his middle name is Curtis. His mother, Mabel Randall Curtis, was Sir Arthur's second wife, whose first husband was the second son of Lady Marchmont—the Marquise of Leith. A visit to Lady Marchmont confirms Will's parentage and his right to Marchmont Court. He visits Alice, assuring her that nothing can part them and in one year she will be his wife, the future Marquise of Leith. Lady Marchmont exacts much from the future Marquise of Leith, and at her grandson's suggestion she writes a note to Alice, inviting her to come to Leith for a week preceding a reception she is to give in honor of Will and before his departure for Yale College. In the meanwhile Olive is invited to visit at Marchmont Court. She resolves to win Will at any cost, and to his astonishment and regret admits her love for him. Imogen, receiving the letter, given to Alice, by the mysterious stranger, determines to accomplish the union of Will and Olive, and plots to place Alice in a false position before her hostess. Nellie, Mrs. Marchmont's maid, discovers the loss of sixty pounds. Alice, in packing her trunk notices an unusual disorder. Lifting some clothing she finds the missing money and valuable jewelry. Speaking to May, she requests her to call Lady Marchmont and Will, and admits to them where and how she finds it. Lady Marchmont looks amazed.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ALICE IS VINDICATED.

**A**LICE met the look which her ladyship bent upon her with one as steadfast as her own.

Her face never wavered beneath that searching gaze, but there was an expression of pathetic despair within their blue depths and her sensitive lips quivered with suppressed agony.

"I am so glad to have found them before leaving the court," she said, unsteadily, "but, oh! what does it mean, and how came they here in my trunk?"

"It is certainly very strange," Lady Marchmont observed, with slow gravity, while her glance dropped and rested again upon the stolen articles, a perplexed expression sweeping over her face.

Will now sprang forward and caught both Alice's hands in his.

"My darling, don't look so wretched," he said, tenderly, "some enemy has done this, and we will sift the matter to the bottom; we will get at the truth—no shadow of suspicion shall rest upon you."

Alice flashed a look of loving gratitude up at him. She was inexpressibly relieved to find that there was no question of doubt in his mind. "Grandmother, surely you do not believe that Alice could be guilty of such an act," the young man added, as he turned to her ladyship.

She was still gazing intently into the trunk, and appeared to be absorbed in thought.

Before replying to Will, she stooped and picked a short piece of narrow flat braid from a garment, and which had been partially concealed beneath the jewels.

She studied it thoughtfully for a moment.

Then she turned once more to Alice and gently laid her hand upon her shoulder.

"No, Will, I am sure she could not," she said, and there was a soothing note of conviction in her tone that was like balm to the girl's wounded heart.

"Oh, thank you!—thank you!" she faltered, in a scarcely audible voice, and then, unable to maintain her self-possession a moment longer, she dropped her head weakly upon the woman's shoulder and a great sob burst from her overcharged heart, although she could not shed a tear to relieve her burning brain.

"Hush, dear; don't break down now—you have done a brave thing; be patient and everything will come all right. Will take her out on the upper veranda until she becomes more calm," her ladyship said, as she softly smoothed the girl's shining hair with a caressing hand. "Meanwhile," she added, "I will take charge of these things and you may trust me to manage this affair for the best interests of all concerned."

She laid Alice's hand within her lover's, then, stooping, she gathered up the money and jewels and hastened from the room.

Going directly to her own chamber, she unlocked her jewel case, the key having been left in it—for it was seldom that anyone save herself or her maid entered that apartment—thrust the notes and jewels within it, and was about to close the cover and relock it when her eye lighted upon something that stayed her hand and caused a cry of surprise to break from her. With a peculiar gleam in her eye, she carefully detached two or three threads that had caught in one corner of the box where the wood had started a trifle, and which looked like strands of silken fringe that had broken away from some garment.

Lady Marchmont laid the small piece of flat braid which she had found in Alice's trunk beside them, and a cold, scornful smile curled her lips.

"The real thief was a bungler," she murmured, "and the girl is guiltless; but it must have tried her very soul to send for me, as she did, and show me where the money and jewels had been concealed. Under ordinary circumstances, suspicion must inevitably have fallen upon her—but for these strands of fringe the affair would have

seemed inexplicable. That girl is one in a thousand. She need not have sent for me—knowing the house as well as she does, she could easily have slipped into my rooms and returned the stolen property, and no one would ever have been the wiser; but no—even at the risk of becoming implicated in the theft, she adopted a perfectly straightforward course. She is a sweet, noble girl—a gem of the first water and worthy in every way to be Will's wife; but—I wish she were better born," she concluded, with a sigh of regret, although there was a very tender light in her gray eyes.

She carefully straightened out the strands of fringe, folded them in a piece of paper and pinned it together, and then turned to leave the room.

She had almost reached the door when she caught sight of a tiny glittering object that had rolled under a chair.

She stopped to secure it and her face grew rigid and stern as she examined it.

"Now I am sure," she muttered as with a firm step and resolute air she passed out of the apartment.

She encountered Nellie in the hall, just outside her door, and she was still looking pale and anxious.

"I have found it, Nellie," said her mistress, in a kind, reassuring tone.

"The money; oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed the girl, looking inexpressibly relieved.

"Yes, both the money and the bill," said her ladyship, who thought it unnecessary to say anything about the jewels, "they are in my jewel case, very carefully looked away with my jewels." Then she inquired: "Have you spoken of the matter to anyone?"

"No, your ladyship."

"That is well, do not mention it—it has been an awkward blunder, and I do not care to have it talked of. And you need not have been so mis-

took it, and I am glad to get it, for the bangles were bought in Italy more than twenty years ago. But I had not missed the charm until this moment; where did you find it?"

"Under a chair in my chamber, less than an hour ago, Mrs. Ingraham," composedly replied her ladyship, "and," she continued, without appearing to observe the woman's flush and guilty start, "here is something else which perhaps may interest you; part of it I found in Miss Alice Weston's trunk, with my missing money and jewels, the rest was caught in the corner of my jewel box. They are some strands which exactly match the fringe on the dress you wore this morning, and which has been the means of solving what might have proved to be a very perplexing mystery."

While she was speaking, she had unfolded the paper in which she had wrapped the threads and quietly laid it, with its contents, upon her companion's lap.

The guilty woman had not a word to say in self-defense.

She sat white and dumb, overwhelmed with shame and despair, staring with a horror-stricken face down upon those evidences of her treachery, and feeling, for the moment, as if life were not worth the living.

"There is but one construction that I can put upon this exceedingly unfortunate occurrence,"

Lady Marchmont continued, her delicate nostrils dilated with scorn, as she emphasized the word, "and that is, that, for some reason best known to yourself, you were determined to ruin the lovely girl who, I trust, will some day become the wife of my grandson, and who has proved herself, in this instance, a veritable heroine; for, the instant she discovered what had been put into her trunk, she sent for me, and, regardless of the consequences, showed me what she had found. As I have told you, I found one strand of that broken fringe with the money and jewels and recognized

reason to be very proud, as well as fond, of her girls. Good by, Miss May," she continued, with smiling cordiality, as she shook her warmly by the hand, "you will come again sometime and make us a longer visit."

Then the Fletcher carriage drove away, but Imogen and Olive had seen and heard enough to destroy their last hope and to prove to them that Alice Weston would some day reign as mistress at Marchmont Court.

Alice herself was very quiet during her homeward drive, but she was not unhappy, although she had been inexpressibly shocked to learn that some enemy had endeavored to ruin her in the estimation of Lady Marchmont and her lover.

Not a word had been said to explain how the matter regarding the stolen money and jewels had been settled, but she knew well enough from her ladyship's tenderness at parting with her and her frigidity toward Imogen, that it had been settled in a way to exonerate her completely; while she also, having recognized the bit of fringe found in her trunk, had drawn her own inferences regarding the identity of her enemy.

She knew, too, that Will understood, for when Lady Marchmont had bowed to Imogen without offering her hand, he had shot her a significant glance that spoke volumes.

It was nearly dark when the Marchmont carriage passed through Windsor and turned into the road leading to Beechcote.

Just as it swung slowly around this corner, it passed a rather shabby looking man, who appeared to be lounging there. His shrewd eyes scanned every face in it with a rapid, comprehensive glance, and then swept the vehicle with a look no less keen.

"Hello!" he suddenly ejaculated, in a tone of astonishment, and then he sprang forward and laid hold of the rack which held the luggage, walking swiftly to keep pace with the horses. "I'll be blamed if I don't believe I've seen that thing before."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### ALICE WINS A SIGNAL TRIUMPH.

That thing was the perforated extension.

Keeping directly behind the carriage, to escape observation, he followed it as best he could until it turned into the yard at Beechcote, when he dropped back, concealed himself in a hedge by the wayside, and watched while the occupants alighted and the luggage was carried inside the house.

A few moments later the equipage returned and swept past him and away toward the town.

"Well, I swear!" muttered the man in ambush, as he crept forth from his hiding place, "that beats the record, and one of those girls must be that missing baby that I've been hunting for all these years!—and now we've got the whole business right here in a nutshell, so to speak."

Will spent the night at Castleview, although, after what had occurred at Leith, he shrank from meeting Imogen again; but he knew that both Mr. Fletcher and Judge Ashburton were ignorant of the circumstances attending the recovery of the stolen money and jewels, and he did not wish to wound them by remaining in Windsor at a hotel.

The next morning he returned to Leith, when he had a long and confidential chat with Lady Marchmont regarding the excitement of the previous day, and during which her ladyship had remarked that, if he was of the same mind, after completing his law course, she would oppose no obstacle in the way of his marriage with Alice.

"She is a lovely girl, and will make a noble woman," she said, "I could not ask for one more worthy to be your wife; all the same, I should be better pleased if she had been better born, for people are so prone to gossip, you know," she concluded, with a regretful sigh, yet glad, from the depths of her heart, that the lovely maiden would ere long, come to Leith to brighten her declining years.

A few days later found Will on his way to America, and Alice once more at her desk in the office of Judge Ashburton. "It seems almost a loss of time for you to keep on with your readings," he remarked to her one day, as they sat down to their books.

"Why?" Alice inquired, with some surprise.

"Because, judging from the way the finger of fate is pointing, they will never be of any practical use to you. It will not be so very long, my dear, before you will be occupying a position, the duties of which will entirely preclude all thought of law practice. Nay, there is no need to blush," he continued, as she flushed vividly and turned away to hide her burning cheeks, "for surely you do not imagine that I have been blind during the last three years, even if I am an old man and supposed to have outgrown such youthful experiences. Besides," his kind eyes twinkling, "Will as good as told me, before he went away, that I should have the pleasure of drawing up the settlements before a certain event that is to occur next summer. Now, seriously, why do you not lay aside your books for this year? There really is no need for you to work so hard, and you will want to be bright and fresh when he returns."

"You are very thoughtful for me, my good friend," Alice returned, and lifting a shy but appreciative look at him, but I think I will make the most of my last year with you, I suppose, as you say, I shall not be able to test my knowledge of law in a practical way; still, no one can tell what may happen in a year, and I prefer to be prepared for any emergency. Besides, the twelve months of Will's absence will pass much more quickly if they are filled full of work."

"Very well, my dear, let it be just as you wish. I am sure it is only a pleasure to me to keep you as a student," her friend responded; but neither he nor Alice dreamed at that time how wise her decision would prove to be, nor how great was the fast approaching emergency for which she was preparing. Several months slipped quickly by, during which Alice studied and worked as faithfully as if all her future depended upon the examination which would come at the close of the year.

One morning, during the last of February, Judge Ashburton returned from the post-office, whither he had been to send a special delivery, and bearing in his hand an open letter, which evidently contained some interesting news.

"There is going to be quite an exciting event in New York, during the spring recess," he observed to Alice; "something unusually unique and interesting in our line."

"Ah!" the young girl observed, as she glanced up from her work, with an inquiring smile.

"Yes, it is no less than a legal contest for which an enterprising woman of the Empire State is arranging," the judge went on to explain. "This Mrs. Voss is prominent in society, and is quite a philanthropist, as well, and claims that sex makes no difference in the mental capacity of humanity; that woman is just as capable of excelling in the various professions as man. To prove this, she solicits application from both sexes to take part in a law debate which is to occur in New York City about the first of April. The points to be discussed involve some international questions; there are, of course, certain rules and conditions to be observed in the contest, and a prize of one thousand dollars will be awarded the winner in the debate."

"Really, this is decidedly interesting," Alice remarked, as she laid down her pen and turned with animation to her friend; "but what are the conditions and how will the affair be conducted?"

"In this way, my friend writes me: Applicants must send in their names and addresses at once; then, on a certain date, to be named later, they will present themselves before a committee, when each one's eligibility and knowledge of law will be thoroughly tested, and the four most promising candidates—two gentlemen and two ladies, who are preparing for the bar—selected for the contest, which will take the form of a mock trial, before an eminent judge and twelve smart lawyers to act as a jury."

"Oh! would not I like to be there to hear it all!" exclaimed Alice, with gleaming eyes.

"Would you?" inquired the judge, as he came—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

## A HUMAN PLEA

By Charles Noel Douglas (Uncle Charlie)

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Oh, the children! Oh, the children! don't you hear their bitter cry  
From the mine and mill and factory, where the wheels of commerce fly?  
Do you see their wan white faces, as they toil amidst the gloom,  
Robbed of youth and joy and pleasure, swiftly hastening to their doom?  
Ah, what have these frail innocents e'er done that they should be  
Ground 'neath the heel of profit, sold into slavery,  
Then hurried by disease and want to fill untimely graves?  
Oh, for another Lincoln to free the poor child slaves.

Oh, our daughters! oh, our daughters! heed their cry of wild despair.  
It seems to freeze the coursing blood, and pierce the startled air.  
Unceasingly to heaven that anguished cry it rolls,  
Up from the loathsome haunts of sin, the cities of lost souls.  
And there our fairest daughters, like beasts in some vile pen,  
Are sacrificed to satisfy the lusts of bestial men.  
Ah, in their hour of torment, one thing the spirit craves,  
That Heaven will send a Lincoln to free the poor white slaves.

Oh, the mothers! oh, the mothers! oh, listen as they plead,  
For their eyes are wet with weeping, and their hearts with anguish bleed.  
For drink, the evil monster, has robbed them of the ones  
That best they loved in all the earth, their husbands and their sons.  
And now in ruined homes they sit, grim pictures of despair,  
And hear again the drunkard's step upon the creaking stair.  
Somewhere there is a Lincoln,—God grant he soon may come,  
And break the thrall, for once and all, of vile destroying rum.

List to the ceaseless murmur, now it breaks into a roar,  
Like the wild waves of the ocean dashing madly on the shore.  
'Tis the clamor of the masses, tired and weary of the strife,  
With frenzied voices pleading for a larger, freer life.  
They are tearing at the shackles which, through the ages long,  
Have made them hapless victims of privilege and wrong.  
On poverty's grim rack they lie, of greed and power the spoil,  
Waiting for a Lincoln who will free the slaves of toil.

Oh, the tramping! oh, the tramping of the mighty hosts of war!  
They are strewing death and ruin the smiling country o'er.  
There are brothers, killing brothers, while the clash of battle rings,  
And they're lying, bleeding, dying to make sport for wanton kings,  
And the women and the children watch the flick'ring embers burn,  
And murmur prayers for loved ones who will nevermore return.  
O Heaven touch the hearts of men, and bid the slaughter cease,  
And usher in God's kingdom of justice, love and peace.

O Providence, kind Providence, our supplication heed,  
O send the healing balm of peace to wounded hearts that bleed.  
Send men, strong men and noble, to end vile greed and strife,  
And give mankind a vision of a nobler, purer life.  
Slay ignorance, the beast that blights the mind and kills the soul,  
Let truth and right illumine bright the path to heaven's goal.  
Drive out vile superstition, the error and the sin,  
Render wide apart man's selfish heart and let the Christ come in.

erable over it, either, Nellie," her mistress added, kindly, "for you have been with me long enough to prove to me that you are above suspicion."

"Thank you," returned the girl, gratefully, her face at once breaking into smiles.

Her ladyship passed on her way, and upon reaching the library, explained the matter to the gentlemen in the same way that she had done to the maid.

It was not necessary to say anything about the jewels; the money was safely locked in her jewel box, and the real thief had made an awkward blunder in leaving traces behind which would not fail to result in detection.

Both the judge and Mr. Fletcher congratulated her upon the satisfactory result of her investigation, and never gave another thought to the matter.

Half an hour later the party were all assembled in the drawing-room and ready for their departure.

"Will," said Lady Marchmont, turning to him, as if with sudden thought, "while you are waiting for the carriage, suppose you take the young ladies into the conservatory and have the gardener cut whatever they would like. Send something nice to Mrs. Weston, and yesterday I heard Miss Fletcher admire the orchids—let them choose for themselves."

Will led the way to do her bidding, while Mr. Fletcher and the judge went out upon the veranda to wait for the appearance of the carriages and see that the luggage was properly disposed of.

When all were beyond hearing, Lady Marchmont turned gravely to Imogen, who alone had remained with her, and remarked:

"Mrs. Ingraham, I have here one of the little charms which I think I have seen you wear on a bangle—one of those you have on. Let me see—yes—there is one missing, from the one on your left wrist, and I am sure this must be it," and she produced the tiny glittering object which she had found beneath the chair in her room.

"Yes, it is," said Imogen, innocently, as she

it instantly; that which I afterward found in my own room proved to me not only Alice's entire innocence, but the identity of the one who had sought the ruin of her reputation."

And so you are going to countenance the marriage of your grandson with that low-born girl?" Imogen retorted, with a sneer, and making a mighty effort to rally her sinking heart, for she had been stung to the quick by what Lady Marchmont had said about Alice becoming Will's wife.

"Low-born," repeated her ladyship, reflectively. "What is it to be low-born? I begin to believe that the world has been all wrong in claiming that blood, rather than purity of soul and nobility of character, is the proper gauge of birth. Mrs. Ingraham, I feel that I have today been taught a very much needed lesson. But,"—rising to show that she had discussed the subject sufficiently—"I think I hear the carriages, and the evening will be a very pleasant one for your drive."

She had resumed the manner of the courteous hostess; but, if there had been a huge iceberg between them, Imogen could not have felt more frozen and repelled than by the nameless something in her tone and look that plainly indicated that henceforth they would be strangers to each other.

She swept out upon the veranda, where she chatted with the gentlemen while the grogns stowed away the luggage in the vehicle, and she shook hands cordially with them when all was ready. Her leave-taking with Olive was courteous, but reserved, and she simply bowed as she uttered her brief "good-evening" without offering her hand to Imogen, who had never felt so utterly crushed in the presence of any human being before.

Then she turned to Alice, threw her arm around her slender figure, and, bending her stately head, kissed her softly on the lips.

"My dear," she said, in her kindest tones, "we have had a very pleasant visit together, and I shall hope to see you often. Give my kind regards to your mamma and tell her I think she has



# How to Arrange for Spare Time

And What to Do With It, for Pleasure, for Profit and for Self Culture

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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**S** PARE time is something we should earn if we hope to enjoy it. The best philosophy of living includes plenty of work of the right kind and some leisure in which to prepare for the work. Life itself means something limited and to get into its span all of the things that thoughtful people think they should, necessitates a careful arrangement of time.

In most lives, system is the secret of achievement, just as failure follows the haphazard and the disorderly. A definite working outline is just as essential for life as it is for a theme.

The baby no sooner arrives than it becomes, or should become subject to rule. Its schedule is carefully arranged and any attempt on its own part to interfere is conscientiously checked by the doctor, the nurse and the mother, who form themselves into a benevolent trust for the baby's welfare.

A wonderful free school system makes education possible to all of the boys and girls in the country. Every big business concern depends for success upon the wisdom and the efficiency of its methods.

It is the men and the women who control their own time and do it badly that make up the sum of the world's failures. Not only does the world's work suffer through their inefficiency, but they themselves do not attain personal happiness. Many of these have no desire to obey the most insistent law of life which is work, but some of them realize their own weakness, deplore their own waste of time and with help could acquire themselves more worthily. To this class belong those who through the easy circumstances of their lives have too much leisure with too little responsibility.

There are also the schoolboys and girls who need a summer of rest and recreation but not one of idle drifting. What to do with them, the boys, especially, during the summer holidays is a question that many anxious parents ask themselves and are not always able to answer satisfactorily.

How one mother met and solved this problem may prove helpful to others.

Of one thing she was quite determined from the beginning; they must leave the city. Although her means were small she put aside the temptation to let the half-grown boys take any of the little jobs that offered and promised what seemed to them good pay. Most of the money, she reasoned, would go for small pleasures like moving picture shows, ice cream, chewing gum and soda fountain drinks. Meanwhile their companions could not always be of her choosing, their habits would be more or less beyond her restriction and most dangerous of all, the possibilities that they might obtain glimpses of knowledge of the seamy side of life, from which at their age they should be altogether protected. To keep them out of doors and give them natural, healthful pleasures was her idea. To this end she rented a simple farmhouse in a quiet farming neighborhood on the bank of a small river. The property belonged to an estate and the tillable ground which consisted of some fifteen acres was rented to the owner of an adjoining farm. There was no furniture in the house and this wise woman made no effort to supply it with any but a camping outfit. Canvas cots, bedding and a box of kitchen and dining-room essentials and a roll of wire screening completed her list of household effects. The boys' tool chest was not forgotten and at the end of a few days the house was screened and various benches and chairs of odd shapes and sizes had made their appearance, testifying to the practical value of mechanical training for boys in the schools and the varied uses to which packing boxes may be put by ingenious and economical people. Comfort and order had been established in the little home and the next step was to arrange their time for the things they had planned to do.

For the boys, of course, the river was the greatest thing in their summer, and for that matter, the mother wanted it to be, but she had no idea of sitting at home all day wondering where the boys were and half of her time terrorized by the thought that they might have been drowned in one of the deep holes of the river. So it was agreed that the boys should go to the river only within certain hours, morning and evening. This plan worked out most happily as the boys became more expert at swimming and their mother acquired more confidence in their ability to take care of themselves in the water. There were enough small perch quarantined in the big holes to provide some fishing, and the numerous mussels in the river proved an unexpected source of profit to the boys before the summer was over. Two strange men appeared on the river bank one day and began to collect and open the mussel shells. The boys were curious and deeply interested when they discovered that fresh water pearls were the game the men had in view. To avoid the establishment of a rival business, the men employed the boys to work for them and after their departure, the boys continued to search for the little treasures for themselves, meeting with some success.

But this mother wished her children to get something more than strong muscles out of the long summer days. She felt that there was also time for a little self culture. To accomplish this without letting the boys feel any of the drudgery of work, she put into her trunk, with a few other books, a botany, a book on birds and a star map.

Every day they spent two hours in the woods. The rule was made that they should devote themselves to one thing at a time. For instance, for a week, they would have eyes only for flowers and it was a proud family when a patient pursuit of some common variety ended in its proper analysis and safe landing, scientific name, included, in their herbarium. This, by the way, consisted of a simple blank book into which the carefully pressed specimens of flowers were pinned with a description of each written on the margin of the page.

Bird days were perhaps the most popular with the boys. The silent stalking of the little feathered things, the breathless waiting and watching to get close to the wilder ones to snapshot them with the camera, brought them nearer to the mystery of life in the woodland.

For a guide and text book, they used the wonderful article which appeared last summer in the Geographic Magazine where pictures of the birds in their natural colors were given, making it not only possible but exceedingly easy for the earnest student of birdlife to distinguish the various kinds and become acquainted with some which he never knew before. The article was a reprint of a government bulletin previously issued by the Department of Agriculture. A description of the nests and their eggs were a further aid in their classification and nothing pleased the boy hunters so much as an investigation of the actual dwelling places of the birds with their occasional store of dainty speckled eggs. In addition to the knowledge of the flowers and little feathered friends of the woods, the trees and underbrush soon yielded their names and identity to this diligent trio of nature students and to them a walk through the woods became more and more a pleasure as their acquaintanceship with growing things increased.

Their evenings were short for they all began their days very early. There were always books and magazines and at times an especially interesting article would tempt someone to read aloud.

It was on the clear nights that the star map came into use. By setting its revolving rim for nine o'clock on the current day of the month, the map would show the exact position of the

stars at that time. And many were the constellations they were able to locate in the beautiful fields overhead. They came to have at least a speaking acquaintance with the more striking groups and it gave them a friendly feeling to sit on their front porch and recognize by name so many of the brilliant inhabitants of the skies. It was rather difficult at first to trace a big constellation by the tiny little pattern on the map, but frequent and careful inspection by lamplight of the one and the cultivation of an enlarged vision of the other, out of doors, eventually resulted in success.

New worlds arose gradually out of the east, to charm and delight them. By September, some of their first friends had disappeared and others had taken their places, but at all times the boys watched the wonderful procession of the stars with a growing interest that never flagged and which their mother hoped would some years later culminate in a special college course in astronomy.

With all of these new diversions added to their regular quota of games and sports, the end of the summer found the boys in splendid shape for their winter's work. Physically fit, they were mentally alert, their interest and ambition aroused in several new directions, yet everything in line with the study ahead of them. In addition to all that they had learned they had their treasured specimens and their collections of pictures to refresh their memories. Perhaps the most important of all the lessons they learned was that of the proper use of time.

The value of time is so great that it is astonishing how much of it we allow to slip away from us unmeasured and unappreciated. Most people use time as if they possessed it to an inexhaustible degree. To keep tab on it is perhaps the wisest method of learning not to waste it.

I once knew a girl who by reading Tennyson, Browning and Longfellow during roll-call at the school she attended, acquired an unusual knowledge of their works; also, I knew a woman who used her husband's dressing hour in the morning as a time to do the family mending and darning and to discuss with him the finances of their household. Rescuing such odds and ends of precious time from the general waste and putting them to some small practical use, sometimes bring in surprising results, in accomplishment and progress. It is much like dropping one's pennies into a saving's bank instead of spending them, and presently finding yourself the astonished possessor of a substantial sum of money.

But the systematizing of your work and planning for time in which to do it is no more important than a proper personal preparation for its performance. To find yourself with plenty of time and work but with no initiative or capacity with which to take hold of it is an unfortunate state of affairs. Investigation will doubtless reveal the fact that your habits are bad. That you impair your efficiency as a working machine either by not doing what you should or following practices which you should not. The trouble may be any one of several things all equally simple and easily remedied, if discovered in time. It may be a wrong system of diet. You may take a heavy breakfast, although you could do better work on a lighter meal or else you may perhaps, need an ample breakfast with which to begin your day's work and instead, endeavor to get along on a simple orange or roll or other equally light fare. Then again it may be a case of nerves, and you over stimulate your already highly sensitive, nervous system with those household drugs—tea and coffee. Still, possibly you may deny yourself the one little morning cup that seems to serve as a starter for your mental machinery.

The question of sleep is a vital one. On how many hours do you thrive best? At what time do you feel most inclined for work? How long can you work before the quality of your work begins to be impaired? And when should you stop in order that your general efficiency as a working machine shall not be affected?

All of these matters should be decided for one's self. No one else can possibly know so well as you must, or should know under what conditions the inspiration for work comes to you. Nor to what extent interruptions distract you or whether you most need the quiet silence of the night or the stimulus of the daylight and sunshine with the hum of life and traffic for your particular task. Or, more especially than anything else if you happen to be a good worker, no one can tell you when you ought to stop the work pressure and go off fishing or lie down on the sitting-room rug before the fire and read Conan Doyle, or even just have your breakfast in bed and doze away the hours, until that jaded weary feeling is gone and you can return to your duties realizing that work is your salvation as well as your burden.

But be sure to take this recreation when your nervous system warns you that it is needed. Beware of the iron rule. Do not go to pieces on something you, yourself created for your use and benefit, not your undoing. There is danger, of course, in making a rule and deliberately ignoring it, but whenever a plan of work ceases to meet your needs, it is much better to abandon it than to adhere to it as if it were a religious creed or a moral standard to be safeguarded against any possible change.

My husband opens his eyes early in the morning, while the stars are still bright, and before turning on his light to read or study, he carefully arranges in his own mind the program for his day's work. This is a good idea taken by itself. The mischief lies in the way it most frequently works out, for no matter how long the list happens to be, everything on it must be checked off by night. Unexpected interruptions unforeseen and important matters demanding immediate attention are not accepted as reason or excuse for leaving undone one single item on that schedule. The result is what even the stupidest person could have foretold a super-weary, overtaxed man every night in the year instead of one normally tired from a good day's work. The remedy, of course, is allowing the surplus to go over to the next day or the day after that. Mental order has an outward manifestation that is very attractive. It is no small virtue to have a definite place for everything, whether it be an important document or a tapeline. The woman who can find anything she has as easily in the dark as by day is a treasure to her family. This comfortable virtue may sometimes be pushed too far, as in the case of the housekeeper who always put the morning paper in the waste basket because she thought it made the house look disorderly to have newspapers laying about.

But it is doubtful if anything wastes more time in a household than chronic disorder. To need a thing and have to look for it all over the house means lost time and usually lost temper and frequently quarrels with the other members of the family, to whom you have probably appealed for help, in your wild search, and whom you have openly accused or at least strongly insinuated, are responsible for the disappearance of the hunted article.

I recall hearing years ago of a woman, who, instead of having a place for everything, changed the order of things and put everything in one place. This place was a large open umbrella suspended from the ceiling upside down. If this receptacle or catch-all failed to produce at the moment of need, father's sheep-shears, mother's comb, the children's overshoes, and catechism or a serviceable dishrag for the cook, the search was at once abandoned. At least, so the indictment of the woman's neighbors read. I always

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

## You Should See How We Make These Biscuit

You should see the selected materials which are used—flour, sugar, butter, eggs, nuts, spices, fruits and flavors.

You should see the large, airy bakeries, with their new apparatus for mixing, their evenly heated ovens and their white-clad attendants.

These, together with ceaseless care and newest methods, make each variety of National Biscuit Company biscuit—sweetened or unsweetened—whether known as crackers or cookies, wafers or snaps—the best of its kind.

You will find the attractive packages in the grocery near you, always oven-fresh, for the National Biscuit Company distributes from Coast to Coast.

Buy biscuit baked by

**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

Always look for that Name

**Uneda Biscuit**  
Perfectly baked soda crackers—perfectly kept. Five cents.



**Graham Crackers**  
The nation's strength food. Always crisp and good. Five and ten cents.



**Baronet Biscuit**  
Thin and tender. Serve with beverages or desserts. Ten cents.



**Snaparoons**  
Delightful biscuit with the coconut flavor. Always fresh. Ten cents.







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By Lydia M. D. O'Neil

HERE had been a growing coolness between them for some time, but an open breach did not occur until the afternoon when Evelyn had busied herself preparing the list of guests to be invited to their fifth wedding anniversary celebration. She had completed the list, and at Stephen's request, handed it to him. He scanned the names swiftly, and then, picking up a pencil, added one name and returned the paper to her.

Her face crimsoned to the neck as she read the name he had inscribed—Mildred Jocelyn. A period of silence followed—shamed silence on her part, defiant silence on his. Then, in a pained but determined voice, she said:

"I cannot invite that woman, Stephen."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"You know her character; I cannot insult my guests by including her presence at our anniversary dinner. Besides, Stephen—"

she paused irresolutely, then, deciding that the disagreeable duty had better be over and done with, she continued firmly:

"You are probably aware that people have been talking about you—and her—recently. You have been seen much together; do you want to give color to the rumors which have been floating about?"

"On the contrary, I want to put an end to those rumors; that is one reason why I want you to invite her. When people see that she is here as your guest, by your invitation, they will realize what they should have done long ago—that our friendship is a matter of business aspiration on my part, more than anything else;—and on her part, an artistic interest in a man who possesses at least a small amount of genius in the field of architecture."

"Genius needs no patronage," replied Evelyn.

"And you know her reputation, Stephen. She herself has been three times divorced, and has been the cause of the disruption of several homes. If I were a leader of society, perhaps I could afford to entertain a woman of her character; as it is, I cannot."

"There's gratitude for you!" said Stephen angrily. "It is due entirely to her influence, that I am now at work on the plans of the Waverly Club's new building; to her influence that I was selected to design the Spaulding Hotel; to her influence, that I am acquainted with some of the most prominent people in the city; and the least you might do, to express your gratitude, would be to invite her to our celebration, yet you sit there and talk to me about her character—her reputation!"

Evelyn looked at him calmly.

"Do you mean to say, Stephen, that you are really willing to progress in your work by means of this woman's direct influence? I admit that you have, through her, met wealthy and prominent people who might never have heard of you otherwise; but are they really the people whom it is desirable to associate with, these men of the Waverly Club, and the owner of the Spaulding? Do you want to look back, in after years, and say that all you have accomplished you owe to a woman of infamy—to Mildred Jocelyn?"

And as she spoke she slowly drew a blue pencil through the name.

The reproof stung, but Stephen Chappell was thoroughly angry now.

"At least she's done more for me than you ever have," he retorted. "What have you done to advance my interests? You might have worked your way into the swellest society in this city, if you had wanted to; you had the ability, but you left it to another woman to see that people worth knowing were made aware of my existence on earth. You could have made up that list of millionaires and their families, instead of the same old bunch we've always known, if you had a spark of ambition in you!"

"I am not a climber," she replied quietly. "Not a parvenu, Stephen. I am quite satisfied with the friends of our youth—yours and mine. I find them congenial—I doubt if I could say as much of the Spauldings, and the others whose patronage you so much desire."

He glared at her savagely. "A wife like you—you seem to be doing your best to hold me back! With a woman like Mildred, a woman who takes an interest in a man's work—what couldn't I accomplish? I'd be five times a millionaire in a few years, but as it is, I suppose I'll go on to the end of the chapter on a few beggarly thousands a year!"

She rose and faced him calmly, though inwardly she was trembling. Her face was very pale, but her eyes glowed feverishly.

"Do I understand you to say, Stephen, that I am in your way—that you would be happier or more successful, with Mildred Jocelyn as your wife?"

"If you want to put it that way, yes!"

She tore the long sheet of paper in half, and then tore it crossways again.

"Then there will be no celebration," she replied. "I had been expecting something like this for some time—I wondered how long it could be delayed. I shall go at once and supervise the packing of my trunks, and this evening I shall leave for an extended visit with my aunt, at Cranbrook. Unless you want me, I shall not return. You can attend to the legal side of the affair; willful desertion—there need be no scandal of any sort, you know."

She left the room quietly, and though she paused a moment at the doorway, before dropping the portieres, there was no softening of the grim, angry lines about his mouth—no paling of the smouldering fire in his eyes.

"You comprehend what I have just said, Stephen?" she queried, in the same even tones she had used throughout the entire scene.

"Yes. Let me alone, will you! Go on and pack your trunks, if you're going!"

Upstairs, a few minutes later, he could hear her crossing and recrossing the floor—the opening and closing of dresser drawers, the clinking of silver and china, as she packed her toilet articles carefully away in their respective cases—and instead of sorrowing, he was glad. Mildred—what a different woman she was! Vivacious, if sometimes undignified; jolly, "prancy," as the members of the Waverly Club expressed it—not discreet in dress, either;—inclined to the wearing of

much satin and heavy lace, and the conspicuous use of perfumes; but—she was interested in his work; she tried to advance his interests on every occasion; she never failed to speak of "my friend, Stephen Chappell, the brilliant architect." If she were the mistress of this house, it would not be so deadly dull. There would be lots of lively folk about—not the quiet, refined people in whose presence Evelyn delighted, but people who would make the house ring with loud laughter and singing—people with money to spend—people who were not strait-laced and narrow in their views, as Evelyn and her friends were inclined to be.

Mildred's character! What of it? If a woman was not happily married, wasn't a divorce the logical remedy? Wasn't Evelyn herself leaving him now for the purpose of giving him grounds for divorce? yet she dared to assail Mildred's character! Of course, the woman was not well-bred, but that was a trivial matter.

By and by he heard Evelyn descending the stairs, and was conscious that she had thrust the portieres aside, but he did not turn to look at her.

It was in her heart to speak to him—to tell him that she was sorry they had made such an unfortunate mess of things, and that she hoped he would win the success he craved, but realizing that it would be embarrassing to him, she turned away quietly and left the house. For a long time Chappell sat silent, after he heard the closing of the front door; then he rose and went to the telephone and called up Mildred Jocelyn's apartments, to inquire if she cared to attend the production of the Gay Girls of Gotham that evening.

Many months had passed by, and Chappell had sued for divorce. The case would soon be heard in court, and then—then he would be free to marry Mildred. Strangely enough, he felt no great joy as he thought of it, sitting alone in the drawing-room tonight. True, he still felt that much of his success in a business way was due to her—but he sometimes wondered if he had not lost as much as he had gained.

His friends—the people who used to call and

Then, laying it tenderly down, he drew forth, one after another, the other articles which the "Chest of Golden Memories," as they had called it, contained. There was a dance program—his name inscribed on it; the first dance he had ever had with Evelyn; there was a pressed rosebud—one of a bouquet he had given her long ago; there were more valentines, dainty bits of lace and satin, fashioned by skillful hands into sweet tokens of a lover's thoughtfulness and devotion; then came a pile of letters, worn from frequent handling, tied with a narrow bit of ribbon; several photographs, both of Evelyn and himself; little souvenirs of their marriage—a piece of the wedding-cake, and a remnant of the material of which Evelyn's gown had been made. Then, tenderly wrapped in an envelope of white silk, he found a little photograph—that of the tiny morsel of humanity that had been given into their keeping on the second Valentine's Day following their marriage, only to be taken from them, back to the Heavenly Father's keeping, a few months later. The wide eyes of the pictured face gazed into Chappell's own, and his face reddened with shame and remorse. The mother of this beloved little one—how had he treated her? Neglected her—discarded her—replaced her in his affection with a woman whose name was notorious throughout the continent.

Stephen could have wept, but he was a man to whom the luxury of tears was denied; so he sat, dry-eyed, his hands clenched tightly and his lips compressed, throughout the agony of the hour in which he realized for the first time the depths of his shame and degradation. Mentally he asked himself, was it too late? Would she return to him, if he begged her forgiveness and told her how much he missed her—how badly he needed her?

Raising his head, his eyes fell upon a calendar that hung on the wall; the thirteenth of February! And tomorrow was St. Valentine's Day! Again he summoned the man-servant. "Joseph, I want you to go to the post-office, to register a letter for me. No! Wait! I will go myself! Bring me my hat and overcoat."

"It is seven-thirty, Mr. Chappell," reminded Joseph.

"No matter! I'm not going to the theater tonight. Should anyone call, tell them I'm out—I don't want to see anyone tonight."

But as he was leaving the house, a carriage drew up at the curb, and a woman, radiant with jewels, alighted. He needed no second glance to tell that it was Mildred Jocelyn.

"Good evening, Stephen," she said. "Going out? You can give me a few moments, though, can't you?"

He opened the door and followed her into the room he had just left. He placed a chair, for her, but stood impatiently himself, without removing his overcoat or gloves.

"In a hurry, are you?" she began. "Well, I won't detain you long. I just wanted to cancel our engagement for the theater this evening—though it looks very much as if you had canceled it yourself, without notice to me—or forgotten it, perhaps."

He made an attempt at a formal apology, but she interrupted him with an impulsive gesture.

"Never mind! It doesn't matter in the least. I'm not going anywhere tonight. Yes," as he looked significantly at her gorgeous apparel, "I had intended to go to the theater and then to dinner with you, but I changed my mind, and now I'm going home. I leave for Europe tomorrow, and I want to do some packing."

"To Europe?" he said in surprise.

She nodded, watching him narrowly. Amazement was written on his face—but no signs of a broken heart, such as she had anticipated—no anger, or dismay.

"I hope it doesn't interfere with any of your plans?" she said.

"Certainly not; not in the least." Then, after a moment of silence, he continued: "Then you were simply amusing yourself with me?"

"Yes," she admitted shamelessly. "I had heard people say that you were an iceberg—wrapped up in your home and your work, and didn't care for anybody outside of that. I wanted to see if I couldn't make you care for me. I thought the best way to do it was to assume interest in your work—and I guess I did it. But I'm getting tired of it. I want to see all the gay cities of Europe that I've heard so much about, so I'm going away."

"That is very nice," he commented. "I hope you will enjoy the tour."

Very nice! It was she who was amazed now. Actually, the man didn't seem to care whether she came or went! Had he, too, been simply amusing himself with her, without caring for her at all?

"People say I broke up your home," she said.

"Shall I say I'm sorry?"

"Not at all. People are mistaken. Mrs. Chappell will be home in a few days. This," and he drew an envelope from his inner pocket, "is a valentine that I am sending her."

He fervently hoped that he was telling the truth when he said that Evelyn would soon be home.

"It is I who am sorry," he continued; "sorry that I gave people an opportunity to say the things they did about you—and me."

"Oh, never mind me," she said bitterly.

"I have to thank you for your interest in me," he resumed. "The interest which led you to introduce me to many influential people—which was of much assistance to me in my work."

She laughed mirthlessly. "I told you what inspired that interest, didn't I? And I know just as well as you do that I've hurt you more than I've helped you. But I'm not sorry. I'm not sorry for anything! I admit I'm surprised to learn that you've been just amusing yourself, the same as I have—but I don't care! Good by, Stephen—run along and mail your valentine!"

"Good by, Miss Jocelyn."

He saw her safely into her carriage—then turned and walked briskly toward the post-office. The next evening the papers were filled with an account of the latest scandal—the elopement to Europe of Robert Hillard, a prominent member of the Waverly Club, and Mildred Jocelyn, the notorious breaker of hearts and homes.

Evelyn Chappell carefully opened the registered letter that had arrived by the early morning mail, and drew forth its contents—a photograph, carefully wrapped, accompanied by a letter.



She tore the long sheet of paper in half, and then tore it crossways again.

A cry of joy escaped his lips as he read the four short words, "I am coming home."

chat with him, give little dinner-parties to him and Evelyn, encouraged him in his work,—passed him now with the briefest salutations, and never invited him to their homes as they had formerly done; never stopped to inquire how he was getting along and to suggest that the next-door neighbor, who was intending to build a new house, might be interested in some of his plans of "Ideal Homes."

Even the men at the Waverly Club had not been of as much assistance to him as he had anticipated; true, they drank the wine and smoked the cigars that he paid for, and sometimes had him draw up plans for a bungalow or a town house; but these commissions had been far from numerous, and he observed that very few of his patrons cared to have him meet their wives and daughters. Mildred, too—of late she had not seemed to be quite so enthusiastic about his career—so intensely interested in his ambitions as she had formerly been, and he wondered if she were growing tired of him, as rumor said that she had grown tired of her three husbands, married and divorced one after another.

He shook himself impatiently, as if to dismiss all the thoughts that perplexed him; then, touching the bell that stood on a stand near by, he summoned his man-servant.

"Joseph, will you go up-stairs, to the room next to my sleeping-chamber, and bring me down the box of blue-prints that you will find on a table there? It is a large oak box, with the key in the lock."

The servant returned a few minutes later, with the box in his arms.

"Place it on the table," directed Chappell. "Notify me when it is seven-thirty, as I shall be leaving for the theater. Thank you—that is all."

Joseph withdrew, and Chappell drew his chair close to the table and unlocked the oaken box. He lifted a paper, but instead of a blue-print it was—a valentine.

Yes, a valentine—a frivolous bit of a thing, covered with Cupids and doves and forget-me-nots—the first valentine that he had ever sent to Evelyn. Of course it was the wrong box—it was the box which contained all the souvenirs of their courtship and their wedded life, until the last year—until he had met Mildred Jocelyn.

A wave of tenderness swept over him suddenly—regret, and loneliness, and reverence, as if he were touching the belongings of some beloved departed one. Instead of closing the box, and putting it away from his sight, he sat silent, gazing long at the little valentine, and the fond message that he had inscribed on it.

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She gazed wonderingly upon the pictured features of the little child whom she had cared for so tenderly for the three short months that the little one had dwelt on earth. With tears in her eyes she unfolded the sheet of note-paper that lay beside the envelope.

"Evelyn my wife! St. Valentine memories have awakened me to a realization of what I have been—what I have done. No words can express my penitence, but—is my awakening too late?"

"For the sake of this little one whom we both loved so well, will you grant me another chance? Unworthily, but faithfully, yours. STEPHEN."

Stephen Chappell's hand trembled as he tore open the little envelope brought him by a messenger, and extracted the telegram that it contained. Had his awakening been too late? What would her answer be?

A cry of joy escaped his lips as he read the four short words inscribed on the sheet of yellow paper:

"I am coming home."

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# TOUGHIEY

## Childhood Adventures on a Texas Ranch

By Adele Steiner Burleson

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### SYNOPSIS OF WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE.

"Toughiey" is a true story in which the author narrates the actual exploits and adventures of her three children and her own experiences during a summer, some dozen years ago, happily spent in rustication on her ranch in a remote and somewhat wild part of Texas, far from their city home. This large domain, known as Steiner Valley, was inherited by Mrs. Burleson from her father, Dr. Steiner, who as surgeon in the U. S. army served with distinction through the war with Mexico which added Texas and an empire besides to the territory of the United States.

In mentioning her father and her husband (now Postmaster General but then member of Congress) in the story she has modestly assumed the name of "Deering" which our readers are at liberty to change to Burleson.

The ranch, which is several miles in extent, is in part cultivated as a cotton plantation and the rest is used as a range for a great herd of Hereford cattle. The plantation is worked entirely by convict labor supplied by the state in return for a certain per cent of the crop, and besides the manager's house and the owner's summer cottage there is a cluster of buildings called "the camp" occupied by the convicts and guards.

All this is new and of somewhat startling interest to the children who are accustomed to city life.

### CHAPTER V.

#### BABY SQUIRRELS FOR PETS.

THE protracted dry spell was bringing satisfaction only to the children. The monotony of clear days was no hardship to them. While their elders anxiously discussed the chances for rain, they sat contentedly in the shade of big trees, ate watermelons in the creek bottom, and fashioned playhouses in the thicket behind the house, heedless of the fatal dryness that was putting furrows on the Manager's brow and making the cotton crop the shortest in the history of its production.

Out of the little forms thrown off by the exhausted cotton plants and now to be found in melancholy profusion in the field, the children made nests and doll beds.

It is true they shared in the general excitement when a promising wind blew up a rack of clouds that threatened to end the drought, and they were active in dragging their playthings from the creek bottom safe from the expected flood, but there was no sorrow behind their exclamations that "there never was going to be any more rain!"

Time and again the clouds would rally to the relief of the shimmering fields and parching prairie, now showing long heat cracks, and time and again they were vanquished by the brazen might of the sun.

Papa talked scientifically about the non-precipitation of moisture, the Manager referred gloomily to noted droughts in the past, reasoning that their recurrence at stated intervals was certain, and that a record breaker was now upon them, while old Uncle Isum openly blamed the children.

"Shoo as hit fixes toe rain, dem chilluns gyants roan" and throws all de ole cans and trash what bin pilin' up, into de creek bottom, expectin' de wahah to kerry hit off, and by de time dey gits everything ready, de rain is done skeert away."

And he would go off to his cabin grumbling about the way "white folks" would fly in the face of Providence itself.

But whatever the cause, one burning day after another continued to come until the fear that it would not rain changed into a dread of the rain when it did come. For the brazen skies, now so unhappily familiar, could hardly be replaced by gentler ones except through some mighty convulsion of nature, bringing with it a destruction equal to that of the drought itself.

Its growth effectually checked, the only hope for the cotton was in continued clear weather, which would permit the gathering of the crop, now almost dropping from the open bolls. A rain would knock it out, beat it into the ground, and make of it, where it could be recovered at all, hopeless "dogtail," a thing of scorn to the cotton buyer in the market, and a profitless crop to the planter.

One night the storm broke. It came up just after the children had gone to bed. A thick curtain of clouds spread over the sky from horizon to horizon, casting upon the earth a shadow of inky blackness. Now and then great sheets of lightning, without a note of thunder, would sweep over the entire heavens. An hour later the storm burst upon the plantation with such a rage of wind and rain and hail, and such furious cannonading of thunder that even Mr. Deering wondered if the frail little house could live through it.

The children sat bolt upright on their pallets, with clasped hands and frightened faces, and then shuddered down under the blanket which the sudden cold made it necessary for their mother to spread over them, trying to shut out the terrifying voices outside. They lay awake for a long time as quiet as mice, and finally fell asleep exhausted by their own fears and lulled by the monotonous sound of the rain which subsided at last into a steady downpour.

Mamma did not disturb them when a new roar made itself heard and looking through the screened door she saw, in the glare of the lightning, a black, swirling flood racing through the creek bed. It was a fearful picture and her own heart quaked when she thought of the little girls playing day after day where now raged an irresistible torrent.

The next morning the children awoke to a world of magic. They did not see the laborer and desolate cotton field, but between it and them lay a little stretch of prairie bloom with white lilies. These dainty, scented flowers are the children of the rain, springing up during the course of a storm and perishing at the touch of the sun. To the little girls they seemed the work of fairies, and before the early breakfast was ready bunches of the delicate blossoms were already fading in their hot little hands.

Another land of enchantment awaited them at the creek bottom, whether their eager pursuit of the lilies soon led them. The storm waters of the night had subsided, and in its place flowed a shallow, limped stream over the pebbly bed. Throwing aside their sandals they spent the rest of the day building dams and bridges, constructing lakes and canals, sailing boats and rafts.

Only when that evil Genius, Toughiey, came to drag them away to their meals did they cease for a moment from their fascinating labors. The rubbers, which mamma insisted upon, were the single flaw in their day of perfect happiness.

By the following morning every trace of the brook had disappeared. Only holes and ditches remained to show where their lakes and canals had been. Their disappointment was great, but it led to an investigation of other storm products—

fallen trees. In one, a big pecan, which had been completely uprooted, they discovered a squirrel nest, a warm, soft, bag-like affair constructed of twigs and leaves, and containing three blind, ugly young squirrels with bare, rat-like tails. Their immediate adoption followed, and in return for Toughiey's assistance in arranging suitable quarters for them and taking charge of the difficult task of feeding them on milk, the children gave her one.

The box serving for a nest was placed in the children's room, where the little animals became the object of so much unwelcome attention that Toughiey threatened to return them to the woods or abandon the care of them herself unless the children would promise to let them alone. Either suggestion was calamitous and the children struggled hard against their restless affection for the little creatures, but with such poor success that one of Toughiey's direct predictions came to pass no later than that same afternoon when the smallest squirrel died!

"Of course, the squirrel that died was mine," said Toughiey calmly, but with the kindling eye of a prophetess.

"Of course!" agreed the children with such cautious justice that Toughiey could not find words with which to reply. At feeding time, Toughiey was as usual called upon to perform the difficult duty.

"My squirrel don't need milk, he's dead," said Toughiey, lowering her book for a moment and then quietly continuing to read.

The children looked blankly at each other.

"All right for you Miss!" they finally stammered.

"All right," echoed Toughiey indifferently. Then followed a howl from the children which was met on Toughiey's part by such a frozen exterior that a compromise whose terms gave her an equal share with the children in the remaining squirrels, and made her absolute dictator in regard to their management, was quickly effected.

"We must name them," said Toughiey, decidedly, when the children began to call them "squirrel-ly," "that sounds ridiculous, and besides it's too long and you couldn't tell them apart; they'd have the same name."

The children then suggested "Goldenrod" and "Sunflower."

"Why not call them 'Gum Drop' and 'Sugar Lump'?" asked Toughiey in scornful amusement.

"Who ever heard of such names for squirrels! You must think of something suitable."

So the children tried again and again, but each name in turn was rejected by Toughiey as quite out of place for just everyday, frisky little squirrels.

"Now, I've said that you may name them," said Toughiey liberally, "but you must get something that fits them."

But it proved impossible for the children to please themselves and at the same time Toughiey, too. They could not be won to her way of thinking the squirrels ordinary beings, nor from their own position that they were on the contrary the most extraordinary creatures that ever lived and entitled to the most romantic and beautiful names that could be thought of.

When it became evident that their differences were eternal, Toughiey settled the matter in her most imperious fashion.

"They shall be called Tom, Dick and Harry," she said.

To the children's griefed protests, she answered uncompromisingly.

"I'm willing to let the dead one be Harry. I think," she added composedly, "it's a very nice name for him."

And so the question was settled.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## The Iron Cross Of Germany

SHORTLY after the outbreak of the pan-European war dispatches from Berlin conveyed the information, that Kaiser Wilhelm had revived the Order of the Iron Cross and was decorating certain officers and soldiers who had distinguished themselves on the French frontier with the insignia of the noble order. The militant crown prince was one of the first German officers to receive the coveted badge of honor. His father, who hitherto had tried to hold the crown prince's warlike tendencies in check, had deemed the son's activities around Metz, worthy of recognition.

To many the revival meant nothing, for it had never existed to their knowledge. There is little written about it. Nevertheless it is one of the oldest military honor legions in existence.

Although it is recorded that on March 10, 1813, Frederick William III founded the order of the Iron Cross, the origin of the legion dates back to the Crusades.

During the siege of Acre, in 1190, Barbarossa's army of crusaders was at a disadvantage in comparison with the Templars and the Hospitallers, as the English and French military orders were called. The latter had well organized corps for taking care of the wounded, sick or dead. The Germans did not. They fought without shelter, medicine, and with little food.

To relieve the situation, a company of ship captains, headed by a certain Walpot von Bassenheim, citizen of Bremen, was organized to render assistance as they could to the fighting Teutons.

They used canvas tents for hospitals and went first under the name of "Knights Hospitallers of Our Dear Lady of Mount Zion."

This cumbersome title was later changed to the "German Order of St. Mary" or "Teutsche Ritter von der Marie-Orden" and finally abbreviated to "Teusches Ritterthum."

The chivalric order then bound its members to fidelity and fortitude by a sacred vow. It became powerful through rich bequests until its main interests were no longer in Palestine but in Venice. Here its headquarters were transferred in A. D. 1210 by Herman von der Salza. The order was in great favor with the Pope at the time.

Sixteen years later the Crusaders, no longer having to prosecute their mission in the direction of Palestine, turned their attention to Prussia. Prussia was inviting the attention of the order by reason of the fact that it was anti-Christian. The bishop of Prussia was only titular; he dared not live in Prussia. He lived in Liefland, among the Bremen trading settlers.

The titular bishop, worrying over the anti-Christian state of Prussia, persuaded the order to come to Prussia and convert the Prussians by force. The work was carried out, the two races intermingled, and Prussia became thoroughly Christian.

Since the order had assumed the chivalric of chivalric orders, a symbolic emblem of a black cross was adopted for use on the white cloaks of the members. The black was supposed to represent the cross of iron, the metal which best represented the grim age in which they lived.

After a while the order acquired so much honor that the emperor allowed the members to add the imperial eagle to their arms, and St. Louis granted them the fleur-de-lis.

There was also a superior decoration of double size, called the grand cross. This was reserved for officers of high rank who had successfully carried out a campaign won a decisive battle, or conducted a brave defense.

The insignia of the order as it now exists is a cross on the shape of a cross pattee, which is like a maltese cross or plus sign, except that the

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arms of the cross become wider as they extend further. The cross is made of iron with silver edgings and mountings. One side is entirely plain. The other has on its upper limb the initials "F. W." which stand for Frederick William. Above the initials is the imperial crown. The center of the cross bears oak leaves, the meaning of which seems to be lost. On the bottom limb is the date of the founding of the order, 1813.

## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: Will you permit a girl from this part of the world to join your merry circle? I am a very mischievous, noisy little country lass but I will promise to be quiet while I am with you married ladies and then I won't tarry long.

I have nut-brown hair, eyes of the same shade, a round face, a rosy complexion and everyone says I possess an amiable disposition.

My grandmother was of Irish nationality so I suppose I get my sense of humor and sunny disposition from her. I am the youngest of seven children, all married except me. I am very fond of small children.

I live almost a mile from town on a high hill. How many of the sisters have their homes named? Mine is named "Sunny Side," and I like and appreciate the place much more since I gave it a name. Try it and see.

I think girls should take an interest in church work. I attend church and Sunday school regularly and enjoy it.

We have six churches, no saloons and a population of three thousand five hundred. We have four salt plants, which employ a great number of hands and have an output of thousands of barrels of salt daily.

I like the idea of a person being cheerful in time of trials. "A person who faces the sun never sees his shadow." And then a sunny disposition will drive wrinkles from the brow.

Speaking of boys "sowing wild oats." I have known of the wildest boys making fine men. I believe a child reared under Christian influence will not depart from it when he is old even though he does "sow wild oats" in youth. But I will leave that subject for an older and more gifted writer. I do not approve of a girl being too much in love with the other sex. To accept a boy's attentions in a friendly manner, I deem enough for any girl. My mind runs to things of more importance than to get "ratty" about a boy, still there are some fine boys, and boys in general are as good as girls and some are much better than some girls.

I think COMFORT is just the grandest paper. I have had many helps from its pages and some of your good talks have brought out some of the best instincts of my nature and has developed many good morals within me that will never die. I enjoy reading and books, like friends, have an influence; therefore we should exercise as much care in the selection of reading matter as in the choice of companions.

I pity those who live in great cities, shut off from the beauties of nature. I, for one, am a lover of nature and nothing is more pleasing to me than the swaying back and forth of the trees to the gentle breeze and the singing of the birds to greet me on arising in the morning.

Then to take a day off and go fishing! Isn't that grand? But hush, I fear someone will grow envious and think I am boasting and exaggerating on this topic.

Praying the blessings of our Heavenly Father upon each and everyone of you and thanking you for the kind attention and this space I will be going if Mrs. Wilkinson will hand me my rain coat.

Lovingly, MISS FANNIE LINDSEY.

Miss Fannie. There is no need for such marvelous self restraint as you are prepared to display, even if you are with us "married ladies" for I think you will find that we are quite human and able to appreciate good, wholesome fun. In a book I once read, the Irish heroine, in quoting her father said that "a sense of humor was like a shillalah—an illogical thing to have round handy, especially when the joke's on you," and I hope your sense of humor will permit you to laugh even if you are the victim of a joke. I have but little use for these one-sided jokers.

It is well to remember that the inevitable result of sowing is a harvest and if young men will persist in sowing "wild oats," sooner or later they must reap, even as they have sown. Fannie dear, even if you did use slang, I can forgive you, since it so well expressed my own ideas. Boys as a rule, have twice the respect for a girl to whom they feel free to talk in a friendly, chumming way, than

for the girl who expects a lot of sentimental mush. Keep right on being good friends with all and try to live each day so that you can feel that the world is a better place for your presence in it.—Ed.

BUSHHEAD, OKLA.

I have just been reading my October COMFORT and have been thinking for a long while I would write but have put it off. I think COMFORT is about as good as it can be. Mother and grandmother both took it and now that I am in my own home I take it. I get much good from the Sisters' Corner.

Nearly all describe themselves but as I am deformed with curvature of the spine, am neither tall nor nice looking, so will not describe myself. I was married two years ago to a kind loving husband, and one year ago our home was blessed with a (CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

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## Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

dear baby girl and so now though we are "poor folks" and I, not very strong, we are a happy family. Have not some of you wished you could make good pancakes sometimes when you had no sour milk? Well, I have many times, and a short while ago I run across a recipe in another paper and now we have cakes without sour milk in them. One cup of milk (one pint flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder, one tablespoon sugar, a little salt, and warm water enough to make a thin batter. Beat it up good and pour, do not dip it, into your hot griddle. I make mine up in a pitcher, take the spoon out and I can pour out handy what I want. When cooking turnips or potatoes that have a strong or bitter taste, a little sugar, about equal to your salt, is added they will be good. Well, baby has woke up and here come my chickens for their supper so I must run. God bless all of you and the COMFORT staff. Your sister, MRS. JAMES COLLINS.

RECTOR, ARK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, but have never made any attempt to enter with the great staff of writers. I deeply love every page of COMFORT. It is always looked for with eagerness by all my family.

I have three dear children living and two gone to Heaven. I can sympathize with all who have lost loved ones. We know our little ones are with Jesus and why should we grieve? I try to live daily so that when I am called I will be ready. I am not very strong. During the months of August and September I was sick seven weeks with the dreaded typhoid fever which left me with a cough and throat trouble. I have been very hoarse for five weeks and can hardly speak above a whisper. Have tried several remedies and also doctors' treatments, but have received little benefit. If any of the COMFORT readers can tell me of anything that will cure my cough, I will greatly appreciate the favor.

There are so many people talking "hard times" and "what will we do if things don't change?" Just stop and think what would we do if we were in Europe, living among shot and mobs. Think of the daily death list and people left homeless and starving while we are living in a free country, the good old United States of America.

We are not blessed with a fortune, but with a happy little home. We have been married ten years and we are still sweethearts. We always tell each other our secrets. I have heard so many women say, "I never know what my husband is going to do until the last moment; he never tells me anything." It may be that the wife is to blame; there are so many that can't keep a secret. I heard a nice lady say, "I can't tell my wife anything I don't want told for she can't keep a secret," and she made the remark, "I can keep a secret from you." That made me feel badly, not for the man but his wife. I am thankful I can keep a secret from my husband but from my neighbors. A tattler is always looked upon with scorn and forever having trouble with someone. I have lived in town seven years and never had a word of trouble with my neighbors. I never was quick to form acquaintance with strangers as I want to know them first. I always learn the ways of my neighbors before I visit. I may be wrong in my way but I was taught this while I was a child.

I am a dear lover of fancy work and have made several very pretty patterns of crochets. I have sewed their clothes while ironing will keep a bottle of hydrogen peroxide near by and saturate a cloth spread over the scorching place and iron with a hot iron she will find the scorching spot will disappear.

I always keep mending tissue on hand to mend husbands' coats and pants for I am a poor hand at mending pants with a needle and thread. I have patience and I don't wear your good patience out but perhaps I will come again, when the roses bloom. MRS. MOLLIE WINCHESTER.

Mrs. Winchester. What you say in regard to secrets is largely true but there are occasions when I think it is perfectly right for a husband to have secrets from his wife, or vice versa. By this I mean secrets of a professional or business nature. The man who tells his wife things along that line lowers himself in my estimation, as does the woman who asks for or listens to what cannot concern her.

In defense of my own sex, admitting that women are prone to talk more than is wise, we are no worse than a great many men.—Ed.

LAMPASAS, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS: I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for many years, and would like admittance into your happy circle. I enjoy the sisters' page, and think it grows brighter and better each year. Our dear Mrs. Wilkinson is kind, noble and helpful to all. I also enjoy Uncle Charlie's letters to the young people. We have only one child, a girl of fifteen. I have the COMFORT sent in her name. She reads a great deal of fiction and looks forward to the issue of COMFORT with delight. She says Uncle Charlie is simply grand. He is indeed marvelous. Just to think how long he has been an invalid, and gives to the world so much that is joyous, hopeful and beneficial. His writings bring sunshine to our little home. They are not only informing on all important topics, but uplifting as well, and interwoven throughout with a certain humor, enabling one who is capable of enjoying innocent fun to be lifted in spite of themselves out of despondency and gloom. Long may Uncle Charlie live to cheer and help saddened humanity.

I cannot close these remarks until I express some appreciation of our noble editor, Mr. Gannett. His "heart-to-heart" talk in November issue was fine; but "the bait is not told" for my belief is that sincerity will reveal the good he and his staff of editors are doing, scattering seeds of kindness, love and hope in the hearts and homes of the millions of COMFORT readers. I take several magazines, but none are so welcome as COMFORT. Its pages are filled with things of interest to one and all alike. The contributions from the able pen of Mrs. Adele Steiner Burleson, afford me much pleasure, especially her recent article entitled, "The Farmer's Wife of Today." It proves to my mind so clearly the real blessings, as well as advantages of farm life. Dear sisters, you that once lived in the country and are living now in the city, or like myself in a little town, does it not make you homesick, and I might say "hungry," to move back to the dear old farm? It does me—and I believe such a beautiful and true portrayal of country life by one who knows and loves such a life is calculated to arouse the desire to answer the call "back to the soil." We have lived mostly in the country, and I am looking forward to the time when we can once more live "where the birds sing, and the cow bells ring." There is where all poor people should be, but it is a blessing and luxury few are able to afford.

Well, sisters I haven't taken any special subject, but if Mrs. Wilkinson will fit to print these scattering remarks, I hope to write again. I enjoy the letters on subjects like poultry raising and farming, child training and education, but especially those on religion. Like Mrs. H. C. Crawford I haven't much of this world's goods, but I trust a "heart full of love and sympathy for all." I think those who will live Godly in this world, meet with trials and temptations, and the promise is, "If we are faithful unto the end, we will receive a crown of life. Sometimes the way looks dark, but as the sister said, "if we have Jesus for our friend and try to make others better and happier our lives will not have been in vain." I know how to sympathize with those who have given up loved ones. My oldest sister died Oct. 4, 1891. Just about one year after we came from Tennessee to Texas. It nearly broke our hearts. None of us were with her. She had married and remained in Tennessee. Then on March 10, 1910, our mother was taken. Sisters, you that have given up mother, know the sorrow and loneliness of such a separation. The sun has never shone so bright to me since my darling mother went away to be with God, but I am striving to follow the worthy examples of Christianity she left and have the comforting promise of meeting her pure soul in Heaven. My dear father is still living and lives with us part of the time.

My husband is afflicted with muscular rheumatism, also has stomach trouble. Will someone send remedies for same? Miss Ambush Lee might get the books wanted by writing to Postmaster at Wellington, Mo. Thomas Lockhart, the author, lived here, but is now deceased. If Mrs. Rosa Bryant of Baxter Springs, Kans., will send stamp I will send her the song requested, "The Ship That Never Returned."

Long may COMFORT's workers and readers live, and with love to each one of you, I beg to remain a COMFORT sister, Mrs. J. EDNA WHITE.

DIAMOND RANCH, DIAMOND, WYO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS: Here I come again this time to answer the many inquiries about this country.

First I want to thank the many, many, kind people who wrote me about teaching a small child at home. My little girl is learning wonderfully, can write and spell her name, also several small words, and knows quite a few numbers. Again I thank you all and will try and answer all the letters I received.

To describe land, country and work! The homesteads around here that can be farmed have all been taken and all farming is dry farming. Crops were not very large this year on account of the drought. Corn does well here, but the seasons are too short. People are foolish to leave the East for a dry farm. Of course I don't say farming is all a failure in Wyoming, but it is not the best in the West either. A person who has not homesteaded before can take three hundred and twenty acres homestead land. As to work on ranches, I don't know much how it is on any other ranches but there are plenty of men here for the work on this place.

The weather in the summer is pleasant, winters are very severe, so many blizzards and lots of snow. We had a lovely fall, this year, and all are enjoying good health at present.

Now Mrs. Wilkinson, I want to ask your opinion on what some sisters have said of Christmas and Santa Claus. Do you think it is a sin to tell children there is a Santa and do you believe in telling them the truth about everything when small. I, for one, think the happiest time in a child's life is when Santa comes. Why should we deprive them of that happiness? I know many children who were told there was a Santa, who have grown up good men and women. I don't call it lying or deceiving a child. Let us have some more sisters with their opinions.

For pneumonia in children take flaxseed, make a good hot poultice and spread it on flannel and change as often as it cools.

For rheumatism rub affected parts with common coal oil. This is a tried remedy.

I wonder if any of my girl friends around and in Salt Lake City will read this and remember Millie Rodgers. I'd like to hear from any of the girls or boys. Wishing success to all with love to COMFORT's noble staff and all the sisters. MRS. S. F. FRIDELL.

Mrs. Fridell. Here is where we get the benefit of other mothers' ideas on the Santa Claus question. Personally, I agree with you for I know I experienced more real pleasure from Santa Claus' visits, anticipated and realized, than I have since from any source. In a way it is deceiving a child, but it is such a pleasant way to be deceived that I hardly think children will lose faith in their parents for it, provided they are told the truth in other respects and I insist on the necessity of that. With the others I am glad your little girl is progressing so well in her studies.—Ed.

DRY FORK, Box 50 B, R. R. 2, VA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS: If permitted by Mrs. Wilkinson, I will make a short call on you all in our dear and appreciated "corner." It is nearly two years since my last visit and much has happened to many of us since then. I wish I could send in as many helps as some do, but as I cannot I beg you to accept the good intentions for the deed.

I have been quite a shut-in for the last eight months or more, with that dread disease, cancer of the cheek. Have spent a large part of the time in the hospital. Have been operated on six times since January, 1914, twice for the cancer, and the other operations were to close the hole in my cheek (skin grafting) and dear sisters I sympathize with all the afflicted ones for I too have suffered. I am feeling better than I ever at one time expected to feel, although my jaws are clenched or locked and the doctors say I will have to be operated on again in the near future to have my jaws unlocked. But somehow or other I feel that they will be opened without an operation, and I think my faith will be rewarded, so all of you please remember me. Still if I have to undergo another operation I shall not get mad, for I see many that are in a worse condition than myself. I am of a cheerful disposition and can always see the funny side of every situation even on the most solemn occasions, and I believe there is a silver lining to every cloud. No matter how dark the cloud I know the sun is shining.

Now dear sisters, a word of praise for my dear beloved state, dear old Virginia, the garden spot of the world to me. We have a delightful climate and no other state can raise a greater variety of things than Virginia and she can compete with any in scenery and natural beauties of nature. It has to be seen to be appreciated.

Grandma, your letter in September number was grand.

Mrs. Schiller. Like you I think it would be pleasant as well as profitable for the sisters to discuss their favorite books and those they take the most pleasure in. I am a great reader and take a lively interest in a variety of reading matter, though Rosa Nouchette Carey is my favorite author of fiction. I have read and have a great many of her books and have never read one but with a noble and grand ideal; yet told in a simple every-day style. Sisters, you who have never read any of her books have missed something good in life. I have quite a little library but will never be satisfied until I have all of my favorite author's books. You need never be afraid to let any of your children read her books as there is nothing in them but what is noble and uplifting. Try them out, you and your children. Instead of washing them and see how much longer they last and give a much clearer, brighter light.

For inflammation of the bladder use water as hot as can be borne, once or twice a day and drink water that has been boiled. I have tried this and found much relief.

Mrs. My birthday is Feb. 18. I would enjoy and appreciate a shower or an avalanche of the white-winged messengers. Will answer all who wish if a stamp is enclosed, as my pocketbook is limited.

I won't tell you how old I am, will leave you to guess. I am under fifty and over thirty, and have no children living. Will call again if I am welcome.

Yours for dear old COMFORT, Mrs. E. J. STUTZ.

Mrs. Stutz.—Most assuredly you are welcome for we all admire courage and you seem to possess an abundance of that much-to-be-desired quality and I am positive that you will have the prayers of all readers for your recovery. I trust assured of mine. I too am an admirer of Rosa Nouchette Carey's works, though it would be hard to determine my favorite author. While I am deciding suppose we hear from other sisters as to their favorites and why.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)

## How to Arrange for Spare Time

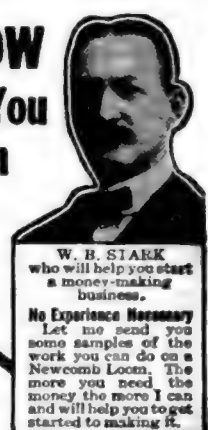
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

thought this umbrella scheme evidenced an obscure sense of order in mother although, of course it might have been father's brilliant idea. System was at least more developed in her than in the college boy who shed his belongings from the front door to the attic, and when his mother complained, insisted that everything was just where he wanted it.

There is a favorite man-made rule that affects the girls of the house and as I look at it, is particularly injurious to them; but no man who ever made this law for the discipline of his daughters ever failed to consider it heaven born. Parents who look upon dancing as a legitimate pleasure and permit their daughters to indulge in it, should remember that it is a severe exercise and that extra food and rest should follow, yet many a devoted father will make his daughter pay a heavy penalty as the price of attending a ball, decreeing that she appear at breakfast the following morning, and perform every accustomed duty throughout the day. It would be cheaper for the girl to stay at home than to be deprived of the sleep needed for the repair of tired muscles. If the father does not consider it a waste of time for the daughter to attend late evening parties, he should grant her time in which to recover from them, for social pleasures produce just as much fatigue as digging in the garden and considerably more strain on the nervous system. The trouble is that father doubts the righteousness of the dance for his daughter or at least he thinks he should, and as a salve to his own conscience, or to avoid reproach for appearing to let mere pleasure take precedence of home duties, man's particular foible, he sacrifices the poor young girl to his mistaken sense of duty. Most assuredly he has no idea of doing this and would be decidedly shocked at the suggestion that he had.

Notwithstanding the unquestionable benefits to be derived from sane and regular exercise, it is

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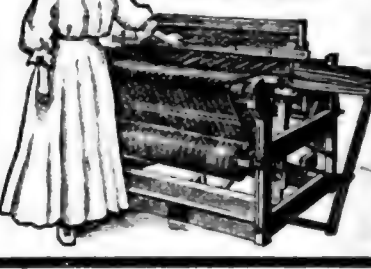
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nevertheless a fact that exercise is one of the most popular of the present day idols, whose zealous worship frequently brings about undesirable consequences, so far as they stand for wasted time. Take, for instance, the young man, who is just starting out in his business career. If his occupation confines him to the indoors for the greater part of the day, he is keen for the relaxation which exercise in the open gives, when he gets out. He may join a baseball team or tennis club, a boat crew, or if he can afford it, a country club where he can play golf. Perhaps, in his enthusiasm for the particular sport which he chooses to follow, he exercises so long and so violently that he sleeps late in the mornings, and must ride to his place of business after rushing through or possibly entirely omitting even a scant breakfast, to avoid being late.

But if his vision is clear, this will not be likely to occur for he will look ahead and estimate to what extent he can indulge himself in the delights of this sort without endangering his success in life. Then too he thinks about the young man whose desk is next to his, and who walks to and from his work for exercise, spending the unpleasant carfare on the technical magazines bearing upon his particular line of business and the metropolitan newspapers needed to keep himself informed of the big world events.

In his deliberation of the question of exercise, he reminds himself of the young married man on his other side who took all of his exercise in his own garden, raising wonderful crops of tomatoes and sweet peas, snap beans and roses. This young man had told him that finding himself necessarily away from home during most of his recreation hours, he abandoned golf and went in for gardening. The returns were far greater than he had dreamed that they could be and more than repaid for the personal sacrifice. For almost half the year there were no vegetable bills. During all of the year there were no doctor's bills for him, and best of all there was a happy, contented wife, smiling at him from the garden bench and two little children learning to be comrades with their father.

Also, the young man who reflects, tells himself that the successful men he knows did not become so through self-indulgence even though its pursuit led them along healthful athletic paths. The road to success leads to the attainment of achievement which is very seldom achieved by following pleasant, easy places. More often each tiny step upward and forward is hardly won over many difficulties that prove the mettle of the man or boy.

There is, in fact a sane middle course between the people who must always be driven to work and those who must likewise be driven into rest and recreation, but this course does not suggest itself to the heedless or indifferent. Its advantages present themselves gradually to the careful, diligent and ambitious wayfarer about to embark upon his or her life work.

A wise investment of time, a careful conservation and expenditure of mental and physical force, are questions that every young person ambitious to do his best should consider above all others at the beginning of his career.

But they are important to all persons at all times, and to the art or science of conserving time of greater value than to the man or woman who unexpectedly faces the necessity of earning a livelihood for herself or himself and perhaps a dependent family, close upon the heels of some financial disaster or domestic bereavement. It may be that the question of dollars and cents and their relation to bread, butter, shelter and clothes, has never before required the personal attention, but the outlook is not nearly so appalling nor the future so entirely devoid of the rainbow of promise if the afflicted one has the courage to look his condition squarely in the face, take the measure of his assets of education, brains and strength of purpose and then mark out a definite plan of daily life and labor. True it no doubt will be beset with hardships, since those unused to privations and self denials are not inured to the grind of poverty, but the road of independence is very sweet and the consciousness that one is actually wrestling by the labor of one's own hands, from it the living that the world is supposed to owe each one of us, goes a long way in compensation for the comforts that may have been lost.



# The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

## Bringing Down the Weight

**T**HE fat girl! The girl who measures a little too much about the hips; who takes up her and-mirror disconsolately to view the unpleasant cushion of fat just below the nape of the neck; whose gowns look too soft and shapeless across the bust, and who tips the scale at—let's keep that a secret!

It is she to whom I mean to talk this month, for the burden of too much flesh is truly uncomfortable as well as unbecoming to one.

There are two royal roads to a slimmer, more graceful figure; one is diet; and the other, exercise.

I am quite aware that neither of these sound at all attractive to the girl who weighs too much, because if it had not been for her neglect of both she would not now be needing my advice. Yet I am going to assume that she is thoroughly in earnest in her desire to reduce her figure to normal size, and that she will therefore be willing to pay the price—which, in this case, means a little self-denial and some effort.

She must realize at the very beginning that certain foods make fat, and certain ones do not. Sugar, starch and fat produce fat in the body, and therefore should be eaten in very small quantities.

Under sugar come candies, cakes, rich sauces and puddings; under starches come bread, potatoes, rice; under fat come butter, cream, fat meat, gravies.

All of these that can be cut entirely out of our "fat girl's" diet, should be; and then others should be taken in minimum quantities.

It is easy to cut out all the articles I have named under sugar. "Easy to cut out candy!" cries Betty. Yes, easy, Betty dear, when you stop to think of what a graceful figure you mean to possess. But it is not as easy to omit sugar, itself, on oatmeal and fruits and in every other way. Try it, though dear girls, for this is the shortest road to reform!

Of course, fat meats and gravies you can cross off the list without a pang, but when it comes to potatoes—yes, I was sure Betty liked potatoes. How did I know? Why, the scale she weighed on told me! Nevertheless, Betty must stop eating potatoes for a time; eat only a very little butter; and if you can get along entirely without bread, so much the better. She can eat lean meats, green vegetables and fruit, but even here she must not gorge herself. If you were to put a big piece of meat on a plate, a saucer of string beans, and a helping of turnips, and some lettuce salad, and two dishes of berries, and a banana, and mix them all up, you would be appalled at asking any stomach to take them all at one time. Yet many Betties eat very much more than this, and don't think about it at all. Try to be moderate in the amount you eat, and eat only at the table. Do not drink while eating, but make every mouthful of food until it is practically liquid.

In the morning take the juice of a lemon in a glass of water on rising.

With these precautions as to diet, Betty will have taken the first step toward the goal of her desires.

The next thing for her to do is to exercise off some of those superfluous pounds which constitute her grievance.

The thing she must remember, here, is that perspiration is her most potent ally. The more she perspires, the sooner her pounds will flee away. Exercise will produce perspiration, and will help to burn up the superfluous tissue.

Almost any exercise will help Betty in her project, but the more arduous it is, the better will be the results. For this reason, the Beauty Crawl is perhaps the most effective. For this Betty should don a bathing suit or pajamas—or even a union suit of underwear—and getting down upon her hands and knees crawl around her bedroom as fast as her plump little knees will take her. Many a



THE BEAUTY CRAWL

fashionable society maid or matron has spent a strenuous fifteen minutes every morning for a month, doing just the same identical thing, so Betty will not be alone in her endeavors.

She should not weary of well-doing, but keep the exercise up until she is dripping from every pore. Then into the bathtub she should jump. If there is one at hand, and have a hot bath followed by a quick rub, a cool sponge, and another rub. If there is no bathtub, Betty must seize on some warm Turkish towels and give her body a good rubbing.

You think, perhaps, she should lie down and take a nap after this? No, indeed! What we want to do is to wear Betty's flesh away, not give her a chance to relax and grow fat; so on must go her clothes and she must set to work at whatever duty is awaiting her.

Some time during the day, she is to almost smother herself in warm underclothes, a warm dress, a sweater, and a heavy coat, and set out for a brisk walk, swinging her arms vigorously. She will be very warm—perhaps uncomfortably so—but we don't care, because the warmer she is the more she will perspire and that's what we want Betty to do.

Is some one particular part of Betty's body—such as hips or bust—over-fat, while the rest of her figure is normal, then Betty should practise an exercise which applies to that one portion of the body. Arm exercises reduce the bust; bending exercise and a great many leg exercises reduce the hips.

Betty can help these special exercises by buying some rubber sheeting at the store, and cutting a strip big enough to go around the part of the body she wishes to reduce, and wide enough to cover it. This strip she should bind about the offending part of the body very firmly, and fasten with strips of adhesive tape so that it may not slip or loosen. It will feel uncomfortably hot—let me whisper!—that is what we want; for soon the flesh beneath will begin to perspire, and with each little drop of water that oozes forth goes a tiny fraction of Betty's weight.

All these exercises and precautions will lessen Betty's present flesh, but only attention to diet will keep new flesh from coming. Here's hoping that Betty may have courage and perseverance to follow these directions, and that I may hear, soon, how many pounds she has lost.

## Answers to Questions

**Schoolmarm.**—After banions have once arrived, their best remedy must be found in different footwear. A too short shoe or too short stocking must be avoided, although the shoe should fit snugly in width. You will have to wear low flat heels and wide shoes for a long time to come. Gentle massage of the large joints with cold cream, and the wearing of a pad of cotton between the great toe and the next toe will help to get the toe gradually back into shape. Only the change of shoes you are wearing will do any real good. For fat feet, vigorous massage every night is essential and active exercise of the foot. Here is an exercise, for fat feet:

Stand with hands on hips, heels together. Then rise

slowly, let the heels sink very gradually to the ground again. Rise slowly and continue until the legs and feet begin to feel tired.

**C. H. P.**—There is no objection to your using the formulas in *Comfort* to put up creams, powders, etc., for sale.

**A Southern Girl.**—Yes, the constant use of a strong astringent is injurious to the skin. What are you using it for? If to close up open pores, it would be better to dash cold water on the face and to do this at intervals during the day. If you are using it to "reduce," it is not a desirable thing. Rather, cut down the amount of food you are eating, and omit fried foods and sweet things from your diet for a time. In answer to your question, the toilet vinegar is to be applied to the nose with a bit of absorbent cotton at night. If the skin is sensitive in the morning, rub in a little cold cream.

**M. E. M.**—You can buy toilet ammonia at your drug-store. Tell your druggist you wish to use it for toilet purposes.

**Clarkville.**—Aqua ammonia is obtainable at any drug-store and is diluted ammonia.

**Blue Eyes.**—You can remove hairs from the arms by anointing them with peroxide of hydrogen one day and aqua ammonia the next. If the ammonia irritates the skin, stop for a couple of days and resume again. Peroxide will bleach the hair and the ammonia after some months will kill the root.

**M. F. M.**—See answer to Blue Eyes. I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to express an opinion of proprietary articles such as you inquire about. Try the horseradish lotion for freckles.

## Horseradish Lotion

Horseradish root, one ounce; boiling water, one pint; borax, two drams.

Apply at night to freckles. If skin is sensitive, test the strength of this preparation on the arm before applying it to the face.

**Bessie L.**—See answer to Blue Eyes. Blackheads are the result of letting the pores become clogged with dirt. To get rid of them scrub the face nightly with hot soapy water and a complexion brush, rinsing many times. Rub a little cold cream on the blackheads after scrubbing and use a comedone extractor to press them out. You can buy one at your drug-store for twenty-five cents. Then touch the pore with alcohol to close it up. Perfect cleanliness is essential to get rid of blackheads. For pimples, drink plenty of water, eat only at meals, avoid fried foods, greasy foods and sweets.

**C. F. M.**—Massage your nose nightly with a light pinching motion, beginning at the bridge of the nose and extending to the tip—the fingers being anointed with cold cream. This will help to reduce it.

**Little Dove.**—If you will pay particular attention to your diet and to seeing that the bowels move freely daily, your brown spots may be improved. Drink, before breakfast, a glass of water in which has been squeezed the juice of one lemon without sugar. Eat fruits as much as possible—apples, stewed prunes, canned fruits (but the rich preserves), oranges, pineapple, etc. Pineapple either fresh or canned, would be good for you at least twice a week. It helps digest food. Take eight to ten glasses of water a day. Do you get plenty of exercise? You need it. Here is a good exercise to stimulate the liver:

Stand with your feet a little apart, arms extended above head. Then sweep forward with the body, extending the hands in which you may hold balls or dumb-bells as far back as possible between the calves. I would suggest that you take one or two tablespoonfuls of Castor oil once a month.

**Just Twenty-six.**—Your drawn skin and the fine wrinkles need some skin food and nightly massage. Use any good cold cream or the magnolia skin food (given below) and rub into the face thoroughly at night. Remember to rub the cheeks always away from, not toward the chin, to massage around and around the eyes with the tips of the fingers, using very light touches under the eyes. You can use a rotary motion on the cheek, also, and always finish by gently and rapidly slapping the cheeks with the tips of the fingers. Do this every night. Every morning rub on cold cream, after washing and rinsing the face, but be sure to wipe the face, afterward very thoroughly with a towel. Are you being careful to eat plenty of good nourishing food and drink lots of water?

## Magnolia Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture benzoin, three drops; orange-flower water, one ounce. Melt the first five ingredients in a porcelain kettle, take from fire and add the benzoin and the orange-flower water, stirring it within an egg beater until cold.

**Perplexed.**—You will probably outgrow those freckles. If they are just under the eyes, I would not try to use a bleach on them, but just keep the skin well cared for with a complexion brush each night, and a good cold cream in the daytime. Then when summer comes again, be careful about wearing broad-brimmed hats or carrying a parasol.

**For the oily hair try this:** The night before shampooing use a medicine dropper or a small-mouthed bottle and drop olive oil all over your scalp. Spread it around the scalp gently with the finger, then put your hair up in a bun to keep it from matting. In the morning, shampoo the hair thoroughly, and rinse many times. The olive oil will help get rid of the dandruff and in time help the oily condition of your hair. Shampoo regularly once in two weeks. Use a soap jelly instead of soap, made as follows:

Pare one cake of Castile soap into three cups of water to which has been added one teaspoonful of powdered borax, boil until mixture thickens, then add two drops of geranium oil, put in covered jar and use as wanted.

**Irene.**—Yes, you weigh all together too much for your height. You need to lose at least fifty pounds. I don't see how you can eat too many things now don't you? You've simply got to cut out all candies, cakes, sweet puddings, sugar, and for a little while eat only very sensible things. Especially you mustn't eat between meals and you mustn't drink anything at meals, and, let me whisper, you should also reduce the amount you eat. All you need for breakfast is an orange, two soft-boiled eggs and some crisp dry toast. Of course you ought to eat it without butter, but if you think you must have butter it should be the lightest bit. For lunch—let me see, tomato toast and a dish of peas and a baked apple without sugar or cream, and no bread and butter; or a lamb chop and some string beans and some stewed prunes; or some other lunch which hasn't created things or gravies or sweets as a part of it; and for dinner, some lean meat, roasted or broiled, but no potatoes, some spinach or onions or stewed celery or squash; or for dessert, some pineapple or other fruits, or—just none at all! You see you've really got to work quite hard to get rid of these extra pounds. And you ought to join a gymnasium or a basket ball club, or a walking club or something else where you get a lot of good healthy exercises! Tell me just what you find yourself brave enough to do.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

## The Miracle of Love

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

I have learned to love him, but he is not going to tell me of it. I don't understand, and the thickly falling tears blurred out the stars and all thought of the beauty of the night, leaving only misery where there should have been light and peace.

The knowledge that two people love each other with all the intensity of their natures is as often the cause for tears as it is for radiant joy. And the woman who can understand the workings of a man's mind when she knows his love for her is strong as the "everlasting hills," has solved as large a problem, perhaps, as will ever be presented to her.

Jessie Lane could not understand and her days were full of questionings and her nights full of bitter weeping.

So the days slipped into the weeks and the weeks in turn became months.

Then one evening in the early winter he came to call.

Jessie was dressing to spend the evening with

some friends, when his card was brought to her. Stepping at once to the telephone, she explained that she was detained and could not join the group at cards.

When she entered the room where her caller was impatiently awaiting her, she seemed to radiate warmth and light and cheer.

In thinking of it afterwards, Fred wondered how much of it was due to her dress of soft rose pink.

Throughout the evening he was conscious, as never before, of her radiant personality. The very air of the room was charged with it. Every word she spoke, every tone of her voice was alive with this new quality. Her voice was a caress, her laughter full of contagious warmth.

He yearned to take her into his arms and hold her close, but he must turn the lock upon his heart and stifle his desire.

And when he was gone, Jessie threw herself upon her bed in an agony of weeping. How long she lay there she never knew but after a while she grew more calm. When she finally fell asleep, it was the deep slumber of sheer exhaustion. No dreams to disturb, no visions of delightful happenings—only a deep and restful sleep.

Those who have been under great strain of mind often wonder how they could have slept on with no restless dreams. But nature supplies her own remedies in our hour of extreme need.

The yearning for the woman he loved grew with the passing days, and as Fred sat, evening after evening, with his crippled sister it seemed sometimes as though he could never stand it. And yet how could he ask that peerless woman to take up his burdens? Ah, no! He would call once more and then efface himself from her life.

But what he utterly forgot was that the little atom called love often frustrates our best laid plans. Even Cupid is better to us than we deserve.

When Fred therefore was ushered into the cheerful living-room, Jessie was busy tying up Christmas packages which by now was only two weeks away.

"You are just in time, Mr. Bettinger, to help me," Jessie said gayly as she greeted him. "I wanted a good strong hand for these express boxes."

So they went to work, sorting out and wrapping up, and joking and laughing between times, and it was not until the table was entirely cleared and all the packages placed in an immense pile in the hall, that the two workers sat down to rest.

Something had been said about a gift sent to a bride who was to be married on Christmas Day, and Fred stated soberly, "That is something I must cut entirely out of my life."

"What is," said Jessie, unconsciously aiding him in his determination to kill any interest in him which may have been awakened in his mind.

"Marriage," replied Fred.

"Marriage?" questioned Jessie in a dazed tone. Don't you ever expect to marry?" she asked a moment later with her heart beating wildly and her throat parched and dry with the effort she was making to keep her voice from betraying her emotion.

"No, I can never hope to marry," said Fred in a tone of sadness. "I cannot afford such a luxury. I should want to place the woman I loved in a home befitting her rare beauty. I would desire to take her on a wedding journey to some foreign land where she had never been, and my life is already full of burdens I could not ask her to share. Kathie needs all my spare time. Not since mother died have I had any vacation, but when Kathie needs me most I take a day or two off. My work is always planned ahead, so that if I am forced to stay at home, the business does not suffer in consequence. I am carrying a large life insurance. So if anything happens, my sister will never want for the comforts of life. My income is small and my expenses very large, so I cannot get much ahead. I should desire to surround my loved one with every luxury and I cannot. No, the luxury of matrimony is not for me." Fred's tone had been growing stronger and his last words were uttered in a triumphant key. She knows everything now, he thought.

The fire had been burning low and Jessie arose to put on another log. No one ever touched the fire but Jessie. She loved to do it, she said, and others only made a bad matter worse.

So Fred sat still and watched her as she worked over the blaze, until the flames shot up and the room was again full of light.

He thought of course she had resumed her seat, and he was waiting to hear how she would receive his speech.

Suddenly he was conscious of a peculiar stillness. A stifled exclamation burst forth from his lips and he sprang to his feet.

Jessie was standing near his chair, though not touching it, and a wondrous beauty glowed in her features.

"You men seem to leave the woman entirely out of your reckoning," she began, in her sweet voice, "which is more than selfish, I think. You declare you will not marry or you will or will not do this or that, and you never seem to think the woman has any right to be heard. No, I am not a suffragette, only a woman who desires, as every true woman must, that in those things which make or mar her own happiness, she has a right to be heard. You say you will not marry. Yet you love me. I have known it for a long time. And I have learned to love you. How could I help it?"

Fred took an impulsive step forward but a gesture from her made him pause. He leaned his hand heavily on the table for he was still dazed by her opening words.

"And you very likely are aware that my greeting, when you call, is more than the mere cordiality of a hostess for her guest. Yet you calmly tell me that you will not marry, and forget that I have a right to be heard."

A little break in the sweet voice now and then, and a nervous pressure of the clasped fingers were the only outward signs of an intense inward emotion.

"You do not even ask whether or no I can put up with the conditions of your life. You deliberately and selfishly deny to yourself the home life you crave; you deny to your suffering sister another woman's love and devotion; and you deny to me, the right of choice. Oh, how blind and selfish you are!"

In her vehemence, she threw out her hands, and her voice grew firm yet with the strain of an affable sweetness undiminished.

"You think of marble palaces and grand wedding trips and costly jewels and rare treasures. They are not the essentials of life! They do not make happiness!"

Still gazing into the glowing fire, as she had done ever since she began, she continued in a lower tone. "Happiness is within you. There is no man or woman living who, having known the real joys of life, would exchange them for palaces, jewels, or any of the many non-essentials of our existence."

Fred still stood by the table leaning heavily upon it. Although still dazed, his mind was alert to every word uttered by that sweet voice. His eyes never left her face made radiant by her own high ideals. Tall and straight with her head carried proudly, she needed no support save her own moral courage.

"Shall I tell you what a woman considers essential and from what conditions of life she draws her happiness? First the home life, whether it be in her father's house or in the home of the man she loves. The life of serving those she loves, kind deeds and merry laughter, cheery words to those who need comfort, the hands that help, the lips that smile, the voices of prattling little ones, the tender ministrations to those who suffer, and the loving care of the aged. Self-sacrifice, self-denial and duty. The faith that draws its supplies from the inexhaustible mines of the Infinite, and the love, mercy, justice, truth and character which are the natural results. These are the things which make for happiness; these are the essentials of life."

"There is a line of an old song which reads, 'Home is where the heart is,' and it is very true. It is for the home in all its deep and sacred meaning that we women plead, for it is there that our truest happiness is found."



## 148 Pages of Styles

By Martha Lane Adams

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The man could bear it no longer. With one step he was by her side, his face working with the intensity of his passion, and his whole soul awed by the revelation of the miracle of a woman's love.

"Jessie, my beloved!" he exclaimed, in a voice choking with emotion and with arms outstretched, "Will you love me like that?"

Still the girl turned her eyes from the glowing flame and looked long and steadily into the eyes pleading for her love.

A rich color came into her face and her own eyes drooped beneath the fire in his, until, with a little cry and "Yes," scarcely above a whisper, she sought the shelter of his arms.



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# Home Dressmaking Hints

## Forecasts for Mid-Winter Fashions

By Geneva Gladding



**F**ULL and flaring as personal taste desires, or long or short, with straight lines are the winter coat models. This season's modes are unusually smart in style. New surprise basques are shown, with plain or bishop sleeves. There is also a new redingote known as the "chemise" redingote, that is excellent for slender figures. It may be worn over a blouse of net and skirt of self or contrasting material. One sees sleeveless evening bodices, and some with just a touch of drapery at the arm-pits. With the snug-fitting evening basques, one sees in "quaint" style, full flounced skirts of lace, net and other soft fabrics.

Princess effects are noticeable and there is a possibility of short-waisted styles in the near future.

Fur-trimmed waists, tunics and wraps are shown, and braid in abundance is used on gowns of every character.

Skirts are becoming shorter and fuller, with extra width gained by plaits, gathers or circular shaping. Then too there are other models in plaited effects flaring out in bell like forms. These plaited styles are usually hung from yokes.

Moyenage gowns are smart for young girls for evening wear.

Popular long-waisted dresses for little girls have gored or plaited skirts.

### Pattern Descriptions

ALL PATTERNS 10c. EACH  
Unless Other Price Is Stated

1164—Ladies' Coat. This design will look well in any of the many new coat weaves, in reversible plaids, chevrons, astrakhan cloth, caracul and similar cloakings. The coat is cut in redingote style, with flaring skirt sections. The sleeve is set in the arm-pits.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

9886—Ladies' House Dress in raised or normal waistline with long or short sleeve. This design would be pretty in figured lawn or dimity, or in a neat percale pattern.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a 34-inch size.

1157—Ladies' Waist with or without chemisette, and with long or short sleeve. For a trim, neat and becoming style, nothing quite equals a smart tailored shirt-waist. It lends itself so well to most dress materials, and is ever comfortable and desirable. The sleeve in either length effect, is stylish, and the pattern provides a chemisette for high neck effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires three and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

1169—A Simple Up-to-date Model. The lines of this attractive design are simple and it is easy to develop. The closing is in coat style. The model will be equally suitable for charmeuse, satin, velvet, lace, net, madras, linen or flannel.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for a 38-inch size.

1168-1171—A Simple Dress of Quiet Elegance. Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1171. This smart model is comprising Ladies' Waist Pattern 1168 and good for serge, velvet, corduroy, cashmere, crepe or voile. The waist is in simple shirt style with a new collar and coat closing. The skirt is trimmed with a tunic portion over the back, that forms a bounce at the sides and front.

The waist pattern is cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and the skirt in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires seven and one quarter yards of 40-inch material for a medium size. Two separate patterns, 10c for each pattern.

1148—Boys' Russian Blouse Suit and Knickerbockers. This trim little suit is splendid for serge or flannel, and equally good for galatea, linen or gingham. The blouse is finished with a "Dickens" collar, and the sleeve is plaited at the wrist.

Cut in four sizes; three, four, five and six years. It requires two and seven eighths yards of 44-inch material for a four-year size.

1144—Ladies' Apron with Princess Front. This desirable model has shoulder straps that extend over the front and form deep convenient pockets. The model is good for gingham, sateen, cambric, lawn, percale or drill.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large. It requires four and seven eighths yards of 27-inch material for a medium size.

1160—Ladies' Skirt with Yoke. For broadcloth, cashmere, serge, satin, poplin, or crepe this model is equally desirable. The front and back portions are stitched in tuck effect over panel sections. A shaped yoke is added, that may be omitted.

Cut in six sizes; 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires four and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 24-inch size.

1145—A Practical Comfortable Apron. This attractive model is cut with raglan sleeve portions to which the back and front portions are joined. The pattern is good for percale, lawn, seersucker, gingham, drill, alpaca or sateen.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large, and requires four and one half yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1167—Girls' Dress in high or square neck outline, and with long or short sleeve. This style is equally good for serge, cashmere, corduroy, messaline, plaid or checked suiting, challie, voile or wash materials. The back laps over the front at the shoulder, where it forms pointed tabs, that may be omitted. A deep plait in panel effect outlines the front and forms part of the skirt, which has plaits also at the sides and back.

Cut in four sizes; four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three yards of 44-inch material for an eight-year size.

1160—Girls' Dress with Sleeve in either of two lengths. Plaid suiting, serge, voile, poplin, wool mixtures or neat Shepherd checks, are equally appropriate. The skirt, a three-piece model, has a lap tuck in front.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1158—Ladies' Costume for Maternity or Invalid Wear. This design is graceful and effective. It is made with surprise fronts and yoke portions to which full sections are added. The large arm-pits are most comfortable, and a good style feature. The plaited tunic is joined to the waist, and the entire garment is so arranged as to give ease and comfort and also to admit of extending the waist size. The underskirt is a two-piece model.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires five yards of 44-inch material for the waist and tunic, and two and one half yards for the skirt for a 36-inch size.

9881—Girls' One-piece Dress in Balkan Style. This design is effective for linen, chambray, ratine, voile, crepe, seersucker or percale. The sailor collar and simple bishop sleeve are popular style features.

Cut in five sizes; four, six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1146—A Comfortable Negligee or Lounging

Robe. The shaped yoke is cut with the sleeve combined, and is joined to the body portions. Flannelette, silk, lawn or organdie are all suitable for this design.

Cut in three sizes; small, medium and large.



It requires five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in full length style, or two and one half yards of 36-inch material for the medium size, in sack length.

9811—Ladies' Shirt-waist with long or shorter sleeve. Lingerie materials, madras, crepe, flannel, satin, silk, velvet or corduroy may be used for this design, which shows some new style features.

Cut in seven sizes; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material for 36-inch size.

1163—Ladies' House Dress, with sleeve in either of two styles, and in raised or normal waistline. This garment is cut on simple lines, and



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with a view to practical service and comfort. The pattern is good for gingham, seersucker, galatea, chambray, linen, poplin, voile, serge or cashmere. The skirt is a simple three-piece model and the style is easy to develop.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure, and requires six and one quarter yards of 36-inch material for a medium size.

1152—Girl's Blouse Dress with attached skirt. The yoke facings and shield may be omitted. The shield may be finished in round neck edge or with the standing collar. This model is easy to develop and will look well in galatea or gingham, poplin, crepe, linen, or flannel. The skirt is a three-piece style, with a lap tuck at the center back.

Cut in four sizes; eight, 10, 12, and 14 years. It requires three and one quarter yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1172—A Smart Afternoon Gown. The waist is cut on simple lines, and joins the tunic under the girdle. The skirt has plaited fullness at the side seams. There is a choice of sleeve finish, and a chemisette for high neck effect.

Cut in six sizes; 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires two and three quarters yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and six yards for the tunic and waist for a 36-inch size.

1149—Child's Night Drawers with gathered or straight lower edge, with long or short sleeve, and with either of two styles of neck finish. This style will produce a comfortable sleeping garment, most satisfactory for young children, who "kick off" their covers. It is good for cambric, muslin, flannelette, domet or cotton flannel or flannel.

Cut in five sizes; two, four, six, eight and 10 years. It requires three and one half yards of 36-inch material for an eight-year size.

1155—Child's Bonnet, and Coat with or without Cape and Cuffs. The fronts are lapped at the closing, which may be finished in high neck outline, or with revers facings, to meet the rolling collar. The sleeve portions are cut in one with the body. The cape is most becoming, but may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes; two, three, four and six years. It requires three quarters yard of 27-inch material for the cap, and three and three eighths yard for the coat, for a four-year size.

1150—A New Dress for Mother's Girl. Good style, grace and simplicity characterize this neat little model, which may be developed with or without tunic, and which looks equally well with long or short sleeve. For ordinary wear, for school, or home, wash fabrics such as galatea, gingham or percale are very desirable. If warmer material is liked, there are half wool suitings, in plaids and checks, also serges, repps, voiles and cashmeres.

Cut in four sizes; six, eight, 10 and 12 years. It requires three and one half yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

1165—Dress for Misses and Small Women. The new basque lines, flaring tunic, and becoming vest, are attractive features of this model. Its youthful and becoming lines will assure its popularity. The tunic is joined to the waist in redingote style, and so forms a separate garment, that may well be worn over any skirt. This dress is good for serge, cashmere or broadcloth, and may be effectively combined with satin, velvet, fraille, poplin, plaid or checked suiting.

Cut in four sizes; 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires two and one eighth yards of 44-inch material for the skirt, and three and seven eighths yards for waist and tunic for a 14-year size.

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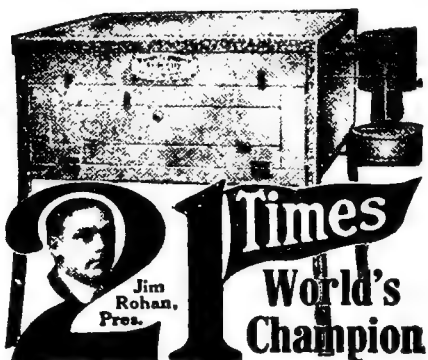
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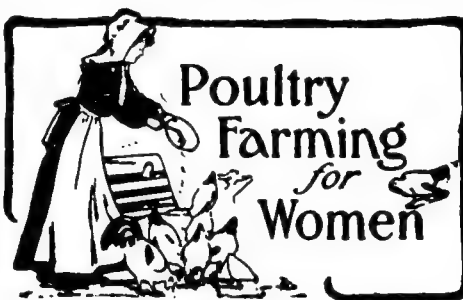
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

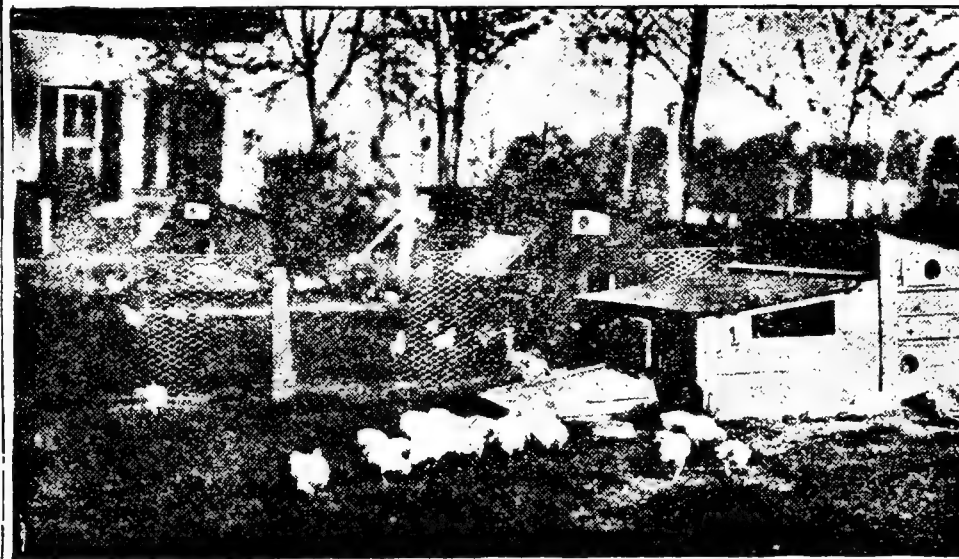
## Egg Formation

I AM asked so frequently why hens lay soft-shelled eggs, eggs with blood specks in them, odd-shaped eggs, etc., etc., that I am going to give our readers an explanation of the formation and process of producing eggs, and some of the causes of the abnormal results which surprise amateur poultry keepers from time to time.

Anyone, upon opening after death the body of a hen, will find a cluster of eggs in formation much like a bunch of grapes, and called the ovary. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pin's head to the full-sized yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sac and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing and thus keeping up the supply which she lays.

These rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chicken, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage when, by their own volition, weight, or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading into a passage called the oviduct—this organ in the hen being from 22 to 26 inches long.

During the passage of this egg or ovum to the outer world, it becomes coated with successive layers of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and stronger membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chazones, which pass quite through the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein,



OUTDOOR BROODERS AND YARD.

thus preventing the yolk and germ from rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation.

It is during the passage of the egg through the lower part of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although lying close around the egg, at the thick end become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. This, in newly laid eggs, is a mere speck, and is that portion which shows the result of the evaporation previously referred to. This speck of air space becomes daily larger as the egg gets older, and is frequently equal to one quarter of the entire egg. This egg chamber, if perforated with the finest needle, will prevent the egg hatching.

When the egg has advanced more than half way down the oviduct, it is still destitute of a shell, which begins to be formed by a process of secretion, and when about completed, the various shades of brown and tinted coloring matter are imparted in those breeds in which colored eggs are peculiar. When the shell and coloring are complete the egg continues to advance along the oviduct till the hen goes to the nest and lays it.

Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that over and above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and, if such is too stimulating, or given in excessive quantities, the result is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently puzzle the poultry keeper. These ova travel along together through the passage and receive the white separately, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double-yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged or other chicken monstrosities.

A further result of stimulating food is varied from the above when the ova mature in excess of one day. In place of falling into the passage in pairs, as above, the two drop in separately, but on the same day. This results in soft eggs, not from the want of shell-forming material, but rather because the shells cannot be formed as fast as the mature egg is ready for such covering.

Crooked eggs are no uncommon thing in the poultry-yard, and are attributable as follows: Twenty-four hours are usually sufficient for the formation of a perfect shell, but when by stimulation a second ovum falls close on its predecessor, reaching it before laid, the second egg, which is up to this time soft and is lying against the hard one, becomes covered with a shell, and when laid presents a flat or crooked side, the result of its position against the hard one.

To over feeding is also attributable the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which contracting in front of the perfectly formed egg instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and again become coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. Other abnormalities are occasionally seen, and particularly in the smaller poultry-yards. Sometimes when the ova are nearly exhausted by continuous laying, the secreting organs may be most active, which results in small marble-sized but perfect-looking eggs, which are merely a shell covering a portion of albumen. Such "eggs," when laid, have the peculiarity of never having been at any

stage attached to the ovary, but are a product only of the oviduct.

To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned, including the apparently paradoxical feat of laying rotten new laid eggs, this being a not infrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two or three days near the mouth of this organ, and, if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is in an added condition. To other causes, but principally diseased organs, is due a departure from normal in the way of color. A hen which lays white or brown eggs, on rare occasions produces one almost black, and in most instances, the shells are rough, wavy, corrugated, or otherwise irregular. Then there are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing unusual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and, again, possibly the effect of over-feeding.

Fowls from whatever cause producing any of the above misshapen or otherwise faulty eggs should at once be got rid of, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

## Correspondence

M. M. M.—I am writing you in regard to pheasants, as I am thinking of going into that business. Where can one obtain them, and what do they cost? Do you think it would be best to get eggs the first year or a pair of the birds? Would one have to keep them in a closed pen? What kind of feed do they require?

A.—The addresses of pheasant breeders were sent you last month. Unless you can get stock in your immediate neighborhood, it will be advisable to buy eggs the first year and hatch them under bantam or small hens, for shipping birds a long distance in the spring would unsettle them, and probably none of the eggs would be fertile. Both old and young birds will have to be kept in covered runs, but any rough shelter over the pens will do in place of real houses, as they can stand any amount of cold, and are healthier when they roost outdoors. Feed mature birds wheat and a mixture of small and broken grains, and every other day from the first of March until June give them a little mash made of ground oats, corn, wheat bran, and freshly ground green bone or finely chopped liver.

O. P.—I have taken COMFORT for over a year. I think it a grand paper. I have looked through its columns for a remedy for my chicks, but failed to find any, so am coming for advice. I have eighteen R. I. (nine White Leghorns (eight hens, one rooster). I have nine Highland geese, two Indian Runner ducks. They all run together. I have a nice, warm, roomy house. I clean my chicken-house every other day and spray kresolip once a week. I feed oats, corn, bran, and Kafir corn. I change their food so they don't get tired of one thing. Always plenty of water and grit. About three weeks ago my hens had white sores on their combs, wattles and gills, and then turned black. I caught one at a time, and gave one teaspoonful Castor oil, one drop turpentine, and greased their sores

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ture: Get three pints of water glass from a drug store—the cost will be about thirty-five cents—and add it to about eighteen quarts of pure water. It is well to boil the water before mixing. Have two eight-gallon stone jars ready: fill with the solution, and carefully lay in the eggs, which must be strictly fresh and perfectly clean. The liquid should go a full two inches above the top layer of eggs. Keep in a cool, well-ventilated place. Eggs can be placed in the jars from day to day as they are collected. Have clean nesting material, so that the eggs are not soiled in any way, for it spoils them to wash them before placing them in the mixture of water glass. When the eggs are removed from the jars for use, they should be rinsed with fresh water, and used within two weeks. It is advisable to remove the roosters from the houses where the laying nests are kept, as infertile eggs keep very much better than fertile ones.

H. T.—There is something wrong with my turkeys. They have free range of stubble ground of either wheat, oats or barley, and plenty of pasture ground. I have not fed anything to them. They look healthy and are busy all the time. Then some morning when I open up the henhouse one of them stands around and droops his head some. They will keep on eating, but not so much. They will think all the time. They keep on getting weaker all the time, till finally they die. I cut one open and his liver was spotted. Some were large spots and some were small. They get a diarrhea of a light yellow color. Their heads turn a lighter color and they soon become feverish. I gave some Castor oil but it did not do any good. Let me see this in print as soon as possible.

A.—As turkey raising has become very difficult, because they are so subject to disease of late years, the government is endeavoring to assist every one to a better understanding of the business, and I advise you to write to the president, J. H. Worst of the North Dakota Agricultural College, and ask him if he would accept the care of one of the affected birds for examination. If you do this you will get an expert diagnosis of the case. Please let me know if you follow this advice, and what report you have seen.

E. J. S.—I wrote you last spring, and now come to you again for information. How old should a capon be? Do the heavier kinds do as well as a small bird? Will they mother any after the first ones are given them? When should they be given to them, night or day? If given at, say, in early February, would they be apt to chill before he got attached to them? Will you please tell me what you can of this new but extremely interesting business. Now may I in return for your kindness in the past, send you a remedy for yellow diarrhea—the same I asked you about last April? I found this a cure, and harmless. This for a germ disease. Tablets of mercury bichloride, each one thousandth of a grain, drug strength. Dissolve twelve of these in each quart of spring water. Allow no other drink. Or, give the affected chicks one tablet night and morning (I didn't try this last way.) I also asked about little chicks that would scratch on each side of their necks. This I found to be indigestion. I gave a little cooking soda to each and cured it immediately.

A.—I have not had a very varied experience in using capons as brooders, but of course I used only one fed to play mother. Young males should be about three months old when operated on, which means that they will be about eight or nine months old when spring hatching commences. Acustom the capons to being confined in small brood coops without perches for a few days, then put the chickens under them at night. I should not care to try outside coops in your part of the country until the middle of March or first of April. Thank you for the prescriptions, which I am sure will be of use to some of our readers.

L. M.—I will be very glad if you would let me know in next month's COMFORT if a rooster two years is better than a one-year-old. My old one runs very light, but I have a young one growing up, and will be a year old next spring, very dark, and I would like to keep him if he would answer the purpose. I also want to know if this year's pullets will be as good to hatch from next year's eggs just as good for hatching, especially when they are mated to two-year-old cocks. I can't account for the chickens being near-sighted.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

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# Things the MODERN FARMER must know to MAKE THE FARM PAY

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Any COMFORT subscriber can have the advice of our Agricultural Staff free on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying. The answers will be printed in this department and will be interesting and instructive to all who are concerned in farming.

Write your questions plainly on one side of the paper only; give your full name and address, and direct your letter to COMFORT'S MODERN FARMER, Augusta, Maine.

## Selecting Garden Seeds

**H**OW about the garden this year? Now is the time to plan it. When it is planned then order the seed so as to have it on hand. Select a reliable seedsmen and order from him. But before you plant the garden test your seed. How many times have you been disappointed with a poor stand of vegetables because you planted poor seed? Many people argue that the way to insure a good crop is to plant the seeds too thick and thin the plants later. But even this plan does not insure a good stand. If old seeds are used every one of them may fail to grow; hence the wisdom of ordering early and testing seed. If orders are left till the last and the seeds are needed in a hurry, ten chances to one the seed will be purchased at the nearest grocery store. This may be all right, but even if you escape buying old seed you will have no time to test it. Buy early and test your seed before planting.

## How to Test Garden Seeds

It is a very easy matter to test garden seeds and it takes very little time. Take blotting paper and cut it to fit the bottom of an ordinary dinner plate. If thin paper is used several sheets will be needed. Place this in the bottom of the plate and pour over it boiling water to kill the mold spores. When this has been cooled drain off the water and place the seed on the wet paper. Before wetting the paper, circles about an inch in diameter may be drawn on it and underneath these circles the words cabbage, turnip, cauliflower, etc., may be written to aid in the distinguishing of those seeds not easily recognizable.

When preparing the tests, ten or twelve of each kind of seed to be tested should be removed from the package and placed in the ring correspondingly labeled. When the plate is ready it should be covered with another plate of the same size turned up-side down over it and set where it will keep at living-room temperature for five or six days. If the room is very dry it may be necessary to dampen the paper once or twice with two or three teaspoonfuls of water. At the end of the time the cover should be removed and the results noted, for good seed ought to sprout in that time under proper conditions. If the tests show low vitality the seed should be discarded. But in making the test be sure to keep the paper moist and in a warm place.

This test, of course, only shows the vitality or sprouting power of the seed, indicating whether or not the seed will come up when planted in the garden. But there are other important qualities which cannot be tested in advance of planting, such as, for instance, as whether or not the seed is pure-bred and from vigorous, hardy, prolific stock; if not, the crop grown from inferior seed is likely to be mongrel in character, poor in quality and small in quantity. Seed tends to run down and lose the valuable traits or qualities characteristic of the variety to which it belongs unless the utmost care is taken in propagating it from season to season, as is done by the reliable seed houses. It is of great importance to plant only pure-bred seed, and for this quality you must rely exclusively on the seedsmen that produces it.

## Time to Test Seed Corn

It is necessary for us again to remind the readers of COMFORT'S Modern Farmer that the time of seed-corn testing is at hand. Last year we pointed out in some detail the reasons for making seed-corn tests so that it will be unnecessary at this time for us to repeat them. We will briefly summarize them for our readers as follows:

1. Good seed means a good stand.
  2. A good stand is the first essential to a good crop.
  3. Good seed means among other things seed that will grow.
  4. No one can tell by the appearance of a seed ear whether it will grow or not.
  5. This can only be determined by test.
- If you are going to have a good crop of corn get good seed and test it. Do it now.

## The Hunter Nuisance

We continue to receive complaints of damage done by hunters. They still are leaving the gates open, pulling down wires, breaking top rails, building fires in the back wood lot, throwing empty bottles into the pasture, to say nothing of shooting turkeys, ducks, hens and cats, and "yesterday they got my pet squirrel." But there is no use of allowing this nuisance to go on. Every farmer should put up signs stating that trespassing is prohibited, or "hunters are not allowed on this farm." It would be best to organize a local farmers' protective association and register it with the secretary of state, then put up the signs and by law be able to arrest and prosecute offenders. A sign must be shown on each forty acres. It is a good plan to post a sign on each corner of the farm and another at the front gate and another at any place where hunters are most likely to enter the premises or start shooting. Now and then we hear of a cow or horse being killed by a rifle bullet, but not until this week have we received authentic information regarding damage done by shot-guns. A man told us that he had been talking to the superintendent of a big tannery and was informed by him that when hides are run through the splitting machine birdshot often are so numerous in the hide that the cutting knives are blunted by the lead. When the hide is stripped off a steer in the slaughter house the inspector rarely pays attention to little red spots seen dotting its fleshy surface, nor does he take much account of like red spots on the flesh. These spots indicate bird shot punctures and often are numerous. The superintendent is alleged to have asserted that one per cent of the value of the entire number of hides tanned each year in his work is destroyed by the birdshot and holes due to such shot. As five tanneries in his city use 5,000,000 hides a year the loss may be readily estimated and if that is true of this one city, in which there are other tanneries, what must be the aggregate loss in all the tanneries of the country? This deals only with the financial loss. Who shall estimate the misery and suffering of animals injured by gunshot wounds? Who shall estimate the loss to farmers in lack of thrift, loss of flesh, shrink in milk and failure to put on fat and flesh affecting animals they own and feed? We shall be glad to hear from readers who can tell of actual experiences in this connection. Besides all the damage the hunters do, they kill the quail and

other birds that are the farmers' best friends. Until the birds were killed off to such a large extent we had much less trouble with insect pests. Protect the birds.

## Milo Maize

Milo maize is one of the Kafir corns and is grown quite extensively in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas and other regions of the semi-arid Southwest. All the Kafirs are adapted to regions of light rainfall and under proper dry farming methods may be brought to maturity with very little rain.

The Kafir corn family is made up of three members—Kafir, milo and feterita. They are very similar to sorghum or broom corn in appearance. The heads of the milo are crooked, the stalk bending over when ripe. This makes it impossible to harvest the seed with any machine yet perfected, hence the seed must be gathered by hand. The dwarf milos mature in a short season and in Kansas are frequently grown on the wheat stubble after the wheat crop has been harvested. The seed is planted in rows three and one half feet apart with the seeds from five to eight inches apart in the row. In those sections where it can be grown it is a very profitable crop to raise.



RIPE MILO MAIZE HEAD CROOKED OVER.

yielding from 25 to 75 bushels of seed per acre worth from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per bushel. The Kansas milo crop this year averaged about 40 bushels per acre on the best farms and the seed is now selling for around \$2.00 per bushel.

Its feeding value for horses and mules is about the same as that of corn. It takes a little more Kafir to make pork than it does of Indian corn. In a test made at the Kansas Experiment Station Kafir silage made 28 per cent more profit than did corn silage when fed to beef cattle, but was practically equal to corn silage for dairy purposes. Under ordinary farm conditions but one crop can be grown per season.

On account of its habit of bending over as soon as ripe and its uneven ripening (it is a difficult crop to harvest for seed).

It is a dry weather crop and has been grown in seasons of as little as seven inches rainfall. For these reasons the crop has not been introduced outside of the regions mentioned above.

## As to the Ewe Flock

See to it that the ewes are made to take abundant exercise every day. This is managed by spreading the clover hay for them along one side of a distant pasture and making the ewes walk there and back again each day. The exercise is absolutely necessary if the ewes are to have an easy time at lambing, strong lambs and plenty of milk for their reception. Note that we said clover hay. Timothy hay is poor stuff for pregnant ewes and swale hay, or marsh hay, is much worse. So, too, old, weathered corn stover and dry straw is unsuitable feed for such ewes. They need some succulent feed, or laxative feed. Give them roots or silage and some whole oats and wheat bran

along with good clover or Alfalfa hay and they will do fine. Fed coarse, dry, bulky roughage, such as we have mentioned and confined to sheds or houses they will be sure to do badly at lambing time. Many ewes will die before that time, or if they live their lambs will be weak at birth, or die from lack of nourishment. It pays to feed and care for ewes well at this time of the year.

## The Brood Sows.

Is it not a fact that they are confined to pens and being heavily fed on ear corn? That is all wrong. They need plenty of exercise every day and the way to manage that, if the ground is deeply covered with snow or mud, is to sprinkle whole oats on a big barn or shed floor, cover it with litter and then let the sows root for the grain. Shelled corn fed in this way will prove safe and suitable in cold weather, but oats is better feed for the sows. Feed no corn or oats unless the sow has to hustle for the grain in the way we have suggested. Very little grain is necessary or safe. Let the sows have plenty of Alfalfa or clover hay, or allow a pound or so of fine corn silage, or feed roots freely in winter. The bowels must be kept active and the muscles in good tone if the sows and the pigs she is to have are to do well. Loss of pigs and sows at farrowing time often comes from stuffing on corn or other rich, constipating feed while restricting exercise. The pig forceps may be thrown away if the sows are properly fed and exercised and remember too that the sows need not have any dope and will do far better without medicines, condition powders or stock feeds. Give them good shelter, kept clean and well ventilated. The sow that lives in the old stack bottom will not be likely to have a profitable litter.

## The Brood Mares

The principles involved in what we have said about ewes and sows apply with equal force to the care of mares which are to work in spring and then bear foals. Make them muscular and robust by outdoor exercise. Feed mixed rations, rather than stuffing them on corn. Let them have bright oat straw, corn stover and mixed clover hay in winter and reduce the roughage as spring approaches. Oats and bran may then take the place of ear corn and the oat straw and fodder be dropped out of the ration. At all times, however, the bowels must be regulated by slightly laxative feed. Bran is good for that purpose, or fed carrots or parsnips, or rutabagas. The mares must not be made to scour, neither must they become constipated. Watch the manure and feed accordingly. It also is highly important to see that no moldy feed is given and no hay or grain that contains ergot. Anything irritating to the kidneys is dangerous. See also that the mares are worked light, if worked at all, and that they are not allowed to haul or wade through deep manure soft mud, or deep snow drifts. Jerking or straining from any cause may prove disastrous. If the mares do not go on green grass in spring as soon as grass is ready, increase wheat bran, omit corn and feed whole oats to get the winter coat quickly and fully shed. The mare then should have little trouble at foaling time, but be careful to have the foal born on grass, or in a clean, fresh bedded whitewashed box stall.

## Grubby Hides

We take it for granted that every farm reader of this paper has seen "warbles" or "wolves" in the skin of the backs of cattle at this time of the year; but not all of them know the cause or have thought of the amount of damage possible from these "grubs." The grubs are the larvae of the ox warble fly (*hypodermis lineata*) and come from eggs deposited by the fly in summer. The fly is known as a gad fly or bot fly and is as large as a small bee. It causes cattle to run and kick, or even stampede, but it will not cross water, so cattle like to stand in streams or ponds for that reason as well as coolness. The fly was thought to deposit her eggs on or in the skin of the loins and it was for that reason that the Latin name *hypodermis* was given to the fly, for that means "under the skin." The new theory, put forth by scientists some years ago, is that the eggs are laid on the skin of the heels or breast of pastured cattle whence they are licked off and swallowed, hatch in the gullet (esophagus), burrow through its wall, get into the connective tissue, under the skin, and thence burrow along until eventually they arrive under the skin of the loins or back. Farmers and stockmen do not take kindly to this theory. They still prefer to believe that the eggs are laid in or on the skin of the loins and they fail to understand how the grub possibly can burrow so far and always arrive only at the spot on the back where the animal can neither lick nor scratch away the fly. The fact remains that the grubs get there somehow or another and are a source of terrible misery to the animal. Each grub has a number of segments or rings covered with short, sharp, stiff bristles. The grub wiggles these about, thus irritating the skin and this causes an outpouring of inflammatory lymph in which the grubs live and feed. When a grub infested animal is skinned big patches of inflamed tissue and jelly like substance are found at each grub or warble hole. Skinners call these "licked hides" and the holes greatly depreciate the value of the affected hide. The loss from these grubs amounts to millions of dollars a year. The leather is injured at the best parts of the hide and the buyers of "green" hides dock the price according to the number and position of the warble holes in each hide. We have seen forty or fifty holes in a single hide. The hole in the hide is made by the grub as it matures and is used for breathing purposes and then as an exit from the skin. The hole is quite small at first but enlarges greatly as the grub matures and pus and lymph form in the sac surrounding the grub. The animal must suffer torments from the wiggling bristles of the grubs and the misery may be so acute as to prevent the beast from thriving properly or giving the amount of milk it should yield from the ration fed. Humanity to animals demands that the grubs should be killed when forming and if that has not been done should be squeezed out and destroyed when that becomes possible. Fly repellants sprayed on the cows in summer, will help to keep off the flies and so lessen the number of warbles. Washing the backs of cattle with strong salt water or a 1-50 solution of coal tar dip in early winter and a few weeks later will help to kill the small grubs, then large ones may be squeezed out whenever possible, the orifice in the skin being slightly opened for that purpose. It is a mistake to kill the large grubs in the skin. The dead grub remains to decompose and keep up the irritation. It should be removed. By killing the grub when squeezed out one fly is prevented from maturing and so the chance of warble trouble is lessened. Let every reader of this paper examine his cattle after reading this article and remove any grubs he may find.

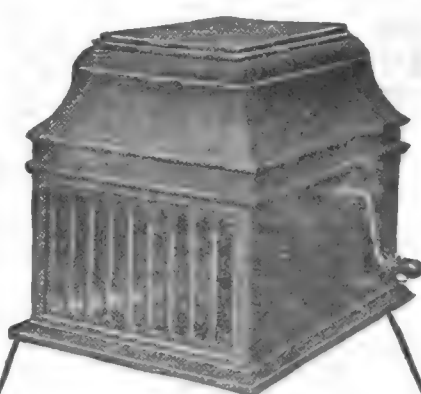
The Questions and Answers constitute one of the most valuable features of this department and we urge our farmer subscribers to read all of them carefully each month, as you will find that they contain much useful information and advice on practical problems that are troubling you as well as those who have asked the questions. Cut them out and paste them into a scrapbook for future reference. This will save you the trouble of writing us and will avoid delay in getting your answer when you need advice on these same matters. We are glad to receive inquiries from our subscribers and to advise them on all matters pertaining to farming, but it is hardly reasonable to expect us to waste valuable space in answering the same questions month after month for the benefit of those who need not have asked the questions if they had read and remembered the answers which we had previously printed.

## Questions and Answers

**MILO MAIZE.**—Please tell me about Milo Maize. Would it be a profitable crop to raise in Michigan? What is the usual yield per acre? What effect does it have on the soil? When and how should it be planted to mature the grain? What is its feeding, and what its market value? Does it withstand wet and dry weather well?

**A.**—Milo Maize is one of the Kafir crops adapted to Southern conditions and regions of low rainfall. It

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

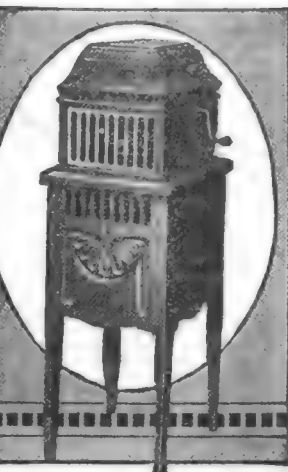


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# Edna's Secret Marriage

By Charles Garvice

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

John Weston, old and wealthy, knowing he has but a few days to live, sends for Richard Burdon, his lawyer. Remembering a debt he owes Charles More, he revokes a will in favor of a younger brother's child and makes a new one, disposing of the lives and hearts of two, and leaves it for Mr. Burdon to carry out his bequest. The banker is found dead the next morning. Sixteen years later Sir Cyril More with wealth squandered and no aim in life, finds himself at Lucerne, Switzerland, where he meets Edna Weston, who has only Aunt Martha. Edna inquires of Sir Cyril if he knows Richard Burdon. Her father, on his death-bed charges her to go to him the first of the following September. Edna and her aunt board at the Pension, a Swiss boarding house and Sir Cyril leaves the Grand for the Pension Petre.

## CHAPTER III.

### DINNER AT THE PENSION.

It is the dinner hour at the Pension Petre, and on either side of the long table the hungry boarders are awaiting their soup, some chattering, some silent, but all impatient.

At the head of the table sits Madame herself, arrayed in a black bombazine—why do all keepers of boarding houses, English or foreign, run to bombazine?—and affably anxious.

Behind her and about her generally sit the six maidservants, and the one manservant, Adolphe the ubiquitous, also is here, there and everywhere, and is now lading out the soup.

It is rather a motley crew—the long lines of men and women who have put up at the comfortable Swiss Pension, and not unworthy of some modern Leech; but attractive as their vain and humorous modern characteristics were, the eye of the person who should be fortunate enough to enter at the moment would have been drawn and riveted to the face and figure of Edna Weston.

Pure and maidenly and beautiful as only a good-looking English girl can be, she sits at the center of the table facing the door, calmly listening to the babel around her, and at times turning her head to speak to a white-haired, handsome old lady who sat at her side.

Swiftly and impartially the soup is served; Adolphe, hot and breathless, is prepared to stand at ease, at least for a moment, when the door opens and in walks—with that inimitable air of self-possessed nonchalance which is the birthright of the English aristocrat—no other than wicked Sir Cyril.

Madame Petre sees him and nods to Adolphe. "The gentleman, Adolphe—you have a place reserved? That is good."

Adolphe whisks his napkin over his arm, makes an elaborate series of bows, and amidst a dead silence and under the direct and most inquisitive gaze of sixty pair of eyes, conducts the English gentleman to a seat next Miss Weston.

Edna looked up with a smile as he entered; she took up at his face now with the same smile, full of calm, maidenly pleasure, nothing more. Instantly the soft eyes focus themselves upon her.

"You see," says Cyril, unfolding his napkin and taking up his spoon; "I have come."

"Yes," she says; "I hope you will be comfortable."

"There is no doubt of it," he responded; "I have seen my room, I have stood upon my balcony, and I am content."

Edna smiles again, then turns to the old lady by her side.

"This, aunt," she says, "is the gentleman of whom I spoke to you yesterday; he was not comfortable at his hotel, and has come to try the Pension Petre."

Aunt Martha peers at him amebly and nods.

"Very comfortable here, my dear Edna—yes, very comfortable. I hope Mr. —"

There is a moment's pause, Cyril has his spoon to his mouth—both pair of eyes, the old and young, are turned to him. Why does he not answer? What is the matter with him? Has he forgotten his own name? It would almost seem so, for when he does speak in answer to the looked inquiry, he says:

"Mr. Harold—Harold Payne."

"I think you will be comfortable, Mr. Payne," says Aunt Martha; "have you been in Lucerne before?"

Mr. Harold—Mr. Harold Payne—replies that he has not, and a conversation, geographical and discursive, ensues between them, and Edna sits and listens, so, it must be added, do almost all the rest of the people. Presently Edna is conscious that Aunt Martha has relinquished him, and that he is speaking to herself.

"Now that I have come I hope you will play the cicerone, and throw the light on some of my fellow pensioners," he says.

Edna smiles.

"Oh, you must learn to know them for yourself; they are very well worth knowing—some of them."

"I don't doubt it," says Cyril, looking down the table. "Who is that stout gentleman at the end—by Jove! he is never asleep!"

"No, not quite, only almost," says Edna; "but pray be more reverent. That is a baron—a real, live German baron. Oh, we are very proud of him, and indeed, he is very wise, when he is awake, which is not often excepting at meal times."

"And the lady next him?"

"An authoress," she wrote 'The Tears of Her-mione,' a volume of poetry—do you know it?"

"No," says Cyril. "Can't say I've read much poetry. Has she written anything else? I should like something more cheerful, 'The Groans of Clytemnestra,' or something of that sort, more in my line."

Edna represses a smile; she is not ill-natured, but is blessed, evidently, with a keen sense of the humorous.

"Please go on," says Cyril, and she runs through the *dramatis personae*, English, French, German.

"That is so-and-so, and those two young ladies are the Miss Robinsons; they are very nice, and so very clever. They paint, and sing, and play beautifully. I think you will like them."

"Indeed I shall," says Cyril, politely; "and who is that gentleman talking to one of them?" and he looks with an unmistakable commingling of horror and amusement at a specimen of the cockney swell; an over-dressed, dandified young man, with eyeglass in eye, is fascinating one of the Miss Robinsons, and "haw, hawing" for the benefit of the whole table at the same time.

"That is Mr. Howley Jones," replies Edna.

"Indeed," says Cyril, "and who and what is Mr. Howley Jones?"

"He is—he is, I don't quite know. I think he is connected with the aristocracy—he says so, and talks of so many great people who are friends of his."

Cyril looks across the table and strokes his mustache dubiously.

"There is scarcely anyone of any note whom

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he does not know, and he lives at—at Shooter's Hill—yes, Shooter's Hill."

Cyril sighs.

"Where is that?"

Edna laughs her soft, usual laugh.

"You ask me that! You, a Londoner; and I knowing nothing of it!"

"I forget," he says, "but upon my word I don't know where it is. Shall we ask him?"

"Not on my account," says Edna; and he fancies that there is a slight touch of color on her cheek, and the fancy makes his next glance across at the young donkey a more marked one. But Cyril hits upon the truth at once.

"That young idiot of a shop boy has been trying to make himself agreeable, and she has resented it. Serves him right."

The descriptive catalogue, however, is brought to a close; several other people have cut in and taken his conversational prize from him, and wicked Sir Cyril goes on with his dinner.

It is not a bad dinner, he is compelled to admit. It is more cheerful than the table d'hôte at the Grand, with all its silver plate and solemn funeral waiters; there is a charm about it that he does not understand or account for, until the little maiden beside him rises, gives him a quiet, graceful little bow, and leaves with the rest of the ladies. Then he understands it, and although he has half a bottle of excellent Pontet Canet still left, the charm has gone. There remain behind to console him, however, the baron, two English clergymen, an Italian priest and Mr. Howley Jones. Babel, for a time silenced by the innumerable courses, is now arisen again; but above all the chatter—French, German, Swiss and English—rises Mr. Howley Jones' "Haw, haw! my gunner's place at Shooter's Hill, my friend Lord Botolph, my gun, my horse, my dawgs!"

Cyril looks across at him with quiet amusement and curiosity. He has seen this kind of young gentleman, the mock "swell," only at a distance hitherto, and he decides that at a nearer acquaintance he is entertaining—yes, decidedly entertaining—for a time.

Cyril finishes his bottle and strolls out, cigar in hand, into the garden.

It is a delightful spot, all green and shady, a series of beshrubbed terraces running down to the road that stretches along the hill above the lake, which lies beneath him, glittering in the sinking sun, with that peculiar greenish sheen which belongs to Lake Lucerne and no other.

Cyril lights his cigar, and strolls backward and forward. For the first time since he can remember, for, oh, a very long time back, he is not bored. What a charming, innocent little child-woman she is—what a pure, truthful—then, at reflection, he pulls up short. Yes, she is truthful enough, but what about himself? He is conscious, as he asks himself the question, of feeling uncomfortable. He has given them a false name. It was all very well to give the name of Harold Payne at the Grand; there was a fair reason for the concealment of his right one there. His name

curious and interested in anything pertaining to them.

"Yes," says Aunt Martha, with a little sigh; "we have been living in Geneva for years. I sometimes think that I have forgotten England."

"Aunt!" exclaims the girl, with the color in her cheeks and a soft, indignant light in her eyes.

"Well, that England has forgotten us; and yet we used to be well known, Mr. Payne. Perhaps you may have heard of the Westons?"

As she speaks, one of those odd flashes, indistinct and fleeting, cross his mind. The Westons, the Westons—where has he heard of them? The name seems familiar. But, after a moment's struggle, Cyril, whose memory is terribly bad, and whose eventful career has served to blot out his earlier years from his mind, gives it up as a bad job.

"I don't think I can remember, though I seem to have heard the name," he replies.

"Just so," says the old lady, with a resigned sigh; "we are forgotten. Yes, Mr. Payne, we have been living abroad for a very long time—as long as Edna can remember. Her father was a great student and a recluse, and shunned his fellow countrymen. Give him his books and leave him to his quiet, and always Edna, of course, and he was happy."

Cyril listened with an interest which was deeper than he had ever experienced before, with an interest that surprises him; he glances at the sweet, thoughtful face and feels quite uncomfortable at the sight of the one little tear that rolls slowly down her cheek. It may be safely asserted that it is the first woman's tear that has ever touched him.

"Edna," continues the old lady, "told you something of our mysterious return to England, I think."

Cyril inclines his head respectfully.

"She is but a child in the ways of the world," resumes the old lady, who for all her years is quite childishly unsuspicious and ingenuous.

"I ought not to have worried Mr. Payne—bored—that is the worst I can say."

"You did not bore me," says Cyril, earnestly, his brows as grave as a judge's. "Don't think that; if I could be of any service to you—"

"I thank you so much," says Aunt Martha, warmly, "but I do not think anyone can help us, excepting this Mr. Richard Burdon, and he will not do it—we cannot ask him until the first of September. My brother was a strange man, very reserved; he knew a great number of well-born people in England; we are not lowly-born ourselves, Mr. Payne—"

"My dear aunt," breaks in Edna, blushing.

"My dear Edna, you are quite right, Mr. Payne need not be afraid I am going to give him the family pedigree. I merely say that there may be some strange history awaiting us concerning other persons as well as ourselves; well, well, I am an old gossip, Mr. Payne, with a legitimate secret to chatter about. Edna, have you any more cotton?—no, dear, I will fetch it myself; indeed, I have a letter or two to write."

Edna rises also, but glances at the lake below her wistfully. It is a shame to leave the open air—the grateful shade of the green arbor for the hot room. She looks at her aunt, and the old lady quite innocently says:

"Don't stay out after the tea bell has rung," and disappears.

Cyril, who has been stretched on wires for the last minute, heaves a sigh of relief and satisfaction as Edna sinks back into her seat. But Aunt Martha seems to have taken all the conversation with her, for there is a profound silence.

Now is the time, thinks Cyril, to make his confession, and, if possible, to gain forgiveness and condonation.

He looks up at her, it is scarcely necessary to say that he has got his long limbs into a comfortable position, almost reclining on the rustic seat. Cyril never sat upright in his life where it was at all possible to lie down. He looks at the pure face, so serene in its unsuspecting innocence, so full of that dignity which purity alone can give, and he hesitates.

He who hesitates is lost. Before he has time to form another resolution to be broken, voices make themselves heard close at the back, in another arbor. In fact, and Cyril puts off the confession to a more convenient season.

The newcomers are of the male sex—that is evident, for if there had been a woman her voice would have been heard, and before a few minutes have passed, one voice, which Cyril recognizes as Mr. Howley Jones', is above the rest, and silences them.

"The garden seems a general rendezvous," says Cyril.

"Yes, it is pleasant here," replies Edna; "one can see the lake so plainly, and it is always beautiful. And it is shady; these arbors keep off the sun."

"Yes, they are sun-proof enough; it's a pity they are not sound proof, also."

Edna looks up and smiles.

"Ah, yes, one can hear very plainly."

"That is Mr. Howley Jones' voice, if I am not mistaken," says Cyril, interrogatively.

Edna listens a moment.

"Yes," that is Mr. Jones. He is rather fond of talking."

"So it seems," says Cyril. "I never could understand what fellows who are given to chattering have to talk about."

"Their experiences, perhaps," says Edna; "most people have some more or less varied. Mr. Jones is recounting some of his now."

"I don't doubt it," acquiesces Cyril. "May I light another cigar?"

Edna inclines her head, and he strikes a light. As he does so, Mr. Jones' voice, complacently confidential, comes distinctly through the leaves, and a word or name, falling on Cyril's ears, causes him to raise his head, and almost drop the match; not quite, however, for Cyril has admirable command over his emotions, and is seldom guilty of revealing them.

He lights his cigar, leans back into his old attitude of repose, and listens. Edna listens, too—there is nothing else to be done, and there is no cavedropping in it, for Mr. Jones is only too grateful at all times for an attentive audience; and that he has an attentive audience now is only too palpable, his listeners are profoundly and interestedly silent.

CHAPTER IV.

QUESTIONS AND THE QUESTIONED.

"Know Sir Cyril More!" Mr. Jones is saying, "I should rather think I did! Why, Cyril and I are old chums. We are never apart when I'm in town. I wish he was here now, dear old fellow!"

Cyril leans his head upon his arm and looks languidly toward the back of the arbor.

"You have been living in Geneva?" says Cyril,



Edna looked up with a smile as he entered; she took up at his face now with the same smile.

"So, Mr. Cyril—devil that is the game, is it?"

"Here we are," he says, as they gain a point of view.

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Mr. Jones seems blessed with a very affectionate nature," he murmurs; "remembers his old friends even in distant climes."

Edna smiles, but does not make any remark, perhaps because she is interested in Mr. Jones' reminiscences. Cyril fancies that she is listening, if reluctantly, rather intently, as he leans back and watches her.

"Yes," continued Mr. Jones, "Cyril and I are great chums, poor fellow!"

"What's the matter with him?" asks one of the audience, with the true British curiosity and interest in a member of the aristocracy.

"What! don't you know?" retorts the admirable Howley, as if he were recounting the misfortunes of a brother. "I thought everybody knew about Cyril More; he's gone completely to the dogs! com—plete—ly run down! Why, it's the talk of the town; for, you see, Cyril More is as well known as—as Nelson's Monument, and when a man like that goes to pieces there's a stir."

"Ah!" murmurs someone, with a puff at a cigar. "What was the cause of it?"

"Oh, the usual thing," replies Mr. Jones. "No—"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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**The Sand Blouse** Sand color is being used more and more. This waist is of Sand colored Voile with two rows of Fillet Lace insertion at sides and embroidered vestee, edged with a ruffle of lace. Three-quarter length sleeves with cuffs of Organdie. Roll collar of embroidered Organdie. Front closing with fancy buttons. Sand color, also all white. Sizes 32 to 44 inches bust. State color and size. No. 24A2017. \$2.00 Waist. Prepaid 98c

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# GENERAL MARION Who Made Good His Motto "LIBERTY OR DEATH"

**Famous Night Rider and Dreaded Raider who was a Scourge to the British Invaders and Terror to the Tory Traitors in the Revolution**

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**F**RANCIS Marion was born at Winyah, near Georgetown, South Carolina, in 1732, the year of Washington's birth. His grandfather was one of the French Protestants who, like the Pilgrims, fled to America to escape persecution for their religion. His father was a farmer, and Francis followed the same calling. Soon after coming of age he established himself on a plantation of his own in Bell Isle, near Eutaw Springs, S. C., and made it his home through life.

As a young man he served, like Washington, in the French and Indian wars in which he gained distinction for bravery and acquired the military experience which fitted him to cope successfully with the most skillful British officers in the Revolutionary War.

One of his earliest exploits, in which he displayed the conspicuous skill and gallantry that marked his career as a citizen soldier, was leading a small party of picked men in a forlorn-hope charge against a large body of hostile Indians. He was a young lieutenant when selected for this service so extremely perilous



*Francis Marion*

that there was little expectation that he and his companions could come through alive. Keeping under cover he stealthily crept near to the savages unobserved, then he and his men rushed on them with such suddenness and fury that their enemies were thrown into confusion. This gave the rest of our army the desired opportunity for a successful attack which resulted in the defeat of the Indians.

As a member of the South Carolina legislature, after the battle of Lexington in 1775, he cast his vote in favor of the resolution for that colony to join the New England colonies in the war for liberty which they had started against the oppression of the mother country.

He helped recruit, and was commissioned captain in one of the first three regiments raised by South Carolina for the Revolutionary War.

His company composed a part of the gallant little garrison that successfully defended Fort Moultrie against the first attack of the British fleet and saved Charleston from capture at that time. And as the defeated ships were retiring after a fierce battle of eleven hours, with his own hands he fired a parting shot from a cannon so well aimed that it raked the British commander's ship killing two officers in the cabin and three sailors forward.

For some time after this battle he continued in command of Fort Moultrie, but saw no more of the enemy while he remained there.

His next service was under General Lincoln in the siege of Savannah which ended in the desperate, though unsuccessful attack of the American and French forces against the British army that held the city. In the fore front of the assaulting column Captain Marion bravely led his men and charged through a storm of shot and shell to the very mouths of the enemy's cannon, where, after a terrible sacrifice of life in the attempt, it was found that the fortifications were too strong to be taken by assault.

The French then sailed away in their ships, and General Lincoln, deprived of their support, had to abandon the siege. So he led his army to Charleston to defend that city against the

Among those who earned a hero's name on the battle-fields of the Revolution there was no braver, truer or more devoted patriot than Brigadier-General Francis Marion.

He was a unique character, and his exploits have a tinge of romance and savor of daring that make them more interesting than those of most of the generals of that war.

His achievements were as important as those of some who attained higher rank and greater renown.

Because the troops that he commanded were rarely numerous enough to be called an army, historians have not given his name the prominence that it deserves on the scroll of fame.

He labored and fought under the most trying conditions and discouraging difficulties, and accomplished results that in proportion to the forces and means at his command are unsurpassed.

It is good to draw inspiration from his noble character and splendid career.

second British attack. Marion went with him and but for a strange accident would have fallen into the hands of the enemy when Lincoln, after stubbornly resisting until his ammunition and provisions were exhausted, was compelled to surrender the city with his entire army to a largely superior British force.

## **His Aversion to Liquor Cost Him a Broken Leg but Saved Him from being Taken Prisoner**

The curious incident, which providentially saved him for his country's service, illustrates Marion's abstemious habits and strength of character.

Soon after his arrival at Charleston Marion, with some of his brother officers, was being entertained by a convivial resident of that city who set out a plentiful supply of liquor and then locked the doors, refusing to permit any of his guests to leave the house until they had partaken liberally of his exhilarating refreshments. From principle Marion was a total abstainer from intoxicants and, to escape the unpleasant predicament of this occasion without offending his host, dropped quietly from a second story window, but in so doing broke his leg. This ended his usefulness for the time being, and so he was sent to a place of safety in the country before the British forces had completely surrounded the city. Thus he was in retirement, still suffering from the effect of this accident, when the surrender of Lincoln's army left Georgia and the Carolinas at the mercy of the British until the arrival of General Gates's army from Virginia. Meanwhile British detachments raided the southern country in every direction, and Marion barely escaped capture by taking refuge in a swamp until he recovered.

When able to get about again, he raised a volunteer troop of twenty horsemen, each man providing his own horse, arms and equipment, which latter was indeed pitifully scanty. With this squadron he set out to join General Gates's army which was on the march coming from Virginia. Marion and his men, with their rough clothes and irregular equipment, were ridiculed by the army and scoffed at by the vain and conceited Gates. Yet if the latter had kept Captain Marion with him as a guide and adviser he would have been spared the crushing

## **"LIBERTY OR DEATH" His Motto**

Gates was a major-general commanding a Continental army by commission from Congress, while Marion served as captain of militia under a commission from his native State.

Marion's absence from this fatal field is due to the fact that shortly before the battle he had been promoted by the governor of South Carolina to the rank of brigadier-general of militia and given command of the volunteer cavalry which was being enlisted at Williamsburg. His personal popularity and military record were such that he easily enlisted the men to serve under his leadership although the State was unable to provide funds to arm and equip them. They wore no uniform but were clad in homespun shirts, buckskin breeches and leather caps, and each man brought from home his trusty hunting rifle, knife and powder horn, and many of them provided their own horses. They had no sabers except such as some of them made out of sawmill saws. They were destitute of blankets, tents and baggage but rode the faster on that account. They knew little of military drill or maneuvers but were expert woodsmen and sharpshooters, which were the best qualifications for the desultory kind of warfare required of them in that wild, rough region. Their medicine chest was scantily supplied and rarely was a surgeon with them; consequently in many cases their wounded died for lack of surgical treatment. They were hard riders, dashing and bold fighters. They volunteered for the defense of their State, their families and their homes which were threatened by merciless foreign invaders and by treacherous and more cruel Tory neighbors. By their valiant deeds they exemplified the famous motto "LIBERTY OR DEATH" which their commander wore inscribed on a silver crescent on the front of his leather hat. General Marion was clothed as coarsely as his men and wore little if any visible insignia of his rank.

To this band of heroes fell the responsibility and hopeless task of holding back the victorious British armies and suppressing the uprising of the Tories that threatened to conquer the Carolinas after the surrender of General Lincoln, at Charleston, and the practical destruction of General Gates's army at Camden.



LEUTENANT MARION LEADING THE FORLORN-HOPE CHARGE AGAINST THE INDIANS.

defeat that soon befell him and nearly wiped out his army in the battle of Camden. But General Gates was so puffed up by his capture of Burgoyne's army in the north, the credit for which was due his subordinates, that he would not take counsel of his officers in this campaign and blundered into the trap the British had set for him. Marion, had he been there, undoubtedly would have given his life in battle, as did the brave DeKalb, fighting desperately to save the panic-stricken remnant of Gates's routed army from annihilation.

Our armies in the northern and middle States having all they could do to hold the enemy in check in those sections, the South was left practically defenseless, at this time, with all our southern coast cities in undisputed possession of British armies and no adequate American force at hand to oppose their march into the interior where the Tories were plotting and preparing to rise and join our foreign foes.

## **A Word about the Hated Tories**

Not all the inhabitants of the United Ameri-

can colonies were loyal to the cause of liberty. More or less of the people in every section of our country sided with the British in the war for independence, and these were called Tories or royalists because they favored the King. The Tories were troublesome everywhere, but in the South they were so numerous and active as to be dangerous. In the North vigorous measures had suppressed their activities or, as in New England, had driven them to take refuge in Canada. The Tories assisted the British by every possible means, some enlisting in the King's armies; but these were less dangerous than those that remained at home to act as spies or where sufficiently numerous, as in the South, organized themselves into bands to ravage the country with fire and sword, pillaging and even murdering their patriotic neighbors. The Tories were more intensely hated than the British, and not without reason, for they were more cruel and wantonly destructive when opportunity offered.

Thus threatened by British invaders and by Tory traitors in their midst the southern



CAPTAIN MARION ESCAPES FROM BOOZY FRIENDS.

patriots were near to despair, and for a while Marion and his men were all they had to depend on.

## **His Bold and Skillful Strategy in Withstanding Superior Forces**

In numbers, arms and equipment they were so fearfully overmatched by the veteran British armies fully provided with artillery and all the best war material of the day, that it would have been disastrous for them to encounter the full strength of their enemies on the open field of battle.

Knowing this full well, General Marion resorted to strategem to take the enemy at a disadvantage by sudden and unexpected raids, night attacks and skillfully laid ambuscades.

His spies kept him informed of every movement of the British troops and every attempt of the Tories. When least expected, from ambush he would strike the British on the march, inflicting heavy loss and dashing away with prisoners before they could rally for resistance, or would charge into their camps at night like a whirlwind of destruction and do his deadly work before they could recover from their surprise, and if they dispatched a detachment from the main force to ravage the country or organize the Tories he was sure to waylay it and capture or drive it back in confusion. Thus he impeded the activities of the British and so awed the Tories that they dared not attempt much organized or open hostility when he was within striking distance.

The narration of his many gallant and almost incredible exploits would make this sketch too long so we must be content with the description of a few which will give our readers an idea of his untiring energy, hardihood, resourcefulness, quickness of action and courage.

## **"Ball," His Superb Horse Won from a Tory**

His first mount was unsatisfactory, but he soon found a horse exactly to his liking and, being owned by a Tory, he appropriated it to his own use as spoil of war. This superb animal, strong, tough, spirited and swift as the wind,



was also daring and intelligent. When on night raids the horses of his troopers balked on a river bank and could not be urged into the deep, dark water. "Ball" (the Tory prize) would boldly dash in and swim across with his rider and then all the others would follow his lead.

Marion's first expedition was against a large camp of Tories enlisted in the British service at Butler's Neck; and on this occasion he gave his men a foretaste of the arduous kind of service he expected of them. Riding all night he came on the enemy in the early morning and charged with such suddenness and fury that the terrified Tories fled.

An incident of this attack illustrates the daring spirit that pervaded Marion's men. A trooper named James (later Major James), who rode a swift horse, made a dash at Major Gainey, the Tory commander, and chased him at such speed that he soon left his companions far behind and out of sight. He was gaining on the Major and at the end of half a mile had nearly overtaken him. Leaning forward with sword outstretched and eyes intently fixed on the object of his pursuit, he did not notice the company of Tories, that had rallied to the rescue of their commander in the road before him, until he was so close upon them that it was too late to turn back. Death or capture at their hands would have been his fate had he not succeeded in working a bold bluff which he had the presence of mind to attempt. Without slackening his impetuous outset, he brandished his sword in air and, casting a backward glance as though he was charging at the head of a whole troop, shouted: "Come on boys; here they are!" The Tories were deceived by the ruse and fled precipitately to escape the dreaded sabers of his imaginary followers.

In Marion's brigade were five James brothers, all gallant and sturdy patriots, and we wonder if some of our readers may have the honor of tracing their ancestry to one or other of them.

After resting his men and horses, Marion pushed on in search of another large body of Tories, but when he found them they were in too strong a position to be attacked successfully. So he concealed his troop in ambush until the unsuspecting enemy came out and marched by his hiding place when he attacked so unexpectedly that they became panic stricken and scattered in every direction. He delivered this blow without losing a man.

### Desperate Situation after the Defeat of General Gates

Soon after this he heard of the calamitous defeat of Gates at Camden, and learned from his scouts that a British detachment bringing American prisoners from the battle-field was coming down the Santee River. By a hurried night march he reached a narrow defile through which they would pass and there, at daybreak, attacked in front and rear so hotly that the guard fled after firing but one volley. By this bold stroke he captured twenty-four British soldiers and liberated a hundred and fifty Americans.

Marion and his rough riders were the only force then remaining in that section of the South to resist the overwhelming power of the British; yet were they not dismayed but rather spurred to more strenuous exertions by the dangers and difficulties that beset them. Avoiding battle with the main army of the enemy which would have put a disastrous finish to his career, he so harassed the British and impeded their operations by attacking their outposts, ambushing their detachments on the march, cutting off their supplies, breaking up their recruiting and foraging parties and dispersing the Tories, that Lord Cornwallis, enraged at such interference with the execution of his designs, ordered General Tarleton with



TROOPER JAMES, SINGLE-HANDED, CHARGES A BUNCH OF TORIES.

his famous cavalry legion to pursue Marion and get him at all hazards. This compelled Marion, whose command had now dwindled to a hundred and fifty, to retreat into North Carolina. Tarleton followed with a largely superior force, burning the houses and devastating the country

along his line of march. These cruelties, however, resulted in bringing out the country militia for the defense of their homes. At this Marion returned, and gathering recruits on the way resumed his night attacks on the Tory camps, in one instance defeating a force double the strength of his own, and in another riding into a camp at midnight and taking the party prisoners before the bewildered sleepers could rise. He played hide and seek with Tarleton, at times being hard pressed and having some narrow escapes, but always leading his pursuer a merry chase through swamps and thickets until the latter gave up in disgust and called off his men, saying, "Come boys, let us go back; the devil couldn't catch this damned swamp fox."

### Marion's Camp at Snow's Island

At this time he established a permanent camp on Snow's Island in the Pedee River and fortified it as best he could. He destroyed all the boats on the river except those gathered at his island. His pickets guarded the approaches through the forest while his scouts and spies scoured the country and reported every move of the enemy. From this wilderness retreat he would dash forth on his raids like a lion from the jungle. Potatoes and hominy were the chief of his diet and water with vinegar his favorite drink. Sunset was his usual hour of setting out on a march and he sometimes led his men sixty miles before morning. Most always short of ammunition, he was fortunate if he had buckshot, and sometimes had nothing larger than swan-shot, and not enough even of that. Frequently he went into battle with only three rounds of ammunition to each man. His men always gathered what muskets and cartridges they could from their dead and wounded enemies on the field of battle.

At Snow's Island considerable reinforcements arriving raised the strength of his force to the proportions of a real brigade and enabled him to engage in larger operations.



AMERICAN SOLDIERS HANGING TORY TRAITORS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF KING'S MOUNTAIN.

### His Nephew Murdered by the Tories

But about that time an event occurred that wrung his heart with grief. His nephew, Gabriel Marion, a promising young officer of his command, whom he loved dearly, was taken prisoner by the Tories and murdered in cold blood by them. Marion's men swore vengeance on the man who committed the dastardly crime, and afterwards, when he fell into their hands, squared the account by killing him before Marion could interfere.

### Hanging Tory Prisoners of War

Another of the many painful episodes that illustrate the bitter feeling that existed between our soldiers and the Tories is Ferguson's raid in South Carolina ending in the battle of King's Mountain. Cornwallis had sent Colonel Ferguson with a mixed force of British and Tories on a raid nearly to the northern boundary of the State to organize and arm the Tory inhabitants and intimidate and punish the patriots. He burned the buildings and ravaged the country while his followers committed all manner of outrages against the defenceless inhabitants, the most of which were attributed to the Tories under his command. The mountaineers were furious and volunteered to wreak vengeance on the perpetrators of these atrocities. They organized under officers chosen by themselves and, mounted on their own horses, swiftly pursued Ferguson, overtaking and attacking him at King's Mountain where he put up a desperate defense, knowing that he would pay the forfeit with his life if captured. After Ferguson and many of his men had been killed in battle the rest surrendered. The mountaineers spared the British prisoners, but hung many of the Tories and left their bodies dangling from the trees as a warning of the punishment to be expected by those who committed robbery, arson, rape or murder in the name of war. This act of reprisal infuriated the Tories and exercised a restraining influence over those inclined to acts of barbarism. The loss of Ferguson's entire force of eleven hundred men, killed, wounded or taken prisoners, was a damaging blow to the British. Events now began to shape themselves more favorably to the patriot cause in the South, much to Marion's relief. Two dashing and skillful young cavalry commanders, Colonel William A. Washington and Colonel Henry Lee, known as

"Light-Horse Harry" (father of General Robert E. Lee of the Civil War) joined forces with Marion, which raised the strength of his little army sufficiently to enable him to begin an aggressive campaign. Soon after this Congress sent General Greene, the ablest of Washington's Generals, to take command in the South, and he led a Continental army into the Carolinas. Unlike General Gates, he appreciated Marion's services and immediately wrote him an encouraging letter.

### Colonel Washington's Successful Bluff

An amusing incident of this campaign shows Colonel Washington to have been as resourceful as he was brave, resorting to fine strategem when victory could not be won by valorous attack. He set out with his cavalry to capture a British outpost commanded by Colonel Rugely, but on reconnoitering the position found it too strongly fortified to be attacked successfully without artillery. So he set his men to hew a pine log into the shape of a cannon and, mounting it on cart-wheels, had it dragged into position and aimed at the fort. Then he sent a demand for immediate surrender. The British commander was completely fooled by the trick and, judging it useless to defend against such a formidable appearing gun, yielded without firing a shot. Imagine his chagrin on discovering, after he and his men had laid down their arms and marched out as prisoners of war, that he was the victim of a huge joke. This brilliant exploit added to Colonel Washington's renown but prevented poor Rugely's promotion to the rank of brigadier-general which he was expecting.

### A Patriotic Woman's Sacrifice for Liberty

The patriotic women of South Carolina were quite as willing as the men to make sacrifices for the cause of liberty, as instanced in the siege of Fort Mott. General Greene had sent Marion with his cavalry and one six pounder field piece to capture this fort which the British had constructed by surrounding the large and elegant mansion of Mrs. Mott with a ditch and an earth parapet. As these defenses were too strong to be taken by storm, Marion began regular siege operations against them. It was an important post and a large British force under Rawdon was hurrying to its relief while General Greene was marching as rapidly as possible to reinforce Marion, and sent him

just to all and magnanimous to his conquered enemies. His conduct was always governed by a high sense of duty. Devoid of avarice he fought without pay, nor did he seek glory, and he had no ambition for power. The one thing he valued was honor. No general of the Revolution served more nobly than Marion, or accom-



GENERAL MARION IN ROUGH-AND-READY FIGHTING TRIM.

plished greater results in proportion to the small forces and scanty means at his command.

Marion's men were good, true and brave, for when he called for recruits it was the men of his own stamp that responded from farm and mountain-side to fill his ranks.

With an affectionate farewell he disbanded his faithful followers when peace with liberty had been won, and returned to his plantation to take up the work of repairing the desolation which the ravages of war had wrought.

The seven years of war had left him poor, and now, at the age of fifty, he bravely faced the problem of beginning again with nothing but his land.

But soon our sturdy hero who thus far had escaped unscathed was to yield to the blind little conqueror who shoots true to the heart and numbers in his train more captives than all the lords of war. A lady fair and wealthy, too, fell in love with him, though through modesty on her part he was a long time discovering it. But when he did, he proposed as gallantly as ever knight of old. They were married, and very happily they lived together on his plantation. The difference in their ages was not great, their tastes were similar and their companionship at all times most congenial. In the hot summer months he went camping in the mountains and she always accompanied him.

He died at the age of sixty-three, beloved and mourned by all. His honored memory is a glory to his State.

Paul Revere's night ride to call out the minutemen of Concord and Lexington to strike the first blow for American liberty has been immortalized by Longfellow in those ringing verses that are familiar to every school child, and Bryant has sounded a no less worthy note of praise of the devoted services of the hero of many night rides in his

### Song of Marion's Men

By William Cullen Bryant

Our band is few, but true and tried,  
Our leader frank and bold;  
The British soldier trembles  
When Marion's name is told.  
Our fortress is the good greenwood,  
Our tent the cypress tree;  
We know the forest round us,  
As seamen know the sea.  
We know its walls of thorny vines,  
Its glades of reedy grass,  
Its safe and silent islands  
Within the dark morass.

We to the English soldiery,  
That little dread us near!  
On them shall light at midnight  
A strange and sudden fear:  
When, waking to their tents on fire,  
They grasp their arms in vain,  
And they who stand to face us  
Are beat to earth again.  
And they who fly in terror deem  
A mighty host behind,  
And hear the tramp of thousands  
Upon the hollow wind.

Then sweet the hour that brings release  
From danger and from toil;  
We talk the battle over,  
And share the battle's spoil.  
The woodland rings with laugh and shout,  
As if a hunt were up,  
And woodland flowers are gathered  
To crown the soldier's cup.  
With merry songs we mock the wind  
That in the pine-top grieves,  
And slumber long and sweetly  
On beds of oaken leaves.

Well knows the fair and friendly moon  
The band that Marion leads—  
The glitter of their rifles,  
The scampering of their steeds.  
'Tis life to guide the fiery barb  
Across the moonlit plain:  
'Tis life to feel the night-wind  
That lifts his tossing mane.  
A moment in the British camp—  
A moment—and away  
Back to the pathless forest,  
Before the peep of day.

Grave men there are by broad Santee,  
Grave men with hoary hairs;  
Their hearts are all with Marion,  
For Marion are their prayers,  
And lovely ladies greet our band  
With kindest welcoming,  
With smiles like those of summer,  
And tears like those of spring.  
For them we wear these trusty arms,  
And lay them down no more  
Till we have driven the Briton,  
Forever, from our shore.



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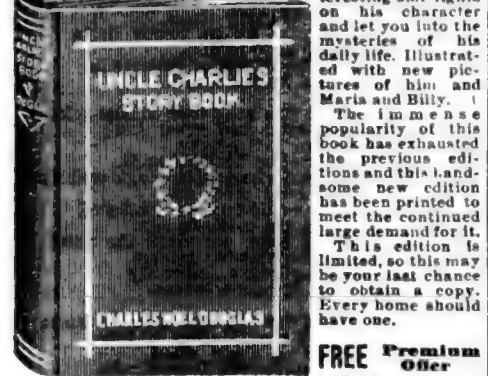
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## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

Well cousins, I have belonged to the C. L. O. C. nearly a year now and like to read the letters of the cousins from different states. My League number is 38,639. I am five feet, eight inches tall, have dark hair, blue eyes and weigh about one hundred and fifty-five pounds. I am twenty-two years old.

I would like to hear from some of the cousins and will answer all letters I can. Your cousin,

GUY WEATHERLY.

Guy, about that automobile question. Getting into debt is the easiest thing in the world, getting out of debt and being in debt are akin to what Sherman described war as being—hell. I'm mighty glad however to know you farmers are getting automobiles, for if there is anything that will relieve the monotony of country life, annihilate distance and make the farm thirty miles out, practically a suburb of the city, the automobile will do the job. An automobile under certain circumstances ought to get a man out of debt quicker than it gets him into it. Of course it all depends what kind of business you are in. Time and space though are great factors in nearly every business, for time is money and wasted time on a long road is mighty expensive. To be able to cover in two hours, the distance that would take a whole day ought to mean money to any man whose time is worth while. Automobiles too are getting cheaper and cheaper every day. One firm I note advertises a little car brand new for two hundred and ninety-five dollars. That car ought to bring pleasure, health and profit to many a man and some women, though the automobile has been a powerful factor in promoting vice as well as health. The girl who accepts an invitation from a strange man to take a ride in his car is whisked within an hour thirty miles or more away from her home, and the farther a girl gets from home and the protection it affords, the greater her danger. Our city streets are full of prowling fiends in expensive cars, who use their high power dragsters to scoop in the poor little bobs of girls who find the appeal of the beautiful car, male society, a dash into the country, irresistible. But they pay an awful price for the ride. These prowling debauchers should be boiled in oil. Keep away from the automobiles girls, unless you have known the men who drive them all your lives. And unless the chauffeur is a member of your own family, I would not advise you to go more than five inches away from your home with him. If a car ride is good for you it is also good for mother, so take mother along, even if she has to run behind or sit on the tires. People in the country want cars to get into the city, people in the city want cars to get into the country. The country people have all the advantage as regards the automobile as they usually have plenty of space in which to store it and have no garage expenses. What people living in rural communities need even more than pleasure automobiles is the big auto truck that will gather up their produce and rush it to market. If there is any market within a reasonable distance. Such trucks could be owned collectively. The auto truck has brought prosperity to many an isolated region. Everyone eventually will have an automobile. Why not when one firm alone can turn out a thousand a day? Better get to a place before you start that never get there at all, and don't forget that the man who contemplates buying an automobile should first see that his grocery bills are paid, his account at the general store settled and all other debts cleared up. The sight of a man rolling along the highway at fifty miles an hour with a car for which other people have paid, a man who is in debt up to his ears, a road hog who pushes the farmer's buggy into the hedge and carries away a couple of its wheels as souvenirs is a sight to make the gods weep. Better go on foot with your bills paid, than be flying around putting on a lot of lugs and owing everybody.

FLORENCE, NERB.

**DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:**

I am a young woman just past twenty and have been married four years to a good man, though we have had a hard time almost ever since we were married. A little over a year ago I became ill and we tried ten different doctors, one said one thing ailed me and one another and still I do not think one of them to this day knows what was the matter with me. On the fourth of July they took me to Omaha and placed me in a hospital. My ailment was in my right knee. They kept me there a while and hung an eight pound weight on my foot so as to draw my limb down, as it was drawn up to my body. Then they took me to the operating room and put a plaster cast on my limb from my hip to my ankle. Then they sent me home to my mother at Florence and in a week I was suffering so from the cast that I had to have it taken off. Then they took me to a lady doctor who adjusts the spine. I was there two weeks and she did me no good. Then they took me to the hospital and cut my leg off six inches below the hip joint and the doctors were promising me I would soon go home, when two weeks later they took me back to the operating room and cut out two inches of bone and the good doctor had not understood their business and just wanted to graft a little more and afterwards sent us their bill for two hundred and fifty dollars. Then it seems I had to have an artificial limb and that cost one hundred dollars, so you see Uncle Charlie, we have been put to plenty of expense. Our doctors' bills amounting to five hundred dollars in all with our hospital bills. I know this world isn't right in any way, when people have to be robbed of everything, and we hope some day to see things different, perhaps they will never be so for us but maybe for our little son.

My husband is a good man and doesn't chew, smoke or use liquor.

Wishing you good luck and health. Your friend,

MRS. CHARLES ELLASSEN.

Poor Mrs. Ellassen, you certainly have had a hard time of it, and it is no joke to have to go through life, hard as life is today, with the loss of a limb. You are however a little hard on the surgeons who attended you. Two hundred and fifty dollars does seem a lot of money to pay for an operation, but there is another side to that matter. That operation saved your life, and if there were no good surgeons you would have had to die. Of course there are surgeons and surgeons, just as there are singers and singers. Some surgeons are inexperienced butchers and ought to be locked up for life where they can do no harm. There is positively no man on earth who is quite so dangerous as the man who attempts to perform a major operation (that means an important and risky operation) without the necessary skill, ability and experience, and this experience can only be acquired in our best medical schools and big hospitals. In the country a doctor has to do many things on account of the isolation of himself and patient, that he would not do if he were in the city. The country doctor has to be an all-round man, and it's hard to get men who are equally expert at surgery and medicine. The only men who are really competent to perform serious operations are those expert surgeons who are constantly operating from one year's end to the other in our big city hospitals. Constant practise gives skill and confidence. The skillful surgeon is to my mind almost, if not quite, the most important social asset we have. You didn't realize when the doctor was operating on you that he might have been up the best part of the previous night, operating without charge on two very urgent appendicitis cases, for every minute counts in appendicitis. The surgeon is at times intensely fatigued and one slip of his knife may mean a tiny wound on his finger with blood poison and death to follow; yet he must go on with his work for delay may mean the loss of a life. There were five operating surgeons in the big hospital in which I spent eighteen months, and two of them, men of great reputation, died from blood poisoning contracted while operating. Crippled and poor as you are, if you could live the life of one of these men for one day only, you would be glad to lay his cross down and take up your own. Two hundred and fifty dollars does seem a lot of money and is a lot of money, but there were four years when the doctor was working and studying, the four best years of his life, when he got nothing. Then again to every operation for which a doctor receives two hundred and fifty dollars, he usually performs four or five for which he gets nothing, and at all times he is risking his life

and always has to be at the public's beck and call. Surgeons are seldom rich men. The great specialists make comfortable fortunes, but their incomes are trifling compared to those of great lawyers and men who run our profit making business machines. The surgeon has to work for himself. The man who does his own work seldom makes much money. It is the man who sits back, does nothing and makes others work, who is the wealthy man, the Rockefeller, the Carnegie. Now as regards that second operation. That was hard on you, but it was done for your good. A surgeon always wants to save as much of the human body as he can, and to disfigure it as little as possible. If he could have saved that extra two inches of limb, it would have meant a great deal to you in the way of comfort and therefore health. After the operation they doubtless found that the limb would not heal properly, and there was still an infected portion that needed removing and so that there might be no diseased flesh or bone necrosis left to do its work of destruction, they operated again so as to be doubly sure that all was right. If you had lived in New York you could have been operated on in a number of big hospitals absolutely free of charge, and you would have been given just the same attention in the operating-room at least, as though you were a millionaire. Out of that two hundred and fifty dollars, the physician who gave the anesthetic would probably receive twenty-five dollars, so you were not so badly treated after all. Of course you were very foolish to allow anyone to manipulate your spine with the idea that it would heal a diseased knee. They might as well have manipulated your shoe. They however, did succeed in successfully manipulating your pocketbook, for they can all be trusted to do that. There are more charlatans and humbugs, fakirs and rascals in the medical or so-called medical business than in any other line of effort on earth. Of all professions in the world there is not one that is so necessary to remove from the sphere of tainted commercialism as that of medicine, surgery and all other healing arts. To commercialize the work of conserving health, preserving life and preventing suffering is a sin. The government will tell you how to cure a bog if it is sick, and send an expert to see you do the job properly, but if your baby is dying from pneumonia, Uncle Sam has nothing to suggest, no relief to offer you. This is not exactly your Uncle's fault. There are two warring medical factions in this country, as there are in all countries. One medical cult does not want the government to officially recognize the other cult. They would rather see everyone in the boneyard than admit allopathy was better than homeopathy or vice-versa. Outside these two great bodies are thousands who want to die or get well after their own fashion, either by manipulation, electricity, hypnotism, prayer, incantation or any other bug, but the individual bug happens to be obsessed by, I speak with some authority on this topic for in order to promote business, please sympathetic friends and complete the ruin of a depleted pocketbook, I've tried everything in the healing-line that science can invent, craft devise and greed suggest. We should all contribute something to a national health fund so that in time of sickness, as is done in Germany and England, we could have medical treatment free of charge and a weekly allowance in case of sickness, an allowance that is continued all one's life if one is chronically ill. In Great Britain if you are in the employing class and have a hired girl, every week she pays a few cents, the employer pays a few cents and the government pays a few cents. These payments entitle the employee to free medical attention. Drugs too are supplied free. At the birth of a child the mother receives quite a neat little sum as well as free medical attention. To have the masses of the people under skilled medical care means a vast improvement in the health and well being of the people as a whole. Prevention is better than cure. Soon we shall be sensible enough to allow only healthy people to get into the world and it is along the lines of preventive medicine and eugenics that the salvation of the race depends.

NORWAY.

**DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:**

I am a little girl nine years old. I live in Norway. I go to school. I like to read the column in the COMFORT very much. My sister and I had a boogie last summer. We named her Betty. She had a white face. We called her very pretty. First we broke her to the halter. Then we broke her to a harness. Then we broke her to one of papa's wagons. We drove her all over the fields and met the neighbors. My sister and cousin was out riding in the field and they came to a clover patch and a bee stung Betty and she gave them a merry ride for a rod or two. We had two lambs last summer. One was my sister's, and the other was mine. We had lots of fun with them until one of them got ugly and we had to sell them. I like to slide very much and skate. I think that you made up a good rim about Texas. I would like to have you make a rim about Norway.

THELMA ROBBINS.

What a pity Thelma, you didn't tell us the name of the state you live in. There is a Norway in Europe, and nine Norways in the United States, so I'm afraid you'll be denied the pleasure of receiving any letters from the numerous admirers who will want to write to you. I could not decipher the postmark of your state, it was illegible as most postmarks are, so I cannot locate you. I have printed your letter just as it was written, and it is a very dandy letter for a little girl like you. You say you named your cow "Betty" and called her "Very Pretty." What was the good of naming her Betty if you were going to call her Very Pretty? I'm simply astonished at the way you treated poor Betty. I've heard of people breaking up housekeeping, but I never heard of anyone breaking up a cow, the way you broke up poor Betty. You have her go broke three times, and after you get her shattered all to pieces you make an automobile of her and chase her in all directions, and to add to the poor thing's misery, you let a bee sting her. It seems

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to me that Betty deserves a pension for all she has gone through. She must look like a pocket edition of Belgium, and that's going some. You say that Betty gave sister and cousin a merry ride for a rod or two. I wonder how much of a ride she'd have given them under an umbrella or two or for a dollar or two. I've a good deal of sympathy for anything that goes broke, even if it is only a cow. I've been broke so many times myself and I know how it feels. Even our china tea pot has gone broke. I'm glad you enjoyed my rhyme about Texas. So you want me to make a "rim" about Norway. Well, the sea has put a pretty good rim around Norway. I don't think I could improve on it. The Goat says that you want me to make a rhyme about Norway similar to the one I made about Texas. I suppose Thelma you think you have set me a very hard task, but you haven't got me this time. You will have to try again if you want to trip me up on the rhyming business so here goes:

There was a young man of Norway,  
His health was in such a poor way,  
That he got so thin he looked like a pin  
As he used to slink through the doorway.

There dearie, I think that will hold you for a while.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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# Little Stories about George Washington

## Washington Addressing His First Congress

**A**S President Wilson has, after these many years, and for the first time since the days of our Great Washington, gone back to the practice inaugurated by him, of reading his messages to Congress personally, it will be of interest to note the account given in an old record of the manner and dress of the first President addressing his Congress.

A spectator has left the following description of the scene and of how it impressed him.

"I stood before the door of the Hall of Congress in Philadelphia, when the carriage of the President drew up. It was a white coach, or, rather of a light cream color, painted on the panels with beautiful groups representing the four seasons. As Washington alighted, and ascending the steps, paused on the platform, he was preceded by two gentlemen bearing large white wands, who kept back the eager crowd that pressed on every side. At that moment I stood so near I might have touched his clothes; but I should as soon have thought of touching an electric battery. I was penetrated with the deepest awe.

"It pervaded, I believe, every human being that approached Washington; and I have been told that even in his social hours, this feeling in those who shared them never suffered intermission. I saw him a hundred times afterward, but never with any other than the same feeling. The Almighty, who raised up for our hour of need a man so peculiarly prepared for its whole dread responsibility, seems to have put a stamp of sacredness upon His instrument. The first sight of the man struck the eye with involuntary homage, and prepared everything to obey.

"At the time I speak of, he stood in profound silence and the statue-like air which mental greatness can bestow. As he turned to enter the building, and was ascending the staircase to the Congressional hall, I glided along unseen, almost under cover of the skirts of his dress, and entered into the lobby of the House, which was in session to receive him.

"At Washington's entrance there was a profound silence. House, lobbies, gallery, all were wrapped in deepest attention. And the souls of the entire assemblage seemed peering from their eyes as the noble figure deliberately and unaffectedly advanced up the broad aisle of the hall between ranks of standing Senators and members, and slowly ascended the steps leading to the Speaker's chair.

"The President, having seated himself, remained in silence, and the members took their seats, waiting for the speech. No house of worship was ever more profoundly still than that large and crowded chamber.

"Washington was dressed precisely as Stuart has painted him in full-length portrait—in a full suit of the richest black velvet, with diamond knee buckles and square silver buckles set upon shoes japanned with most scrupulous neatness; black silk stockings, his shirt ruffled at the breast and waist, a light dress sword, his hair profusely powdered, fully dressed, so as to project at the sides, and gathered behind in a silk bag ornamented with a large rose or black ribbon. He held his cocked hat, which had a large black cockade on one side of it, in his hand, as he advanced toward the chair, and when seated, laid it on the table.

"At length thrusting his hand within the side of his coat, he drew forth a roll of manuscript which he opened, and rising, read in a rich, deep, full, sonorous voice his opening address to Congress. His enunciation was deliberate, justly emphasized, very distinct and accompanied with an air of deep solemnity as being the utterance of a mind conscious of the whole responsibility of its position, but not oppressed by it.

## Washington's Laughter

The assertion that Washington never laughed arose from his habitual reserve.

"There," said John Adams, as he gazed for the first time on Stuart's portrait of Washington, "is a man who kept his lips shut—which this old fool never could."

On one occasion, however, Washington laughed immoderately. This was when his friend Van Horne tried to catch a pig.

Van Horne was of uncommon size, very bulky and strong. One day he ordered a black boy to catch a pig that it might be roasted for dinner. The boy was chasing the pig as Van Horne came on the scene. The pig, not wishing to be roasted, refused to be caught. "Stand aside, you awkward boy," said Van Horne, at the same time throwing off his coat and hat; "I'll show you how to catch a pig." After many twistings and turnings, which amused the negroes, Van Horne caught the pig, and holding it up in triumph while large drops of perspiration ran down his face, exclaimed in a voice that was heard above the squealing of the captive: "There, boy, that's the way to run down a pig!" As he spoke, he turned around, and there was Washington, who, with his suite, had entered the yard. Van Horne, with a ludicrous expression of surprise and confusion, tried to speak to the General, but was thwarted by the kicking, squealing pig, while Washington's sides shook with laughter.

## Washington's Love for His Slaves

One of the most touching anecdotes of Washington is told by Bishop Meade of Virginia. The smallpox broke out among the slaves. Word reached him from the plantation late at night. He started on horseback and rode until morning, stopping only at a church by the way. There he prayed to God for the lives of the poor creatures dependent on him.

## Washington Exports a Slave

Observation and reflection gave Washington ideas on slavery far beyond his century in sagacity and morality. He owned slaves and was very kind to them. Nevertheless he exported one of them to the West Indies for sale because unmanageable in spite of good treatment, as shown by the following extract from a letter of Washington's:

"With this letter comes a negro, Tom, whom I beg you to sell in any of the (West India) islands, for whatever he will fetch, and bring me in return for him one hhd. of best molasses, one hhd. of best rum, \* \* \* limes \* \* \* tamarinds \* \* \* mixed sweetmeats, and the residue, much or little, in good old spirits \* \* \* This fellow is a rogue and runaway."

He evidently never exported another negro, but used this up as a warning to his other slaves, who doubtless pushed to the extreme his consideration for them.

## Washington's Religious Nature

Rev. Lee Massey, for many years a rector of Washington's parish and an intimate acquaintance of the latter, says: "I never knew a constant attendant on church as Washington."

His behaviour in the house of God is so deeply reverential that it produces the happiest effect on my congregation and greatly assists me in my moralizing labours. No company ever held him from church. I have often been at Mount Vernon on the Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests. But to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God, and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For, instead of staying at home out of false compliance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."

## Washington's Veracity

Washington's truthfulness was a marked quality in his boyhood. There is a story told that is not apocryphal, illustrative of this. Among the plantation horses there was a span of grays of which Mrs.



Washington was particularly proud. One of them had never been broken to the saddle. Some of George's young visitors proposed, one afternoon, to try the dappled gray on horseback. But the spirited animal set them at defiance, until at last, young Washington himself succeeded in mounting. The frightened animal dashed off at full speed, but George, who was a fearless rider, gave the gray full rein, and never stopped until the blooded beast fell beneath him in utter exhaustion.

He had conquered, but the valuable and highly-prized gray was severely, perhaps fatally, injured. He knew that his mother would be angered as well as grieved at the loss of her favorite; but, true to his nature, he immediately hastened to her, and told of the tragedy, just as it happened.

The mother's reply reveals to us the influences which formed the character of her son: "I forgive you, George," she said, after a moment's pause, "because you have had the courage to tell me the truth at once. If you had deceived me, I should have punished you."

## Washington's Belief in Providence

The words of Washington when elected to the Presidency touch the greatest heights of sublimity. He said: "When I contemplate the interposition of Providence, as it was visibly manifested in guiding us through the Revolution—in preparing us for the reception of a general government—and in reconciling the good will of the people of America towards one another after its adoption, I feel myself oppressed and almost overwhelmed with a sense of Divine munificence."

Upon his assumption of the Presidency we find these words, uttered by him: "It would be peculiarly improper to omit, in this first official act, my fervent supplications to that Almighty Being who rules over the universe, that His benediction may consecrate to the liberties and happiness of the people of the United States, a government instituted by themselves for these essential purposes."

## Washington Applying a Dream

One of the best anecdotes of Washington concerns the mysticism of the youthful George when his mother endeavored on one occasion to explain to him that it was God Almighty and not his earthly father whom he was to thank for blessings bestowed.

After Washington's success in reducing Ft. Duquesne and dispersing the savages, we find the mother of the young officer who had suddenly sprung into such prominence, recalling a remarkable dream which she had had years before. In it she saw George battling with the flames which were rapidly destroying a fine large house and reassuring his mother with, "Oh, ma! don't be afraid! God Almighty will help us, and we shall soon put it out."

## Washington's Dislike for Profanity

In the summer of 1781, a man who was plowing in a field near the Fishkill road, became very impatient with some difficulty in his work, and began to pour forth violent oaths. Just then three horsemen in military undress, who were riding by, paused, and one of them asking for information concerning the road, thanked the plowman for his answer, and added: "My friend, I am older than you, have many times been placed in positions of danger and difficulty, and have had many things to perplex and annoy me; but I have always found that it did no good to get angry, and that neither broken plows nor anything else can be mended or made better by the use of profane language." As he made a bow, the speaker rode on. It was Gen. Washington.

## Washington's Advice to Louis Philippe

When Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France, was an exile in this country, he was for a long time a guest of Gen. Washington at Mount Vernon. One morning the Frenchman arose earlier than usual, and found Gen. Washington riding over his estate. Louis Philippe said: "Why, general, you are an early riser." "Yes," replied Washington, "I rise early because I sleep well. I sleep well because I have never written anything which I care to recall. Young man, remember that."

## Washington as a Schoolboy

When a boy at school he never fought with his companions, "for," said he, "a man should not conduct himself like an ill-conditioned dog."

At the age of thirteen he drew up for himself a set of rules, one of which was, "To labor to keep alive in my breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience."

When he was an officer in the army, he insulted a young man, one of his companions, who struck him in the face. Washington's language was, after the blow, "strong and offensive." The other officer waited that afternoon for a challenge; but, to his astonishment, Washington came himself the next morning to call upon him, and made a full apology, and frankly acknowledged that he was much to blame.

## Washington the "Daddy of His Country"

Initials may be made to stand for a great many things for which they were never intended.

An old negro servant who had noticed "Washington, D. C." stamped upon envelopes received by his mistress, said one day: "I jess like to know, Miss Hannah, w'y dey allus put dem letters 'D. C.' arter de name ob Washington, on dem envelopes?"

"What do you suppose they stand for?" inquired the mistress, who always enjoyed the old man's answers.

"W'y," said Sambo, after a moment's reflection, "I's been t'inkin' dey mos' likely stood for 'Daddy of his Country'; but I wa'n't 'xactly shuah an' sartin' but w'd dey might mean some udder t'ing; fer Wash'n'ton he was a great man, an' 'pears like dere's a mon'sous deal to be said about him."

## Lafayette's Love for Washington

During the darkest period of the Revolution Washington had become unpopular, and Congress appointed a "Board of War," the object of which was to appoint General Gates, hero of Saratoga, as Commander-in-chief of the army. The plan of

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this "Board of War" was to meet at York, Pa., summon Lafayette to the banquet, and there offer him the command of the Army of the North, in a dramatic manner, that would signify that great honors should be assigned to him in return for his loyalty to them, rather than to Washington. As Commander-in-chief of the army, Washington had not been consulted, except indirectly, in regard to the plan of this great Northern campaign. The invitation was sent to Lafayette. The "Board of War" assembled, with Gates as president and as the head of the illustrious Company. Lights filled the hall, and the tables sparkled with wine. The American flag was there, and the lilies of France. The dark purpose of the banquet was not known to all. The American officers were not intemperate men. Baron de Kalb, who served the American cause, was a total abstainer. But in those days the wine cup if not the wine, went with the toast as an emblem of loyalty. They began to lift their glasses in honor of the heroes. The toastmaster named the name of Gates, the hero of Saratoga. The banquet hall rang with applause. Then he named the name of each hero of the war, one by one. The glasses gleamed, and the hall rang with cheers. At length the list of heroes was completed. The name of Washington had not been mentioned.

The tall, slender form of the young marquis arose. "Hear! hear!" said all. All hearts beat in expectancy. There was silence as he stood before them. Lafayette surveyed the Board, who awaited with breathless expectation for what he had to say. "There is one toast," he said firmly, "that you omitted." Hearts stood still. He continued: "I propose to toast the Commander-in-chief of the American army—George Washington."

He lifted the glass alone and in silence. The cabal saw that their plan had failed. The scheme of the "Board of War" to supersede Washington was thwarted. The son of France had been true. He seemed to have extinguished his own light. To Lafayette, standing there amid deserted hearts, that moment was one of those victories of the vanquished that rise like stars in the memory of mankind.

## Items of Interest

The German village of Remborn has a linden tree which is more than 1,200 years old.

Nearly \$1,000,000 is now on deposit in school savings banks in 1,149 schools throughout the United States.

Illiteracy is practically banished in Prussia. Out of 165,841 army recruits in 1911, all but 24 could read and write.

The government of Uruguay has engaged an agricultural expert from the United States to organize an agricultural school in the Republic.

A simple tool that twists two or more wires together as it is drawn along them has been invented by a Texan. This will come in very useful.

The extent of the reindeer industry in Alaska under the United States Bureau of Education is indicated by the fact that it covers a territory as long as from Maine to South Carolina. If a line were drawn through the 54 herds it would stretch more than 5,000 miles. There are over 38,000 reindeer in these herds, two thirds of them owned by natives. The value of the reindeer owned by the natives is estimated at \$600,000, and from them during the past year was derived an income of \$25,000 in addition to meat and hides consumed by the natives themselves.

PROMINENT JUDGE DWELLS ON EVILS OF DRINK. —Intoxicants and their evil effects were severely scored in a Georgia court. A son was charged with killing his father and injuring his mother while in an intoxicated condition. Of

whiskey, Judge Hill said: "It is a hydra-headed and remorseless monster, which with a ceaseless and tireless energy, wastes the substance of the poor, manufactures the burdensome taxes for the public, monopolizes the time of the courts, fills the jails, penitentiaries and asylums, destroys manhood, terrorizes helpless women and innocent children and mocks the law. Answering its inexorable demands, each new morn new widows mourn, new orphans cry, new wrongs strike heaven in the face." Judge Hill is a very competent man and the people know it.

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THIS complete manicure set comes in a handsome white box which does not show in illustration. It consists of cuticle knife, nail file, cream jar, powder jar and buffer. Each piece is full size and has the popular Parisian Ivory finish. While this set is not as large as some manicure sets yet it contains all the necessary articles for the proper treatment and care of the finger nails. We know that every woman or girl who receives one of these sets will be highly pleased with it. We are giving it away as a premium on the terms of the following:

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

MONUMENT, COLO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you please sit over and make room for a Colorado sister?

So many of the sisters seem to think they must neglect the home and family to vote that I will tell how I spent election day. In the forenoon I did my regular family washing, scrubbed my kitchen and prepared dinner, waiting on a sick husband the while. After dinner I tidied the entire house, five rooms, and at three o'clock was ready to cast my vote for prohibition. While at the City Hall I saw the saloon men bring in three weak-minded boys and, of course, they cast their votes for whiskey, for the ruin of your boys and girls as well as mine. I was gone from my home just one hour. Is that neglecting duty? Sisters, let us value ourselves above weak-minded men and drunkards and help to make the laws. You don't need to quarrel with hubby. Listen to his advice, then when the time comes to vote, vote as you please.

A few words about the training of children. Teach them to obey from babyhood. I have two little girls, Lois Alice, aged twelve and Anna Yvonne, aged four; both dear, sweet little girls. Sometimes I have to punish, but oh, mothers, how much better that is than to hear them say in after years, "Mother neglected her duty, or I wouldn't have had to suffer so." Sisters, do you realize that there are now a hundred fallen girls to one in our grandmothers' time? Why? Because grandma taught her children to obey. My oldest girl has been reared in a small town, about the worst place on earth, and still she is a pure-minded girl. She is never allowed to play on the street but comes home from school, and never was out at night without mother. I never deny her anything without giving my reason and I believe in teaching nature. They learn it at school and it is much better for mother to tell them in a pure way. Teach your boys to be pure and half the evil of the world will come.

Will some of the COMFORT sisters give my little girl Lola Fimple, a post-card shower March 14, her twelfth birthday?

Wishing all success,

MRS. NELL FIMPLE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Is the "corner" large enough, or can you make room for one more sister, and a young bachelor girl at that?

First I will describe myself and then you will have a faint idea of what kind of looking person is talking.

I am five feet, two inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown hair, dark blue eyes, a complexion that varies with the seasons, and as to age, COMFORT is older than I am.

Now for my home. I live in Fallon County, which was just two years old the third of November, on a claim joining that of my parents. We are about three miles from Medicine Rocks, which was a favorite meeting place of the Indians to mix their medicines, etc. Many names from all parts of the country, as well as pictures, are engraved upon them. One may spend more than one day exploring the caves, running about, under and over them and then not see all the different isolated ones, some of which are called "Odd Fellows' Castle," "Devil's Saddle," etc.

Our nearest town is Ekalaka, which is fourteen miles from us, but when the county gets the new road completed, it will be only ten miles.

About twenty miles away, where we get wood, posts, poles and logs, are large government reserves of pine timber. The government gives the timber free to claim holders. It also gives the coal all one has to do is dig and haul it. The mine where we go is only about four miles from here.

Mrs. Englerth. When I was a child my folks lived in Mecostor County, Michigan, just north of Lakeview, and found it much different than your description. It was pine stump land and very sandy. Dry weather was the usual thing. I am glad though that it is different around your town.

Mrs. H. F. of Nebraska. I certainly feel sorry for you, living in a thinly settled country, twenty miles from the railroad. Why my friend we live forty miles from the railroad and to hear the train even whistle would be a treat, and last winter we lived a month at a time without seeing a neighbor. As to narrow-minded people, I believe we could have welcomed "feeble-minded" person just for a change and called life exciting.

Most of the settlers in this section are married folks. I depend mostly upon letters for my pleasure as it sometimes is very lonesome.

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters and would be pleased to hear from them. I will answer all letters received. If anyone would like to hear more of this country I will be glad to answer any questions they care to ask.

The next time I write, if this is not refused space in the corner, I will try and describe my little home and some of the advantages and disadvantages of this part of Montana.

Your sincere friend and sister,

RITA CROSSAN.

TOPEKA, IND.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is certainly rightly named. As I have not written before, you'll all want to know what I look like. I am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred and seventy pounds, have blue eyes, dark hair, am twenty-three years old, have been married nearly three years, and have a dear little baby girl, Ethel Fern, eighteen months old. She is healthy and cheerful from morning till night. I have a good husband which means a good deal. What would a home mean without love and peace.

We live on a farm of one hundred and forty acres, which we have rented, and raise peppermint, corn, wheat and oats.

Maybe some of you do not know how peppermint is raised. It can be planted in the fall or spring. The first year it is planted in rows and cut with the scythe and distilled and the produce is oil. The next year it is plowed under and when it grows up it is cut with the mower and distilled again; the oil is worth from one dollar to three dollars and fifty cents a pound.

Hope to hear from some of the sisters. My maiden name was Henschel Hersberger.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and sisters,

MRS. AMOS I. SCHROCK.

CLIFTON, OREGON.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND MRS. WILKINSON:

Just keep your seat everybody, as I haven't time to stay very long. I want to ask a favor. Will the sisters who live in Oregon and Washington, who know of homestead land near them, please write to me and describe it and tell me of the climate there and also what crops are raised in that locality? I will return the favor any way that I can. We want to take a homestead this spring if we can find one.

I am twenty-two years old. Have been married six years to a dear good "Tom." We have one sweet little girl who is five years old. In regards to punishing a child, I do not believe in continually "pounding" them. But I do think that a healthy spanking when they deserve it, will "work wonders." Don't punish them when they tell the truth. Tell them it will be all right this time "but don't do it any more."

At bedtime every evening my little girl tells me everything she does during the day. I tell her where she does wrong and that she must not "do that any

Club-Raisers Please Read This

IT IS easy to get up clubs for COMFORT and easy to get your orders filled. The rules given here may help. Please read them over carefully. Then send in your club.

1. Send us your FULL name and COMPLETE address and the FULL names and COMPLETE addresses of your subscribers. (We can't send premiums until we get complete names and addresses).
2. Write clearly (or print) names of subscribers and towns, as they are often hard to make out unless written VERY CAREFULLY.
3. Please give both name and number of the premium you want.
4. Go carefully over our offers and be sure that you send the number of subscriptions called for and the correct amount of money.
5. Married women should use their husband's initials.
6. Don't send your own subscription alone and expect to get a premium. If you send your own subscription and want a one-subscription premium you must send the extra amount called for, generally 10c.
7. Don't send us the name of a new subscriber and ask us to send the premium to this person, as well as the magazine. This we cannot do, under any circumstances. We must send the premium to you, the club-raiser.
8. A renewal or an extension counts the same toward a premium as a subscription.
9. A 50-cent, 3-year subscription counts as 2 subscriptions toward a premium.
10. Our Canadian subscription price is 50c a year, 2-year renewals 75c.
11. Read the suggestions for getting up clubs on the front page of our premium catalogue. It will help you to get subscriptions more easily.
12. Send your remittance by money order, registered letter or stamps. The money order is the best and safest way and costs but a few cents.

more." She very seldom repeats the same offence.

Best wishes to COMFORT sisters, Mrs. Wilkinson and Uncle Charlie.

Would be glad to hear from old schoolmates if they see this in print, Mrs. DELLA (HADDIX) CHAPMAN.

O'NEALS, CAL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you permit a California sister to join your happy circle? I am one of the many readers of dear COMFORT and think it a grand old paper.

I am the mother of a dear little baby girl seven months old and I find COMFORT Sisters' Corner helpful in many ways, especially on rearing children.

My husband and I have a homestead in the foothills on which we raise grain and some stock. We are surrounded by rolling hills, timber and plenty of rocks. The timber is mostly of white oak, live oak and the bull pine. The pine trees bear lots of pine nuts every year which are grand eating, although they are hard to get as you have to climb the trees which are full of pitch. Have any of you sisters eaten any? They grow in large cones about the size of a five pound lard bucket. The oaks also have lots of acorns which are fine for fattening hogs.

We raise our own meat to kill every winter, which is a big help.

Wishing all COMFORT sisters God's blessing,

MRS. CLAUDE SELLARS.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove paint from hands or wearing apparel, wet in kerosene and wash at once.

Mrs. H. R. GODLEY, McKettuck, Mo.

When washing glasses, a bit of bluing in the water will add to the brilliancy.

INA MAY CROOK, Lawrenceburg, Tenn.

Glycerine will remove iodine stains.

Use your accumulation of common white wrapping twine to crochet table mats on which to place hot dishes.

Fasten a clothes pin to a stick and place cloth in the clothes pin, for use in water too hot to place the hands in.

A cloth book cover to your cook book gives two excellent pockets in which to place recipes cut from COMFORT magazine, where they will be handy for you to refer to them.

A horseshoe covered with cloth makes a good thing to keep the door open, as it stops the door from blowing either way. Sometimes the door is high enough from the floor to require two horseshoes bound together.

Mrs. ABBIE SCHILLER, Browning Ave., Ignacio, Colo.

It is well to remember that a bottle of pennyroyal left uncorked in baby's sleeping room will keep mosquitoes away.

For removing rust or iron stains from any wash fabric, wet spot well with juice of an onion and sprinkle with salt. Place goods on warm (not hot) flatiron and pat gently. The spot will disappear.

Oil of sassafras sprinkled on shelves, etc., will drive away ants, cockroaches and flies.

You can make your old silver look like new if you will apply the following: One half ounce salt, one half ounce alum, one half ounce cream of tartar and two quarts of water. Stir frequently until dissolved, bottle and shake well before using. Apply with soft cloth. Let dry for about ten minutes, then polish with chamois skin.

If the kettle in which syrup is being boiled is greased with butter two inches down from top, it will not boil over.

Mrs. F. J. SCHULY, Melrose, Mont.

Remedies

Used in water as a daily gargle, borax keeps the throat healthy and is good for cleaning the teeth. It disinfects and prevents decay.

MISS CLARA HODGES, 115 Lancaster St., Albany, N. Y.

FOR WOMEN.—Give children twenty to thirty pumpkin seeds once a week for two months. This cured my children when other things failed.

Mrs. CHLOE SHONK, Spencer, Ind.

STINGS OF INSECTS.—Apply Hartshorn or water of ammonia to part.

MRS. BENTON ZIEGLER, Junction City, Kans.

WHOOPIING COUGH.—Take equal parts of honey, sweet oil and vinegar; simmer together over the fire a few minutes, then bottle for use. Dose, teaspoon as often as necessary.

For kidney trouble make a tea of mullein leaves, strain and add a tablespoon of whiskey to keep it from souring. Dose a wineglass three times a day.

MRS. A. BRADSHAM, Jerseyville, Ont.

RHEUMATISM.—Cook Irish potatoes till soft, leaving peelings on. Mash and bind to affected parts. Renew when cold.

R. A. CLARK, Stephenville, Texas.

SCIATIC RHEUMATISM AND LUMBAGO.—Rub the painful part with very warm, green or yellow sweet oil (olive oil). Rub it with hand in the skin, a downward stroke. Sit before an open fire and let it burn in, so to say while you are rubbing it on and in, until the skin is dry.

MRS. PETER C. JACOBSON, Palestine, R. R. 5, Box 94, Texas.

COTON REMEDY.—Get a quart of good whiskey, and take Indian turp root about size of an egg, cut in small pieces, and put it in the whiskey, let stand a day, and when you have a cough take a good sup three or four times a day. If cough is very bad, take often, every two or three hours. It is believed to cure consumption if taken in time. Ten cents' worth of Rock candy may be added. It sweetens the whiskey and is good for cough.

MRS. MAUDE CRAFT, Thaxton, Va.

Requests

Mrs. R. Wells, Bridgeville, Cal., wants poems, "When the Sunshine Comes Again," and "If You Love Them, Tell Them So."

Ethel Hamm, Quincy, R. R. 1, Ind., wants poem, "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle Rules the World," and song, "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

How to make lemon cake, banana cake and how to pickle pig's feet.

How to make hog's-headcheese.

Will the lady who said to drink tar water for asthma, kindly tell how to prepare it and how much to take, and if the oil of tar would be all right to use.

Mrs. B. HAMPTON, Scotia, 124 Glen Ave., N. Y.

Will any reader of COMFORT inform me where I could obtain the book entitled, "The Old Village."

Mrs. G. W. FORREST, Moberly, R. R. 5, Mo.

Cure for neuralgia.

Missing Relatives and Friends

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three 12-month 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new

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15-months 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent 15-months subscriptions yearly for every seven words.

Wanted—Information of George Lord Baker and family, last heard of in Jersey City, N. J. in 1912. Notify his mother, Mrs. Ann Ellen Baker, 1010 S. Staunton, R. R. 1, Box 75, care R. T. Swartzel, Virginia.

Wanted—Information of James Lauper, last heard from in Portland, Oregon, eight years ago. Miss Helena Moll, Gardfield, 11 Palsade Ave., N. J.

Wanted—Information of William J. Bennett, whether married or single, a blacksmith who once worked at Cony Ferry, Montana. Notify James L. Taylor, 353 North Davis St., Helena, Montana.

Comfort Postal Requests

How to Get a Lot of Souvenir Postals Free

Exchanging Souvenir Post Cards is no longer a fad but a custom as firmly established as letter writing, and more convenient and pleasant. By entering this Exchange list you are enabled to accumulate cards from every state in the Union and Foreign Countries. To secure the appearance of your name in the Exchange List it is necessary to send a club of fifteen months 25-cent subscriptions to COMFORT and fifty cents to pay for same. We will send you a very nice FIFTY Card Album for Post Cards, and your name will appear in the next available issue of COMFORT, and you will be expected to return cards as all received by you.

Miss Florence Combert, 3216 Ave. P., Galveston, Texas. Elmer Preston, Mingo, Box 85, Ky. Mrs. Nellie M. Shoemaker, Lock Haven, R. R. 1, Box 88, Pa. Stanley Shoffer, Hooper, Box 66, Nebr. John A. Stillwell, Fairacres, Alberta, Canada. Mrs. Mary C. Smith, 110 Oxford St., Syracuse, N. Y.

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French Pearl Pendant With Chain

Prem. No. 7202

Given For A Club Of Two

FRENCH Pearl Pendants and Chains (also called "Lavalieres") are always in style and many new hand-designed designs are being worn this season. One of the prettiest designs we have yet seen is shown in the accompanying illustration. The pendant is made up entirely of a large number of tiny French pearls and set with either four Emeralds or four Rubies whichever you prefer. The gold-plated chain is 15 inches long and fastens with a reliable safety catch. We will give you this handsome Lavalier free upon the terms of the following:

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



## Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

E. McC.—I am taking the privilege of asking you a few questions. I was one of COMFORT's subscribers who took advantage of COMFORT's offer of Plymouth Rock eggs as a premium. I received the eggs in fine shape, none broken. Hatched eleven chicks. They took white diarrhoea. Having never had the disease among my chickens, I knew nothing about the trouble, but have raised four pullets and two cockerels. Now, it is about those cockerels I want your advice. The one is a long-bodied, long-legged, long-necked bird, feathered out first, crowned first, has small comb and wattle. His legs are strong and thick. The other is a beautiful bird with shorter and broader back and fuller breast; good stocky legs and lovely neck and saddle feathers; larger comb and wattle than the other; in fact, he is beautiful. Which bird is better to keep for breeding? If you will kindly inform me I will be very grateful.

A.—Should keep the heavier cockerel, as he seems much the better bird. Am glad you had such a good hatch from the eggs COMFORT sent you, and I hope that this spring you will be able to raise a good flock from the pullets.

A. G. M.—Please tell me in the next issue of COMFORT, are White Leghorn chickens champion egg producers? (2) How do the White Wyandottes compare with the Leghorns in egg production?

A.—Leghorns are generally supposed to be the greatest egg producers. I prefer the White Wyandottes, especially in parts of the country where the winters are severe.

M. J. C.—I always look for your articles in poultry and enjoy following them. I enjoyed the article on caponizing, and had a good laugh about how clever you were to escape the instruction. Now I should have been right on the job—as the boys say—for I graduated from a training school and then worked fifteen years, and I say to my friends when they wonder how I can draw squabs, that I know nothing in comparison to seeing a person sick or suffering. I have pigeons, and try to raise chickens, and try to get my hens to lay, but they seem more content to just sing. I have thought I would try caponizing sometime. If I ever got a start. Can you give me some pointers on dry picking broilers? I have the most trouble with the two and two and a half pound size. I am so slow about it, and the skin does not stay. I cut birds pick four in an hour. I tie the legs and hang on a nail, then slip a salt bag up on the body, over the heads. That prevents them from breaking the wings, which I did have a great deal of trouble with when I looked the wings. I can pick squabs quite rapidly, but the broilers get me. I am simply a rag when I get one dozen picked. I still have about ten broilers to sell—have sold over 100. If you can help me, I will be very grateful. I winter about 150 hens, am trying turkeys, have only five—my first trial. Have a pair of white guineas, and about 600 pigeons. I wish that I might know you personally.

A.—I am afraid I can't teach you how to dry pick on paper. One of the cases where practice makes perfect. Thanks for saying you would like to know me personally. I have had the pleasure of meeting many of our COMFORT readers at poultry and agricultural shows throughout the country, and it is like meeting an old friend. I enjoy it thoroughly.

F. C.—There are a few questions I'd like to ask concerning my chickens. It was through your columns I decided to keep some. I got one dozen hens and a cock from a friend (Brown Leghorns) last summer (1913). Set the pullets in the street (loose) and got 17 pullets. They started to lay Nov. 22nd, hatched June 21st, so they did well. I crossed these this spring with a full-blooded R. I. cockerel (Nuttley's strain), and now my troubles begin. I had one with a sore eye came out of the house one morning, closed up tight. I washed it with peroxide, swabbed out the mouth, and kept her in a small run. There was a small cockerel with one eye on one side of her mouth. I kept her two days and then killed her. I was afraid it might spread. Three days after, there was another, sister to the other; I treated her the same way. She recovered, and has just laid her first egg. I gave all of them some roup remedy for a week, so there is no sign of any more; all doing well and starting to lay. The reason I ask you about this, I saw an article in the October number relating to sore eyes. You answered the party and said it was caused by improper feeding. Now I have thirty-two and one cock and a young cockerel hatched in May. I want him for next season. He is of a different strain from the cock (also Nuttley's). I killed off all the old hens I had at first, also the R. I. cock. I have the seventeen B. L. from last year; six pullets of the crossed breed; nine pullets R. I. R. of eggs I got from the party I got the cockerel from. I had nineteen cockerels, but fattened them for the table and killed them. Now my house is eight by ten. I have three roost sticks, two windows. One I have covered with muslin. Attached to this on the south and west side I have an extension of glass. West side ten feet, south eight feet, and six feet deep. The glass slants so the sun shines in all day. I put in a litter of straw and hay sweepings. In November I laid March. After that I feed in the dirt and take out glass. I whitewash every two months until Nov., and then I spray with disinfectant. The litter is changed every two weeks. I keep tobacco stems in the nests under the hay in winter, and use sand all summer. The dropping board I clean every morning, while they eat, so I can tell if they clean up all the feed. While the weather is good they go on range, have six acres of weeds and sod. (It will be building site some day, as I am just caretaker for a real estate company.) There is lots of clover and when it freezes over, I feed cabbage, beets, and any other vegetable I can get. My method of feeding (summer): One quart scratch in dirt, 5 A. M., one quart bran, corn-meal, middling, meal scrap, damaged because they can't scratch it out, noon one half to two quarts scratch or cracked corn, 5:30. Winter: One quart scratch in litter, 6:30 A. M., according to light; one quart bran, corn-meal, middlings, alfalfa meal and one pound fresh ground green bone, noon: one head of cabbage or other vegetable, 2 P. M. I feed in a two-inch wire mesh doubled over and nailed on wall, and the hens pick it out between the wires. Two quarts whole corn at 4 P. M. Now, what I want to know is, whether to feed meat when giving the bone. The party I got the eggs from said not to feed both, and do I give enough or too much, and did the sore eyes come from the feed, or is it roup?

A.—Your method of feeding and care for your chickens is all good. I think the trouble was due to cold only. Examining the house: there may be some knothole or crack which causes a draft which strikes the birds when they are on the perch. You checked the trouble so soon that I hope you have avoided all serious difficulty. Green bone and meat scraps should not be used at the same time. I use green bone in winter, when it is easy to keep, and dried meat scraps in summer.

Mrs. J. M.—Will you please tell me why my hens do not lay? I have ten from last year, and twenty that were hatched the first of April this year. I only got one or two eggs a day from old hens and none from young ones. I keep houses and yards clean, plenty of fresh water. I feed warm mash of bran and meal mornings, cracked poultry food at dinner, and corn and oats at night. They have plenty of green feed, such as grass, cabbage and sprouted oats. They are in a quarter acre lot and have plenty of grit. They seem to be perfectly healthy and are not lazy. I have fifteen pullets that were hatched first of June. They are large as hens. When ought they to begin laying? My chickens are S. C. Rhode Island Reds. They took the prize at the county fair this fall.

A.—From your description I fancy the old hens and the twenty pullets hatched the first of April commenced laying soon after you wrote me. The others, hatched in June, should have commenced laying in December. Unless forced from babyhood, Rhode Island Reds rarely commence to lay before they are seven months old.

R. R.—Will you please tell me through your paper how old a Dark Brahma pullet has to be to breed from?

A.—Brahma and Cochins, and all such heavy breeds, should be over nine months old when used in breeding pens.

M. B.—I want to know if any of the sisters can tell me remedy for sore head in poultry, and what causes it. My poultry are bad with it now; what can I do to prevent it?

A.—I fear your birds have roup, or at least a severe cold bordering on the roup condition. It is safe to treat all bad colds which show no swelling at the head or eyes as roup, for, if neglected, a cold is liable to develop into that dread disease, and it is safer to take immediate steps to prevent such a calamity. Remove all such birds from the flock and confine them in small, dry coops, which may be kept in a shed, or some dry place, far removed from the general roosting place. Dissolve a teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium flakes in one pint of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the mixture with half a pint of water. Moisten a small piece of cotton in the lotion and bathe the bird's face and eyes with it. Then, if you have a medicine dropper, fill it, and squeeze ten or twelve drops of the lotion down the bird's throat, and two or three drops into each eye and nostril. If you have no medicine dropper, use a clean wash feather. Feed lightly on mash food. Repeat the treatment twice a day for a week, and unless the bird shows unmistakable signs

of improvement at the end of that time, kill it and burn the carcass.

H. O. S.—Something is the matter with my hens and pullets. One side of their head swells and eye swells shut and is that way for about two weeks or longer. It is very hard and yellow, but gradually goes away. It must be catching, for it has affected four now. They just drop around, but I have lost none with it. Their quarters are clean, dry and well ventilated.

A.—The condition you describe suggests a tumorous growth, but, as four birds are affected, I think it must be the result of cold. Open the bird's beak, and notice if there is any disagreeable odor to the breath. If so, the case has developed into roup. But if there is no odor, it may be only a case of canker, which is only mildly contagious. In either case, I advise you to disinfect the chicken-house, feed and water dishes. For method of treating birds, please read answer to M. B.

No Name or Initials.—I keep my chickens in a pen about fifty by one hundred feet. The young chickens get to be nearly grown, and then their wings drop down, and their feathers all fluff up, and they sit around and die. Sometimes they will eat good, and sometimes they won't eat at all, and they just seem to sleep till they die. I thought at first they were of the hot weather, but now it is cold, and they die just the same. I feed them oats and wheat in a litter, and then I feed mash with Prussian tonic. Nearly all that die are roosters—some pullets. I hatched nearly three hundred and I have lost nearly all. I have the Plymouth Rock mostly. I give them carrots and alfalfa meal to eat also, and oyster shells. I have tried nearly everything, and I can't find anything that will stop it. Can you tell me? Sometimes their heads turn dark before they die.

A.—The hens must be constitutionally weak, or else the ground of the henyard has become foul and the birds are infected with intestinal worms. As soon as the weather will permit, scatter freshly slaked lime over the ground and after twelve hours have it plowed, harrowed and sown to oats, or to some quick growing crop. This will kill infection, and sweeten the earth before the birds are let out on it in spring. Try not to keep old and young stock together. Go through the flock and try to clean it up now, before the breeding season starts. Remove at which about he made of slats one inch apart, and the coop should rest on short legs, so that the droppings can fall through out of the imprisoned birds' reach. Withhold supper after the birds are put into the small coop, and early the next morning give them a small quantity of mash, made by moistening ground grain with castor oil—about half a teaspoonful for each bird. Feed so that you can be sure that each bird gets a fair portion. Clean up all the droppings about every two hours and burn. About midday the birds can have another light feed. Keep them on short rations for two days, and then repeat the oil mash once more. When the whole flock has been dosed in this way, add a little nux vomica and tincture of iron to the drinking water, to tone up their systems.

W. J. D.—Will you tell me what was the matter with my ducks, and at what age do they begin to lay? I have ten, five hatched on the 14th of June, and five more the 26th of June. When they were about two months old they got something wrong with them; couldn't walk; would fall over on their backs and some of them would crawl along. It seemed to affect their throats, as some of them can hardly quack. I gave them COMFORT's Poultry Food, and rubbed their joints with a liniment. They eat heartily all the time. Will it affect them in breeding, and how can you tell the drakes from the ducks? My ducks are Indian Runners.

A.—Indian Runner ducks should commence to lay when from five to six months old. Leg-worminess is usually caused by overfeeding of grain. Mash for young ducks should be made of equal parts of ground oats, corn, and a full mouth's new wheat bran. You can distinguish the drakes from the ducks by the two small feathers that curl up on the tail of the drake.

E. W. S.—I noticed in the Poultry Dept. an item about turkeys. I, too, raise turkeys, and I think if G. K. and J. L. J. will try giving their turkeys raw linseed oil, they will find it a great benefit in their trouble. I have always had trouble with turkeys dying at the time when they "shoot the red." G. K. described my trouble with turkeys as well as I could myself, and this treatment is all we ever found to do any good. I give a very young poult one tablespoonful of the oil, and a poult after it is two months old and on up until it is grown two tablespoonfuls. If they are not better by a day or two, I repeat the dose. I have also found this the only cure for limberneck in chickens. I give a young chick a tablespoonful, and an older or a grown chick two tablespoonfuls. I think it safe to say this will cure nine out of every ten cases if given at the start. I have not lost a sick turkey since I was told of this remedy. I hope this will be of value to others in trouble.

A.—The above is a letter from a subscriber, which I am sure will be appreciated by many of our readers. I have never tried raw linseed oil, but as castor oil is a very useful remedy in many poultry ailments, I can understand that the linseed oil may be just as serviceable.

P. R.—Please tell me how old pigeons have to be before they commence laying and nesting? I read in COMFORT that a pair of pigeons require a box two feet long, one foot high, and the same wide, with a partition through the center. Please tell me what the partition is for.

A.—Young pigeons pair and commence to lay when about five months old. You ask, why put up a partition through the nest box. It is done to divide the two nests necessary for each pair of breeders. The female pigeon lays a second clutch of eggs and commences to set when the squabs in the first nest are about two weeks old, and as this double family goes on all through the breeding season, the two nests are nearly always occupied. If there was no partition through the center of the box, the young squabs would bother the mother bird while she was sitting. The male pigeon feeds and takes care of the half-grown squab, and often feeds the female while she is sitting.

H. H. Y.—I have read several times different articles about using artificial light in henhouses for the purpose of making hens lay more eggs by giving them more hours of light for working. I supposed the articles were true, but some of my neighbors say not. As you are an authority on chickens, will you please answer

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through your columns in COMFORT and oblige. A.—It is quite true that some of the larger poultry plants have installed electric lights in chicken-houses, and use them for a few hours during the short and dark days to enable birds to feed from 3:30 until 6 o'clock, as they do in summer. When artificial light is used, it is turned off gradually, so that the house becomes dimly lighted, which drives the birds to the roosts as naturally as the sun sinking drives them to bed during the summer.

O. B.—Will you please tell me what ails my chickens? I am almost worried to death about them. The disease is going through the country, and several neighbors have lost nearly all their birds. Nothing we do seems to do any good. They look perfectly healthy when the disease strikes them, and eat heartily till they get so blind they can't find anything. The first signs are small knots or bumps coming around the eye, and just keeps coming until the entire head is covered with a mass of feverish corruption, and soon feverish all over, but some are red till they are almost dead; then turn yellow. They run on range, and eat mostly rice in hull. Feed some corn once in a while. Never had any trouble before. I am sending a stamped and addressed envelope, so if you can tell me what to do, please answer by return mail if possible. Have only lost one so far, and one more sick. They get plenty of good fresh water, and have a good house, but lots of mites. I am an old subscriber.

A.—The birds have what is known as chicken or bird pox, which is a contagious disease, so remove them from the rest of the flock, clean and disinfect house, water dishes and feed troughs. Rub vasoline or some pure grease over the head and face to soften the hard skin, and after allowing it to sink in for half an hour, bathe with warm soapy water. Dry on a soft, clean rag, and then anoint with carbolic vasoline or a solution of boric acid. Repeat once a day until a cure is effected. I am sorry, but it is against our rules to answer letters by mail.

## Help From One of Our Readers

I find the following prescription a good preventive and cure for little chicken cholera or white diarrhoea. I also keep it out for my old birds and have no trouble with cholera.

One gill of diluted sulphuric acid and one half pound of copperas dissolved in one gallon rain-water. Dose: one tablespoonful in each quart of drinking water. This prescription costs fifteen cents. Mrs. W. G.

Of course you have. For W. H. Gannett, Publisher of COMFORT, not only holds the key to over a million and a quarter of homes, but to the hearts of his readers as well.

The fact that you have such a high regard for the publisher of your favorite paper is all the more reason why you will be doubly interested in a letter we have recently received from his wife, Mr. Gannett himself says that the helpfulness and good cheer that radiate from the pages of COMFORT have much of their inspiration from her. Here is her letter, word for word, just as we received it:

Mrs. W. H. Gannett, Wife of the Publisher of COMFORT,

Writes that She Would Not Take \$1,000 for Her 1900 Washer

AUGUSTA, MAINE, NOV. 9, 1909.

The 1900 Washer Co., Binghamton, N. Y. GENTLEMEN—I tell my friends I would not part with the 1900 Washer for a thousand dollars. It works to perfection; washing my clothes as white and as clean as possible and doing my washing very easily and quickly. It happened the machine came one of the hottest days of the year, and as my wash woman was late that day I thought it was a nice time for me to give it a good trial. I was certainly very happily surprised to find how quickly and easily a large washing could be done without my getting so very tired. Thus I was able to do my washing, hang out my clothes and visit my friends out of the City all in the forenoon. At another time I arrived home at ten o'clock Monday morning and as the woman I had engaged to help me was ill at home, the 1900 Washer again came to my rescue and I was able to get the washing all done before noon. The more my servants use it the better they like it, and we could not keep house without the 1900 Washer. It has saved the price of the machine many times and there is no wear and tear on the clothes washed in this way.

I am voluntarily writing you this letter hoping it will be the means of helping other housekeepers to overcome some of the difficulties and drudgery of wash day, for if they will only TRY the 1900 Washer I know they will always use it, as I find it works just as well washing small linens as it does for heavy wool blankets or bed spreads and table cloths. Hoping you will be able to place a 1900 Washer in every home in the land, I am,

Yours very truly, (Signed) Mrs. W. H. GANNETT

## How to Wash Without Work

Write for Free Book About the Wonderful Washer That Almost Runs Itself

This Washer has a whirling motion and moves up and down as it whirls. A tubful is washed in six minutes! Washes anything from rugs to gaiters and lace. Does it better than is done by hand or with any other washer. And actually pays for itself.

Women who have used the Washboard all their lives just rub their eyes in amazement the first time they see a 1900 Washer at work. They exclaim: "Can it be true that it washes clothes clean in six minutes!" They take out the clothes when the six minutes are up, and are sure enough—they're white and clean, exactly as Mrs. Gannett says. You just ought to write and get one on Free Trial, so you can see for yourself.

## Four Weeks' Washings Done FREE! Washers Shipped Everywhere on Trial

We pay the freight. We give you a genuine Free Trial. We don't ask for cash or notes. You get the Gravity Washer just by asking for it. An entire month's use of it (four weekly washings) FREE. This free trial will tell you more than we could in a page of this paper. How it saves backache and arm-ache and perspiring over a steaming tub, rubbing the skin off your fingers. Thousands of women are now using the 1900 Gravity Washer. They tried it first—at our risk. We simply sent the Washer and let it tell itself. Send for the beautiful free book, "Washing a Tubful in 6 Minutes." This story of the 1900 Washer is of fascinating interest. You should read it. Address, The 1900 Washer Co., 1436 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. Or, if you live in Canada, send to The Canadian 1900 Washer Co., 356 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

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A.—The specimens that you enclosed were the "Harquin" or the "cabbage-bug," otherwise known as the "Calibacab," the "Firebug" or the "Terrapin-bug." The latter name is derived from its fancied resemblance to a turtle. It is called the firebug because it withers the plants on which it feeds as if struck by fire. This adult insect rests over winter in cabbage stems and under leaves and emerges in the spring and lays its eggs on wild mustard and kale. The larvae take about two weeks to reach the adult stage and during this time suck the sap of plants on which they feed. The best means of control is to plant trap crops of kale or the cabbage at different times. The bugs prefer kale to cabbage and may be destroyed with a trap crop by the use of pure kerosene spray. But this spray must not be used on cabbage as it will kill the plants. While oil soap spray, two pounds to the gallon of water, will kill every bug it touches without injury to the cabbage, but must cover the bug to be effective, hence cannot be depended upon.

THE SILO QUESTION.—WHAT BREED OF HOGS?—Is silo a good thing for the farm? What breed of hogs best to raise if you intend to kill and market them

**Wagon molasses.**—(1) This is no farmer's or small grower's product and keeps like any stock, especially dairy cows, and afford to be without a silo. The day is coming when every farm will have such a storage place for corn. Silos are being put in on practically every up-to-date farm in the corn belt. (2) This is not so much a matter of breed of feed and care. Either the Poland-China or the Jersey Red breed will supply pigs that can be marketed early and the degree of development will depend upon the care given the hogs. Berkshires also are suitable, at least of the large hog type.

**SEASONING HOME-GROWN TOBACCO.**—I would like to know how to season home-grown tobacco for chewing. I raise it and get it dried and cured well enough, but don't know what to put in it for seasoning.

I. L. S. Martins Ferry.

**A.**—Licorice and molasses are used to flavor or sweeten chewing tobacco, and honey is sometimes used the same way. You will have to do some experi-

ment to get the right proportions. Much licorice  
 ken right along tends to upset the stomach (indiges-  
 tion).

GARDEN HUCKLEBERRY.—Do you know of a kind of  
 berry called the "garden huckleberry"? If so, please  
 tell me where I can get the seed or plant. I want  
 the Ohio State Agricultural Experiment Station  
 tested? (3) I am a widow and own a small place in  
 e country. What would you advise me to raise on it  
 yield me a living? I take comfort and think it a  
 paper. My husband, M. L., Metairie, Ohio.  
 GARDEN HUCKLEBERRY.—The wild species  
 sought under cultivation. Since the bushes are easily  
 unsplanted and do well under this treatment they

have been given special attention especially in the stern states. Any reliable horticulturist or concern with a nursery business should be able to supply the young bushes. (2) Your exterminator station is located at Wooster, Ohio, C. E. Thorne, Director. (3) Poultry and gardening is a good occupation for a woman on a small piece of land, provided you are located near a satisfactory market. Consult the Extension Service of your Agricultural College, Columbus, Ohio.

—Take this matter up with the animal husbandry department of the agricultural experiment station of your state as they no doubt can send you free bulletins giving you the special information you require for successful hog raising in your district and state. Also write Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. for bulletins on this subject published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

**STOPS TOBACCO HABIT**  
Elders' Sanitarium, located at 504 Main St., Joseph, Mo., has published a book showing the bad effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be stopped in three to five days.

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 will give free a watch fob to anyone sending us \$1.00 for a year's subscription to Hunter-Trapper-Trapper, a monthly illustrated magazine outdoor sports. We know you will say after reading the 12 copies of it is worth double the price. The regular price of the fob is .50c, we will give it **FREE** with a year's subscription. Don't delay, send \$1.00 today. This offer may never be made again. Address, **HUNTER-TRAPPER-TRAPPER, Box 829, COLUMBUS, OHIO**


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## A Thorn Among Roses

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

estly scanned her animated face. "How would you like to become an applicant and try for the prize?"

"Why Judge Ashburton, surely you are laughing at me, or you would never propose such a thing!" said Alice, flushing. "New York is three thousand miles away, and the trip would be out of the question, even if I were competent to undertake such a debate."

"I am not afraid to have you take your stand with the brightest of them," said her friend, with an air of mingled pride and confidence. "I am very proud of my pupil, and as for the trip—that could be easily managed."

Alice answered him with a skeptical little laugh, but her cheeks were scarlet, and she was saying to herself, with a feeling of intense yearning:

"Oh! if I could have an opportunity to try my wings, just once!"

"But I mean it, Alice," said the judge, earnestly. "To tell you the truth, my friend, who has written me of this—I've made my boasts about you to him a number of times—dare me to bring you to the front, and show him what you can do, and he is to be one of the jury. So you perceive that I am especially interested in this matter. Now, I have a proposition to make you. We will spend the next few days in studying up the questions involved in this coming contest; it will be capital practice for you, even though you should not succeed in being selected as one of the favored four. Then we will go over to America, taking May along to be company for you, and show my skeptical friend what Judge Ashburton's student is capable of in the way of argument, and in meeting and sustaining points of law. If you will do this for me, Alice, I will bear all the expense of the journey and promise you two girls a good time, besides."

"Oh, Judge Ashburton, you are too kind to me," Alice began, tears starting to her eyes in view of the enchanting project held out to her by her good friend.

"Tut! tut! Just put it the other way, and you will come nearer the truth," interposed the old gentleman. "To be perfectly frank with you, as soon as I read this letter from my friend, Judge Allen, and the papers relating to the contest which he sent with it, I at once set my heart upon having you try for this prize. Of course, I don't claim that you are going to win it, for I know that there are other smart folks in the world besides Miss Alice Weston, but I do claim that, if you will enter the list, you will give the others some hot work to win it away from you, and the fun I shall get out of the affair will more than repay me for the small matter of the expense of the trip. What do you say, will you go?"

"I shall have to think it over and consult mamma," Alice thoughtfully responded.

"Of course, that is right," put up your work, take a holiday and go to your consulting at once," said the judge, smiling, "and be sure you tell your mother that I make it a condition that May is to go along too. I know it will be a little hard on her to take both her treasures away at once, but I believe she will take a sensible view of the matter and make the best of it. Now, get your things on and be off, for I am as eager as a boy to have this affair settled."

Alice was thankful that he gave her the day, for this proposition had so excited her that she was wholly unfitted for work, and she readily obeyed him, donned her hat and wraps and started at once for home.

Mrs. Weston was no less amazed than herself at the project, and at first, was inclined to oppose it; but May was almost wild over the prospect of crossing the ocean and seeing the sights on the other side of the world, and would not listen to a word of objection from anyone.

"Why, mamma," she exclaimed, "it is such a wonderful opportunity. We would be crazy not to take the most of it, and then, just think! if Alice should win the prize, what a feather in our caps."

They all laughed at her eagerness, and the possessive case she had used, but it was finally agreed that the "wonderful opportunity" was one that must not be ignored, and Mrs. Weston gave her consent to the project, although somewhat reluctantly.

The judge was well pleased with her decision, and immediately set about coaching Alice for the approaching contest with all the enthusiasm which he had been wont to manifest in his more youthful days when preparing himself to defend a difficult case.

Alice was no less ambitious to do him credit, as well as herself, and threw her whole heart into the work, and before the day of sailing arrived, she was as eager for the fray as the veriest old war horse that scents the battle from afar.

Judge Ashburton told no one save Mr. Fletcher of his plans, for he did not wish to arouse any gossip over the matter.

In speaking of his contemplated journey to America to the other members of the family and to Lady Marchmont, he merely explained that business which necessitated taking his amanuensis with him called him to America, and out of consideration for Miss Weston, he had invited her sister to accompany her.

Thus the middle of March found our friends on their way across the Atlantic.

The voyage was a somewhat tempestuous one, but they arrived safe and well in New York, where they were met and warmly greeted by Will, who had come on from New Haven to meet them.

They took apartments at the Metropole, and, while awaiting the day set for the examination of applicants for the contest, Judge Ashburton managed to give his young charges a pretty good idea of the geography and topography of the great metropolis.

Finally the great day of examination dawned, and out of the two hundred aspiring barristers who applied to enter the arena, only twenty-five were ladies. Alice being the only one among these who was not American born.

This examination proved to be exceedingly interesting, and revealed the fact that most of the aspirants were brilliant and talented, the ladies especially so, and for some time it was doubtful if the number of contestants for the prize could be reduced to four. But, finally, one after another went down before the broadside of legal points and technicalities, until a Mr. Rockwell, from the Harvard law school in Boston, Mass., and a Mr. Vilbert of New York, alone stood their ground out of the hundred and seventy-five gentlemen; and a Miss Van Kirk, from Chicago, and Alice, out of the twenty-five ladies.

Then the day was appointed for the great contest and the mock trial, and other arrangements completed.

The two champion gentlemen were appointed as counsel for the prosecution, and the two ladies for the defense; while the case, as already intimated, involved many points of international law. A commodious place had been secured for the occasion, and this, on the day set for the fray, was filled at an early hour, not only by judges and lawyers, but by many distinguished society people who were fortunate enough to secure tickets for the unique affair.

When Judge Ashburton conducted Alice to her place, many curious as well as admiring glances followed her, for it had already been whispered abroad that she was a remarkably promising student and destined to shine a brilliant light in the legal firmament.

She was quietly clad in a costume of golden brown cloth, severely plain, but of exquisite fit, and she wore a small hat to match, with a dash here and there of pale pink that was vastly becoming to her.

She appeared perfectly at ease and without a vestige of self-consciousness, facts which added greatly to the charm of her presence.

The case was ably opened by Mr. Rockwell, one of the counsel for the prosecution, and as it proceeded, both young men proved themselves to be opponents of more than ordinary ability.

The prisoner was a well-known lawyer, and the witnesses on both sides were of the profes-

sion; and, as they all got warmed up to their work, the skill manifested in both attack and defense aroused the audience to the highest pitch of interest and excitement, until the scene became intensely realistic.

We cannot follow the case point by point, but both ladies and gentlemen acquitted themselves brilliantly in the gathering of evidence and in the examination of prisoner and witnesses.

The speeches of Messrs. Rockwell and Vilbert were keen, comprehensive and eloquent, and won many a nod of commendation from old-time judges and lawyers.

Miss Van Kirk made the first plea for the defendant, and her arguments were forcible, intelligent and to the point.

Then Alice took the floor, and the moment her clear, flexible voice sounded on the ear a hush of expectation fell over the audience.

She used no notes; she had studied the case so thoroughly and had made herself so conversant with every point and detail that it was outlined in her mind like a picture, which only needed the power of description to make it as clear and vivid to her hearers as it was to herself.

And she abundantly possessed that power.

We have previously alluded to her remarkable fluency of speech and this, added to the natural refinement of her manner and elegance of diction, together with here and there vivid and subtle flashes of wit, her utter lack of self-consciousness, her beauty and her great earnestness, which betrayed that she had thrown her whole soul into her work, all served to hold her listeners spell-bound and made them eager to catch every word that fell from her eloquent lips.

Judge Ashburton actually trembled as he listened.

"It surely must have been born in her," he said to himself, "for this is something more than talent—it is a gift. But I am glad the girl isn't going to pursue her profession, for no one man or woman could last very long to throw so much of vital force into their work. I never heard stronger nor more eloquent arguments in my life, while her delicate touches of sympathy and womanliness have lent them a charm that is irresistible."

When at last she sat down the hush remained unbroken for a full minute, after which there came a burst of applause so ardent and so prolonged as to be a veritable ovation, and was only checked when the court was sharply called to order.

Then came the summing up and the charge to the jury, whereupon those twelve august individuals—after conferring together for a moment or two—declared themselves ready with their verdict without retiring for discussion.

It was a unanimous acquittal for the prisoner. After this there was a little delay while the committee on award made up their report, which was at length voiced to the impatient audience by their chairman—a prominent judge.

While all the contestants were highly complimented upon their work, which, he said, had been of a very high order and promised a brilliant future, it became his pleasant duty to declare that the prize had been awarded Miss Alice Weston of Windsor, England, whom he most heartily congratulated for the signal triumph which she had won, not only for herself, but for her sex, in proving the point taken by Mrs. Voss, that woman is as capable of excelling in the various professions as man.

In closing, he handed her a beautiful purse containing the check for one thousand dollars, after which the court was dismissed and the audience dispersed.

Alice was immediately surrounded by a crowd of admirers, among whom were the young men who had been her opponents and who cordially admitted that she had bravely won the victory, and that they were proud to have been associated with her in the contest.

But she shrunk from so much flattery, and, having espied Will, signaled to the judge that she wanted to go, and gathering his party together, he led them from the room, and they were soon on their way back to their hotel.

But a startling surprise awaited them there.

It was a cablegram from Mr. Fletcher to Judge Ashburton, and read thus:

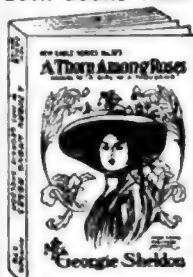
"Serious law complications have arisen; I need your immediate advice."

That was all, but it was sufficient to make the judge anxious to return at once to England, and he immediately hurried away to engage steamers for his party on the next outgoing steamer.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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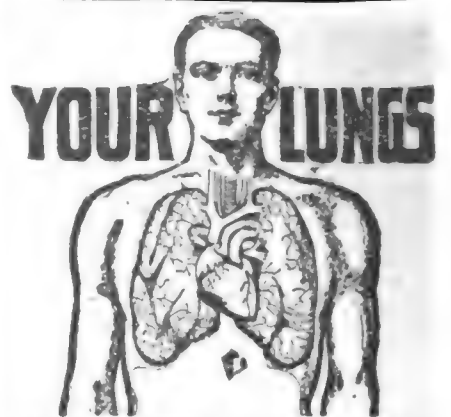
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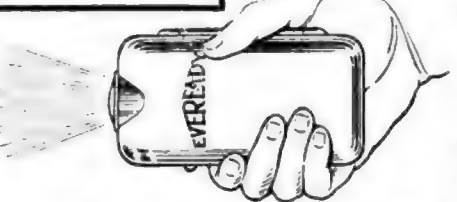
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Premium No. 708



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THERE are so many occasions when a flashlight is a necessity it would be impossible to name them all but there is one thing sure—it is the handiest and safest means of illuminating ever devised. We offer here one of the best pocket flashlights made. It is known as the "Eveready," which is certainly an appropriate name as it is always ready when you want to use it. But the greatest feature of this flashlight is its safety around inflammable material. In the house it lights up the darkest rooms or clothes closets, dark corners in the basement, in the garret; it may be used around gasoline, or powder, in the stable, in the barn, even in the hay mow, and there is not the slightest danger of fire. It throws a shaft of steady brilliance right in the teeth of wind or rain. The mere pressure of your finger starts and stops the light at your will and it is so small and compact that you can carry it around in your vest pocket where it does not take up any more room than a cigarette box. The "Eveready" is beautifully finished in polished nickel with a hinged bottom which opens to replace the battery and is equipped with a push button as well as a sliding switch for a flash or continuous light. It is equipped with a Tungsten battery and bulb and gives a surprisingly powerful bright light and the battery with average use will last from two to four months. When one battery becomes exhausted you can easily buy another one anywhere as they are on sale in every city and town in the United States. Or, if you prefer, we will furnish you with additional batteries free of cost in return for a few subscriptions to COMFORT. We will send you this flashlight with battery and bulb complete, ready for business as soon as you receive it, upon the terms of the following CLUB OFFER. For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you one "Eveready" flashlight as described above free by Parcel Post prepaid. (Premium No. 708.) We can also supply you with extra batteries for the "Eveready" at the rate of one battery free for a club of two 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each. (Premium No. 709.) Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



### Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

NOTICE.—As the privileges of this Bureau and of all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

Subscriber, Bangor, Ala.—A good way for a Southern farmer to get a Northern lawyer for the farm is to write to the E. A. Strout Farm Agency, Station 3027, 47 West 34th Street, New York City, and the American Investment Association, 77 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn., and M. V. Richards, Land & Ind. Agt., Southern Railway, Room 19, Washington, D. C., and F. H. LaRue, Agt., Norfolk & Western Railway, Room 203 N. & W. Bldg., Roanoke, Va., and engage the services of one or more of these concerns to find him a customer, as that is their business.

Mrs. C. L. S., Mt. Vernon, S. Dak.—Gold fish raising may be remunerative if you have fine facilities, fine breeds and are close to your market. You should be able to get instructions from the persons who sell you the fish, and if you will write to Hon. Hugh Smith, Commissioner, Fish Commission, Washington, D. C. you may get additional details.

T. J. N., Mohrland, Utah.—The electric light burns in a vacuum. If you do not believe this, break the glass of the ordinary incandescent bulb and see how quickly you will be in the dark.

Kiddle, Owensboro, Ky.—The national headquarters of the Salvation Army are in New York City and Mrs. Evangeline Booth is chairman with Col. William Pearl as Chief Secretary. The Department of the West has its headquarters in Chicago. The total membership in this country is 27,315 with 2,934 ministers and 872 churches. The Salvation Army has done and is doing great religious work among those needing it most and its efforts should be encouraged by all classes.

A. P. M., Minden, Iowa.—Send a full description with drawings of your invention to Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C. and you will be informed if you can get a patent on it. A patent will cost you sixty-five dollars; and a caveat, good for a year, will cost five dollars.

H. R. M., Coulterville, Ill.—You are mistaken when you tell us you think you have something in you better than being a farmer. Of course, if you mean the old-time farmer who farmed as his grandfather did, you are right, but in these days of modern farming, there is no occupation calling for all the best there is in a man equal to farming. It requires not only knowledge of the earth and its fulfurns but chemistry, machinery, stock, architecture, home-making, business and about all there is worth knowing. The new-time farmer will be the best man there is in this country, or any country, as soon as he has thoroughly waked up and knows how good a thing he has. You ask us for something to read that will inform you on subjects better than farming. There is none. What you should read are the best magazines devoted to farming, the best books written on the subject, and the reports of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, these latter costing you no more than the postage to write to your Congressman to have them sent to you, or write direct for them to the Secretary of Agriculture. Being a farmer should prevent your taking a course at your nearest Agricultural College. We are glad of the opportunity to say these things to you, even though briefly, for we want all the young farmers who read COMFORT to realize their opportunity and put themselves strong to the work of getting out of their farms all the value that is certainly in them by the new methods of farming. It is not an easy job and the land and the lazy will plot along carrying mortgages as they always have, but the live ones will get there and that in the most independent condition of any of the world's workers. Put that down as a sure thing and go to it, all of you young men who think there is nothing in farming.

Lawyer's Wife, Cannelton, Ind.—Mrs. Russell Sage was born at Syracuse, N. Y. in 1828 and her maiden name was Margaret Olivia Slocum. She has given to various institutions about \$15,000,000. To settle the dispute as to whether she lives in California or Indiana, where in the East, we wish to state that the latter location is correct.

Mrs. S. U. Marvel, Texas.—For information concerning the weather or other weather observers than the national, write to Hon. Charles F. Marvin, Chief of Weather Bureau, Washington, D. C. Devoe was at one time quite a well-known observer.

J. F. W., Riverside, Wash.—Again and again we have told COMFORT readers in this column that the violins they have with the Stradivarius and other inscriptions purporting to be of famous old makers were fakes and calculated to deceive the most ignorant and we suppose we must go on telling them the same old truth. Your violin is worth somewhere from three dollars up to seven dollars maybe.

Mrs. L. B. Ackerman, Miss.—You might get three dollars for your three hundred dollars of Confederate money, if it is genuine, as it probably is, though as little as it is worth there have been numerous counterfeiters to catch collectors. Write to the coin firms advertising in COMFORT and find out what they will give you. They are reliable. Dealers, however, never pay as well as collectors, but collectors are hard to find. Write to W. R. Benjamin, Editor The Collector, No. 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

Mrs. J. J. B., Merced, Cal.—Your inquiry for a button with the words "Please do not touch me," to pin on a baby suggests to button makers that such a button should be placed on the market as a protection to babies from the numerous silly people who can't keep their hands off of any baby they see. We don't know of any manufacturer making such a button, but we do know that many manufacturers should be making them and all the mothers in the land should be pinning them on their babies. Suppose you write to the Western Badge and Novelty Co., St. Paul, Minn., asking if it has them and if not, that now is the time to get busy.

Mrs. C. A. Taylor, Harold, S. Dakota, would like to have some COMFORT reader in the southwestern United States or of Mexico send to her some amole roots, or tell her what the price would be. For the information of other COMFORT readers we may explain that amole is known as the soap-plant, its roots being used in Mexico and the Southwest as a substitute for soap.

A. R. I., Indianapolis, Ind.—You will stand a better chance to sell your manuscript if you have it typewritten, however good your hand-writing may be.

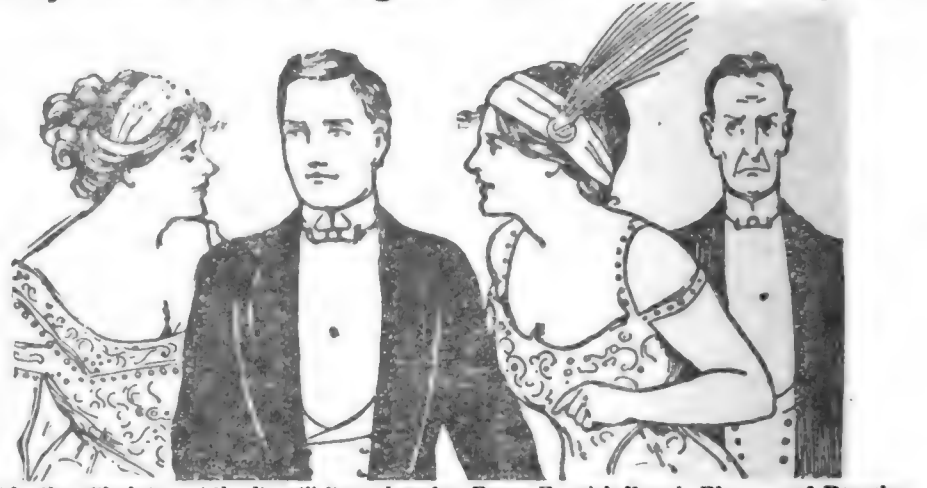
Mrs. S. W., Hooker, Okla.—There are about 250,000 miles of railway in the U. S. with a total capitalization of from eighteen to twenty billion dollars, doing a business of about three billion dollars a year. The value of the roads and equipment is between twelve and fourteen billion dollars. It is not possible for us to give exact figures, though you might get them from the Interstate Commerce Committee, Washington, D. C. If you want details, write to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, for list of books on government ownership. There's a lot of them.

Mrs. R. H. B., Florence, Kans.—To clean white furs, first remove the lining and lay them out as flat as possible. Give them a good rubbing with a stiff clothes brush, then rub with bran moistened with warm water. Rub until thoroughly dry and then rub with dry bran. Put the moist bran on with flannel and the dry with book-muslin. The furs may be next rubbed with magnesia, or a piece of muslin may be used. Rub against the fur. We do not guarantee that you will make a good job of it, or get them as white as they were at first, or as a skilled cleaner would make them. Better take them to a cleaner if you want a good job.

W. C. Nichols, N. Y.—You say you are a young jeweler just starting in business and you want us to tell you where you can get tools and material. Now,

## WE INVITE EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE

Every Reader of This Magazine to Get Fat at Our Expense



Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast" Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight. How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspepsias, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two-year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony, been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of thrashing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 12-B. Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day. But you say you want proof? Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS says: "I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. L. RODENHEIMER writes: "I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this

makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the greatest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sleep three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it doesn't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

### COME EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 12-B. Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and

PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

let us give you a bit of advice which will also be worth listening to by every person who reads COMFORT who is making a start. You are starting a business in which you hope to be successful, yet you are so ignorant of it that you don't even know where to get tools and material. Do you think ignorance of that sort is valuable capital to start with? You seek information from which at best can only be slight and superficial. Now why don't you invest a few dollars in a trip to New York or other nearby city where in a week's visit you can go about among jewelry shops, studying their insides and their outsides, looking at their displays on shelves, in cases and windows, posting yourself on the latest and best things in the jewelry line, which are the fashionable and unfashionable shops and then with some intelligence go to a dealer and buy in person what you need in tools and material? The trip might cost you as much as twenty-five dollars, possibly more, possibly less, but whatever it cost it would be worth a hundred times the amount to you in the very thing you need most to start business with. Waste no hundreds of persons and is it any wonder that so many fail? Knowledge is power and you've got to have knowledge or you are no good. After looking into the business, as I have advised, if you decide you like it, then get a chance to work as clerk in a jewelry store for a year or two and really learn the business before you start in for yourself.

Mrs. W. E. B., Kimberley, Minn.—Maine is in the wrong direction to secure local information about Montana. Go West, Madam, go West. For school information about that state write to Superintendent of Public Instruction, Helena, Mont. Every state has its own local school laws.

J. R. P., Lake, Wis.—Again we call the attention of COMFORT readers to the fact that all those magic dip needles and other finders of hidden treasure under the earth or elsewhere have been pronounced fraudulent by the government and dealers in them, if known, are refused the use of the mails. Waste your money some other way, you must waste it. But you had better read COMFORT and get wise.

Mrs. F. W., Miles City, Mont.—The number of old ladies' homes in each of the states is not recorded, except in the states. Write to the Secretary of State in any state where you wish information. Officials are nearly always glad to give information about the advantages their states offer. Entrance fees vary, going from nothing to several hundred dollars. Your only chance to get into a free home will be in your own state.

Mrs. G. H. B., Big Creek, Va.—The average artist does not make much money painting magazine covers, but the superior artists do exceedingly well, cover designs costing all the way from twenty-five dollars to ten times as much and more. Magazine illustration usually pays better than short story writing, counting by pages, and neither pays unless the work is high class. There are more artists than there is work for them to do, which means that only those who can give the editors just what they want get very much to do.

E. E. O., Ottawa, Ill.—Special training, which includes a wide knowledge of books, is required of a head librarian. Subordinate positions may be filled by persons of good, general education. The best training for the high positions is to be had in the libraries

themselves, beginning low down and working up as one's knowledge and adaptability to the work develop. In most large libraries now, examinations are held and subordinates are graded accordingly. It is not easy work and requires special ability.

Subscriber, Nixon, Texas. A Woman's Exchange is nothing more than a place where articles made and sent in by women of the local community are sold on commission. Pies, cakes, bread, needlework and other articles made by women may be offered, also butter, eggs and other farm products that the women produce. It is a good thing for the women, provided the woman who manages it must be reliable, well known and has good business ability. Indeed, her profits depend upon the amount of goods she can secure and sell. An Exchange may be conducted in a private house, if it is in a good street and conveniently located. Or it might be opened in a country store in a thriving community, with sales, say, three times a week. In town it should be open every week day, the same hours that the stores are open.

### Cancer—Worth Knowing.

No need of cutting off a man's nose or cheek or a woman's breast in a vain attempt to cure cancer—no need of submitting to the knife or burning plaster. Frequently one injection, in selected cases, of our Liquid Laboratory Product directly into the cancer or tumor instantly kills it. Write for free booklet to the Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind.

**Ladies' & Gents' FREE**  
Ladies' and gent's size, hunting and other styles. Free anyone selling our jewelry at 10c each. Order 20 jewelry articles at 10c each. When sold send \$2.00 and we'll send you a gold watch, richly engraved, new thin model, guaranteed watch of gold finish, richly engraved, latest design, fancy case, choice case. Other styles described with goods. Also 10c stone ring and chain. (Ladies' or gent's size.) ROBER JEWEL CO., Dept. 17, CHICAGO, ILL.

**TOBACCO HABIT** You can conquer it easily in 8 days. Improve your health, prolong your life. No more stomach trouble, no foul breath, no heart weakness. Regain manly vigor, calm nerves, clear eyes and superior mental strength. Whether you chew or smoke pipe, cigarettes, cigars, get my interesting Tobacco Book. Worth its weight in gold. Mailed free. EDW. J. WOODS, M 147, Station E, New York, N.Y.

**All the New Songs & Dances 10c**  
This long song book contains all the latest and most popular songs of the day, such as LOU & VERA, COUSIN, GUY, RAY, THE, IRELAND, etc. Also all the latest and most popular dances of the day. We send you a 10c song book and a 10c dance book. When sold send \$1.00 and we'll send you a beautiful song book, 10c. Also a beautiful dance book, 10c. The BEST SONG BOOK AND DANCE BOOK. Write for free booklet to the Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind.

**BEAUTIFUL BRACELET FREE**  
Full size, the GOLD PLATE, latest design. Give for selling 12 packs Hair Tonic & Dandruff Remedy at 10c each, we trust you. SMITH & DUNN CO., Box 68, WALKERSVILLE, MD.

**WILSON'S COREGA** Prevents Sore Gums. Corega is an Odorless, Tasteless and Harmless Antiseptic Adhesive Powder. Eat, talk, laugh, sing, cough or sneeze without annoyance or fear of embarrassment. Dentists and Physicians prescribe it. 50c. \$1.00, \$2.00 at drug stores or postpaid on receipt of price. Sample for 2-cent stamp. COREGA CHEMICAL CO., 407 Charles Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio



Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 703.  
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



**30 DAYS FREE TRIAL**

Total cost only **\$7.50** by **7 MONTHS TIME**

**to prove to you that this is the Sweetest, Purest, Loudest and Clearest tone— to prove to you that it is as large and handsome as the most expensive that sell at \$25.00**

**to prove to you that it has the strongest motor, the best reproducer and tone arm and the most ingenious device to start, stop and control the music.**

Shipped with a supply of 10-inch double disc records of your selection, so you can enjoy the finest entertainment for one whole month. Return the outfit **AT OUR EXPENSE** if for any reason you do not wish to keep it. Drop your name and address to us, and we will send you an unsolicited testimonial.

record book and other literature. They are free.

**S. H. DAVIS, 7-62 6101 May St., Chicago**

**FREE 39 PIECE ROSE and GOLD DINNER SET**

**We Pay All Express Charges**

The most liberal offer ever made. A beautiful dinner set sent free and we even pay the express charges. Any reader of this great offer can easily do the little service I require in a few hours of their leisure time among friends and neighbors. I have given away thousands of sets and I have one for you. Send me your name and address today.

**C. C. FRENCH, Mgr., 680 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

**FREE THESE 4 RINGS FREE**

Just send name and address. We'll send 24 packages Gold Eye needles and 12 thimbles. Sell 2 packages for 10c giving thimble free. Return \$1.00 and we'll send rings. Guaranteed real. Write to you. KEYSTONE NOVELTY CO., Box 500 Greenview, Pa.

**Big Sleeping Doll FREE**

Nearly 2 feet tall, completely dressed in satin and lace, beautiful picture hat and feather. Has slippers, underwear, stockings, etc. A perfect beauty. Send name and we'll send 8 set art picture to distribute on special offer of \$25.00 and money collected and we send doll free, also extra present. **M. O. SEITZ, 185 CHICAGO**

**THIS AIR RIFLE FREE**

for selling 12 packages Blaine at 10c each. Rifle first class in every way. When sold return our \$1.20 and we send rifle. **BLAINE MFG. CO., 329 Mill St., Concord, Mass.**

**GENUINE DIAMOND RING FREE**

Solid gold filled, guaranteed for 3 years. Set with small genuine diamond chip. To introduce our catalogue we will send this ring on receipt of 12c to help pay adv. **EAGLE JEWELRY CO., Dept. 22, East Boston, Mass.**

**ECZEMA**

can be cured. A trial of our mild soothing treatment should convince. No matter how severe. Dare us to prove it. Stops that terrible itch instantly. Write **BARRY CHEMICAL CO., DEPT. 20, 64 E. VAN BUREN ST., CHICAGO.**

**Throw Your VOICE!**

Into the next room, down cellar or anywhere. Fool your friends. Lots of fun. The **Ventriloophone** is a little instrument that fits in the mouth and cannot be seen. Boys or Girls can use it. Also Complete instructions on use of Ventriloophone & Art of Ventriloquism. Price **10c**

**ROYAL NOV. CO., Box 38 So. Norwalk, Conn.**

**FITS**

Example of my remedy has cured cases of Falling Sickness, or Epilepsy. Prompt relief guaranteed. **1 PAY EXPRESSAGE ON FREE TRIAL BOTTLE, if you cut out and RETURN advertisement. Write Sworn statements and hundreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS. Dr. F. Harvey Roof, Dept. 1308, Station K., New York**

**"KROSS-KEYS" Puzzle**

PERHAPS you think you are good at solving puzzles but here is a new one that will keep you guessing for a while. It can be done in six seconds but the chances are it will take you six hours, if not longer, to "get it." We will of course send you directions how to do it, but if you are "game" you will not even look at them. You will work it out yourself. It takes a week. As its name implies this puzzle consists of two keys on a key-ring. To all appearances they are locked together in such a manner that it would seem to be a perfectly hopeless task to try to separate them. But as you will find, it can be done and you can do it in a few seconds after you know how. "Kross-Keys" is new—just out—entirely different from any other puzzle ever invented and in our opinion beats every other puzzle we have ever seen. Thousands of them are being sold in the stores and by agents on the streets in the cities. Any energetic man, woman, boy or girl can make good money selling "Kross-Keys" puzzle in their respective neighborhoods because it is something that sells on sight. We are going to give you an opportunity to first secure one of these puzzles for yourself. Then after you see it and try it, we know that you will want more of them to sell to your friends and neighbors at a good profit. We will supply the puzzles free, you can easily sell them for 10 cents apiece and every cent you take in will be 100% clear profit to you.

**FREE OFFER**

**OFFER NO. 7221A.** For one new 15-month subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 25 cents we will send you one "Kross-Keys" puzzle. No money required. Free by Parcel Post prepaid.

**OFFER NO. 7221B.** For your own subscription, or renewal or extension of your present subscription for one year at 25 cents and 10 cents additional (35 cents in all) we will send you one "Kross-Keys" puzzle with directly by Parcel Post prepaid.

For a club of three 15-month subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send you one half dozen puzzles, or for a club of five 15-month subscriptions we will send you one dozen by Parcel Post prepaid.

**Premium No. 7221.**

**Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

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## Cubby Bear in Bad Company

### A Bedtime Story for the Little Ones

By Lena B. Ellinwood

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**L**ITTLE CUBBY BEAR ran into the house one bright spring day, calling, Oh, Mamma Bruin! What do you think? Redtop Woodpecker is home again, and he has wonderful stories to tell about the warm country where he stays in winter!"

Then Cubby Bear stopped short, frightened and unbelieving, for Mamma Bruin was wiping tears away from her eyes! Mamma Bruin was crying!

"Oh, oh!" cried Cubby Bear. "Dear Mamma Bruin! I never saw you crying before! Do tell me, what is the matter?"

"It is not right for me to cry," said Mamma Bruin, "but I feel so troubled about Grandma Bear. She has not been well through the cold winter, and I ought to make her a visit to find out how she is, and take her a basket of good things. But I am so lame I cannot walk so far."

"Oh, send me!" cried Cubby Bear. "I would love to go! Of course Grandma Bear would rather have a visit from you, but I think she would be glad to see me, too."

"Of course she would," agreed Mamma Bruin, "and you are a good little bear to want to go for me, but I could not think of sending you such a long way alone. It is far away, you would not know how to get there, and I could not have my little Cubby Bear lost on the big mountain!"

Just then there came a tap at the open door, and they looked up to see Foxy Reynard bowing and smiling politely.

"Good morning, good morning," he said cheerfully. "I was just passing by, and could not help overhearing what you were saying. I am glad I heard, for I am going over the mountain myself tomorrow, and will be glad to show little Cubby Bear the way to his grandma's house. I have called there many times, and know the way quite well."

"Oh, Mamma Bruin! do you hear that?" cried Cubby Bear, clapping his little paws for joy. "How nice that Foxy Reynard can show me the way! I have always wanted to see what was on the other side of the big mountain. Do say you will let me go!"

"I can help carry the basket, too," said Foxy sweetly. "Then Cubby Bear will not get too tired."

Mamma Bruin did not like to send little Cubby Bear so far, but at last she said he might go, and they both set about filling the basket for Grandma Bear.

"I will bake her a nice cake," said Mamma Bruin. "And send her some dried blueberries, too. Sassafras and checkerberry will be good to make tea, and mixed with the wild bees' honey which I shall send, will perhaps cure her cough."

The next morning was bright and beautiful, and Foxy Reynard called early.

Cubby Bear was ready to start, and kissed Mamma Bruin good by a great many times.

The air was chilly, but grew warmer as the shiny sun rose higher in the sky.

Cubby Bear could not walk soberly along the way, but skipped and hopped gleefully. He hoped all his friends would know he had gone on a long journey—too far to go in a day.

Pussy-willows in their spring coats of silver-gray fur nodded to him as he passed. Leaf-buds on the trees were swelling and bursting. Little green points that would be plants by and by were pushing their way up through the moist brown earth. It was good to be alive.

Here and there flaming red wintergreen berries peeped out from beneath their shelter of dark green leaves, and Cubby Bear nibbled at them delightedly.

Foxy Reynard helped to carry the basket, and told Cubby Bear many interesting stories. When they reached the mountain and the way was steep and hard, Cubby Bear often grew tired. Foxy Reynard was older and stronger, but he was always willing to stop when Cubby Bear wanted to rest. The basket seemed to grow heavier.

"We are near the top of the mountain now,"

### Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

ORIENT POINT, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Received the League button, certificate, and list of cousins desiring letters. Thank you very much for same. Was very much pleased with everything and I am going to try to live up to the rules.

Now Uncle, I would like to ask you a few questions. Are the cousins supposed to answer all letters received?

Now I've sent so many cards and letters to those that write in COMFORT, saying that they will answer all cards and letters received, but they don't do so much. Have received no answers from the many I've written to. Do you think they do right? I don't. They are not fair to themselves or to the ones that write to them. I think the League of Cousins is grand. Now, please Uncle, don't think I'm complaining as I'm not. I just wanted to know what you thought about it.

COMFORT is just a grand old paper, I wouldn't be without it for anything. I enjoy reading it so much. God bless you Uncle, you are doing lovely work. I only wish I had lots of money. Do you know what I would do with it if I had? I would give it to those who need it, for I know there are many that do need it. Jesus, said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And I believe it is. My heart goes out to those who are so sickly and in need of help.

Your ever loving niece, **MABEL LATHAM.**

P. S.—Uncle, if you ever come on L. I. don't forget to come and see me. I would love to have a chat with you.

Mabel, you are a dear sweet girl, the kind of girl I love. You live at one end of Long Island I live at the other. The nice people of this world always seem to get as far away from us as possible. Queer isn't it? Now Mabel, I've no doubt you feel you have a real grievance against those whose letters appear in this department. Those who write say they will answer all letters received, but you see they don't expect to get more than a dozen, but instead they get hundreds and thousands. One girl who had a letter in this department got 70,000 replies. They came a thousand a day for more than two months. That will give you an idea of the size of the COMFORT family. It would have cost a lot of money to do that. I would have replied to those letters, and it would have taken her a lifetime to have done it. When I'm going over the thousands of letters that reach me, in every hundred letters or so I will write across one or two that have touched my heart and brought tears to my eyes: "Answer positively." These I put aside. In a week or two I find I've got a whole drawer full of "Answer Positively" letters and maybe out of the whole bunch I'm only able to scratch a few lines on a postal card to one. Those who don't hear from me, and are entitled to hear from me, will realize what I'm up against when I tell them that I have a little niece in Australia who constantly pleads with me to write to her, and the best I've been able to do in three years is to send her a postal card and one letter, which I dictated to Maria. To show how good intentions off go awry I promised in the September issue to send to all interested the "Golden Keys" which would reveal the source of everything that had made life worth while to me. As a result of these good intentions on my part I found it would cost me thirty dollars for printing to carry them out. Those intentions however will be carried out when I get a little bit richer—if that time ever arrives. Those who have letters printed in this department are much in the position in which I found myself one Sunday when five friends who had come from a distance walked in quite unexpectedly and demanded dinner. I was sick and was not eating at the time. Billy and Maria had treated themselves to a small broiler, a juvenile chicken which weighed about three ounces. How we got out of that predicament I would never dare to tell. However I told Maria to go out in the street and shoot a horse, but

said Foxy, late in the afternoon, "but the rest of the climb is harder, and I think we will stay where we are for the night. Look, here is a nice place to rest, under these pine trees, and there is a spring of pure water not far away."

Cubby Bear was glad to rest. His paws were sore with climbing over rocks, and his back ached. But he was happy.

After eating supper and drinking plenty of water from the good, cold spring, Foxy Reynard lay down on a bed of pine needles, and was soon asleep.

Cubby Bear sat looking about him.

"I like the pine trees," he thought. "Their smell is sweet, and they are never still. And I like to see the sun go down—up here on the mountain. One can look far, far off, and see many beautiful things. I think I should like to live on the top of a mountain if my friends could be with me."

Very, very early in the morning Cubby Bear awoke from his night's sleep. Somewhere in the woods a bird was twittering sleepily. The world looked shadowy and gray, and a chilly breeze was blowing. Cubby Bear shivered, and looked to see if Foxy Reynard was awake.

Foxy Reynard was not there! The basket of good things for Grandma Bear was not there! Cubby Bear was all alone on the big mountain! He trotted around, looking behind bushes and calling, "Foxy Reynard! Foxy Reynard! come back! where are you?"

But Foxy was nowhere to be seen. Cubby Bear sat down on the pine needles, and four, round, shiny tears rolled from his brown eyes.

Just then he heard a sound he was always glad to hear.

"Caw, caw, caw!" came the cheery call, and looking up, he saw Shinyblack Crow flying down from the sky.

"Good morning, Cubby Bear!" he called. "Dry your tears, for I know all about your troubles, and have come to help you."

"You are so good to me!" cried Cubby. "Always, always, when I need help, you come to me! Where is Foxy Reynard?"

"He took your basket before the dark night was gone," Shinyblack told him, "and very softly trotted away with it. Down in a little cave, not very far from here, it is hidden. The cave is the home of Foxy Reynard's brother. They have gone now for one of their friends to come and help them eat up the good things that you brought for Grandma Bear. Come quickly, and I will show you the way. I would have brought the basket for you if I could."

Shinyblack Crow hopped along, flying a little now and then, and Cubby Bear hurried as fast as he could, to reach the cave before the three foxes came back.

A stone slipped when he stepped upon it, and rolled down the mountain side, giving him a bad fall, but he did not stop for that.

By and by they reached the cave. The three foxes had not come back, and taking the basket Cubby Bear trotted off with it.

Shinyblack Crow flew up in the air to look about.

"The foxes are nowhere in sight," he called. "We shall be able to get away quite safely. Now, little Cubby Bear, follow where I show you the way, and I will take you to your grandma's house. I know a way to go around the mountain now, so you will not have the hard climb over the top."

The sun was up now, the cold breeze was gone, and little birds everywhere were singing their happy morning song.

Cubby Bear was not afraid, now that his good friend was guiding him. Before noon they reached Grandma Bear's house, and the long journey was at an end.

Grandma Bear was better, and was glad to see little Cubby Bear and Shinyblack Crow.

"I have known sly old Foxy Reynard and his family a long time. He is sure to get little bears into trouble. Remember, my little Cubby Bear," said wise old Grandma Bear, "that if you want to be safe and happy, you must choose your friends with care."

nothing but automobiles went by for three hours, and we couldn't eat them. Billy reminded us that there was a nice fat baby down stairs, and we tried to buy it but didn't have enough money. I have a Bronze Barye lion on a bookcase, and when he saw the condition of things and viewed that hungry mob, he jumped down from his perch, gave a yell and ran for his life. You see at times we get up against propositions in this world for which we can find no solution. We are up against what in diplomacy is called an impasse, nothing left but to fight or run. The party who receives a thousand letters throws up his or her hands and runs to the woods every time the mail carrier makes his appearance. Now that's just what you'll do, Mabel, when this letter of yours gets in print. You'll sit down in the middle of the letters and never reply to one. Give her a deluge of cousins and see if I am not right. You see the trouble with you, Mabel, my dear, is that you didn't stop to think. Nobody does. That's why there is so much poverty and wretchedness in the world. That's why a whole bunch of standpat reactionaries including Uncle Joe Cannon and his big cigar are back in Congress, and the progressive Bull Moosers and other reformers have been forced to hike to the tall grass. How I do wish you had all that money you long for Mabel! I would crawl down to the other end of Long Island and try and grab a "one spot" before you had given it all away. After a careful survey of the human race I've come to the conclusion nobody has any money, nobody ever had any money, nobody ever could have any money, and nobody ever will have any money, and the only people who want to give money away are those who have not got it. You are quite right dear, Jesus did say, "It is far more blessed to give than to receive," but the trouble is you can't give unless you have enough to be able to give anything. We can however give our love abundantly, but all the love and sympathy in the world never bought a five cent loaf. The greatest thing in the world dearest, isn't love as we understand it, but something far higher and more glorious; and that is sacrifice, which is sublimated love, love in its essence, love at its zenith, love in perfection. That kind of love is scarce, and is usually only found in the family circle. We will sacrifice for our own but not for others. The world will never be as Jesus wanted it to be and as I want it to be, until we are ready to sacrifice for others as well as for our own. The world doesn't pay much attention to the teaching of Jesus, though judging from the piles of people who go to church you would think that it did. Most people alas, only want to use Jesus for their own selfish ends. They think it's a case of choosing between Jesus or hell fire, and so they use Jesus as a stepping stone to reach heaven and so escape the Satan's coil range. I am thankful to say I never used Jesus for any such miserable or contemptible purposes. I've used Him so that I could love more, and so be more lovable. Instead of making church spies point to heaven I would make them point to earth. That might make the Old Boy get scared and run. I never worry about my soul, and never worry about heaven. I know that God will attend to His end of the business, if I attend to the duties He has mapped out for me here. I'm not content to have heaven above me. I want it all around me, and the only way to get heaven around me is not to use Jesus as a stepping stone or a fire escape, but as a big and loving brother, the essence of all that is glorious, good, noble, righteous and holy. The kingdom of heaven is within us, the immortal seed is in every human. What we want to do is to develop that precious seed and get others to develop it and spread its glorious influence, and then we'll have heaven here—just a little foretaste of that greater

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

## Six Wheel Chairs in January

### 264 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Six wheel chairs in January is a good beginning for the new year. I have no further comment to make except to thank those who have helped to produce this splendid result and to ask you all to do your best to keep up this good work through the year.

The six January wheel chairs go to the following named persons. The figures after the names indicate the number of subscriptions which the friends of the respective recipients sent in their behalf.

Mrs. DeWitt Ghormely, Buckhead, Ga., 200; William Russell Harrison, 1204 Choctaw Ave., Dawey, Okla., 200; Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, R. 1, Salem, Va., 106; Katye Sanders, Bradley, Miss., 105; Mrs. S. B. Luley, Milltown, Ohio, 103; J. C. Carter, Dublin, Texas, 87.

The entire 200 subscriptions for Mrs. Ghormely's chair came in one day, 100 of them from Mrs. G. M. Gaissert and the other 100 from Mrs. R. H. Paschal. Mrs. Ghormely is a widow with four children. Since the death of her husband, two years ago the entire family have depended on the oldest child for support. For ten years Mrs. Ghormely has been crippled by rheumatism so that she could not walk. The wheel chair will be a great boon to her for which she has to thank the two good and energetic ladies who got the 200 subscriptions for her.

William Russell Harrison, 17 years of age, is helpless and has been so from birth. His parents have spent all they had and all they could earn for medical and surgical treatment in their efforts to find a cure for their unfortunate boy, even sacrificing their farm for this purpose, and all to no avail. He sits up part of the time and has to be lifted from the bed to the chair, usually by his mother. He has a bright and active mind and learns quickly. The wheel chair will save her much hard lifting of him, as he can practically live in it, having it tipped from a sitting to a reclining position when he wishes to rest or sleep. Kind friends and relatives got the entire 200 subscriptions for him in about six weeks.

The seat of Mrs. Woolwine's trouble is in her back which prevents her walking and renders her hands and arms nearly useless. The wheel chair will be a great relief to her.

Katye Sanders, though 14 years of age, weighs only 75 pounds. She is almost helpless, having a little use of one hand. She suffers much from pain in the head, back and legs. She is sadly in need of her wheel chair.

Mrs. S. B. Luley has been a shut-in for twenty-five years. Her wheel chair comes to her late but better than never.

J. C. Carter, 54 years of age, is nearly helpless. The wheel chair will be a great comfort to him as well as a great help to his good wife in taking care of him.

There are lots of others on our waiting list, many of them more distressing cases than these. Do all you can this month toward getting them the wheel chairs they are trying for and praying for.

We have a splendid Roll of Honor this month, but I have little room to spare for letters of thanks.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 200 new 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy, destitute, crippled shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours. Subscription price is 25 cents, but if sent in clubs of five or more for the Wheel-Chair Club, I accept them at 20 cents each.

**Well Pleased with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair**  
HAYS, Box 95, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my chair safely and certainly am well pleased with it. I want to thank you, Mr. Gannett and all the kind friends who helped me get it, and pray that God will bless you all.

Your sincere friend, **ALMEDIE MYERS.**

**Is a Lovely Wheel Chair and will be a Great Help**

PEACH, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my wheel chair all O. K., and words can never express my gratitude to you and Mr. Gannett and all my friends who so kindly helped me get it. It is a lovely chair, and will be such a help to me.

Your sincere friend, **EDGAR GARMON.**

**Her Wheel Chair in which She can Rest is a Great Help and Comfort to Her and Her Friends.**

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish to thank you and Mr. Gannett and the many friends who helped me get my wheel chair, which arrived safely some time ago. I am not able to work it myself, on account of my hands and feet being so drawn from rheumatism, but I can rest in it, and it is such a help and comfort to me, and also to my friends, and I could never find words to thank you for this chair. Your sincere friend, **MRS. M. L. THOMASSON.**

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

### COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

Mrs. R. H. Paschal, Ga., for Mrs. DeWitt Ghormely, 100; Mrs. G. M. Gaissert, Ga., for Mrs. DeWitt Ghormely, 100; Ethel Ridgway, Ky., for Walter Ridgway, 63; Mrs. J. M. Kessler and Mrs. L. J. Mann, Ohio, for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 55; Emma Gramlich, W. Va., for Mrs. S. B. Luley, 49; No Name, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 30; Sarah Martin, N. Mex., for N. M. Hassure, 23; Mrs. Robert Shaw, Mich., for George Shaw, 23; Mrs. Henry Crawley, Texas, for own wheel chair, 21; Vicki Hall, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 20; Lillie Brown, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 20; Golden Fippen, Ind., for own wheel chair, 20; Mrs. Cleatus Chatman, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 20; Mrs. H. M. Stalgrin, Okla., for Russell Harrison, 20; Mary Berry, Ga., for own wheel chair, 18; Mrs. J. F. Woolwine, for Mrs. Woolwine, 17; Katye Sanders, Miss., for own wheel chair, 15; Rosa Newkirk, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 13; Mrs. H. B. Page, N. C., for Mrs. J. L. Brown, 13; Earl L. Long, Kans., for Golden Fippen, 12; Sidalia G. St. Anna, Honolulu, 12; Mrs. Jennie Harrison, for Zeno G. Gordon, 12; S. J. Walcott, Ind., for Golden Fippen, 12; Mrs. S. J. Montgomery, Tex., 11; Mrs. H. E. Whitehead, Iowa, for Russell Harrison, 10; Mrs. Ray Brabyn, Mich., for Geo. Shaw, 10; Mrs. Carrie Lowery, Ga., for Jessie Johns, 10; Mrs. Addie Spillman, Okla., for J. W. Nolte, 9; Mrs. J. K. Henderson, Wash., 8; Mrs. S. C. Jones, Tex., for J. C. Carter, 7; Mary E. Crocker, N. Y., 6; Edith Henderson, Mont., 6; Mrs. Ardella Porritt, Idaho, for own wheel chair, 6; Mrs. C. A. Kessman, Ark., 5; Mrs. E. Bartle, Iowa, 5; Mrs. A. Wheeler, Ind., for Bernard Beadle, 5; Mrs. Alice Webb, Tex., for Mrs. Lue Ella Roark, 5; Mrs. Grace Crawford, N. Y., 5; Mrs. Clara Lebar, Ill., 5; Mrs. Alice Chambers, Wis., 5; Lydia Roehrdam, Minn., 5; Mrs. Matie Russell, Okla., for Odessa Hassure, 5; Mrs. E. T. Wright, Mo., 5; Mrs. E. M. Roark, 5; Mrs. Dora H. Maher, Ill., 5; Mrs. O. H. Ester, Okla., for Elvin M. Hale, 5; Miss L. Spence, Ore., 5; Mrs. M. E. Church, Va., 5; M. J. Ferrell, Pa., 5; Mrs. C. A. Purdie, W. Va., for Frank Hamilton, 5; C. M. Furrow, Ore., 5; Mrs. Will Pickinspaugh, Okla., 5; Mrs. Scott Lee, Ark., 5; Mrs. C. E. Clements, Tex., 5; May Davis, Idaho, for Adella Porritt, 5; Mrs. Amada Bues, Wis., 5; Ruby Ellison, S. Dak., for Jewell Ellison, 5; Mrs. J. D. White, Cal., for Carmel Knox, 5.







# SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Let Me Prove That I Can Rid You of It Quickly, Easily, Without Pain or Injury

Free Coupon Below Brings You My Help.



Simply send your name and address (state whether Mrs. or Miss) and a 2-cent stamp for reply, addressed to Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 502 B. P. No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

**FREE COUPON** This certificate entitles any reader of COMFORT to Mrs. Jenkins' Free Confidential Instructions for the banishment of Superfluous Hair, if sent with 2c stamp for postage. Cut out and pin to your letter. Good for immediate use only. Address: Mrs. Kathryn Jenkins, Suite 502 B. P. No. 623 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

**SPECIAL NOTICE:** We earnestly advise every lady who wishes to be rid of the disfigurement of Superfluous Hair to accept advice offered at once. This remarkable offer is sincere and genuine, the standing of donor being unquestioned.



## The Family Doctor

So many inquiries are received in COMFORT subscribers concerning the health of the family that this column will be devoted to answering them. The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be addressed to physicians, not to us. Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

**NOTICE:**—As the privileges of this and all other departments of COMFORT are for subscribers only, no attention will be given any inquiry which does not bear the writer's correct name and address. Initials only, or a fictitious name, if requested, will appear in the published answer, but the inquiry must invariably be signed by the writer's true name.

F. F. B. Winters, Texas.—The pain in your back when you lie down which keeps you awake, or wakes you, is due probably to congested intercostal nerves and if when you wake you will get up and walk around, or take some exercise to start the circulation you will get relief at once. Chloroform liniment applied on a cloth and held tight until you feel that it is about to blister, then taken off for a minute and applied again, will also relieve. You should sleep on your stomach to relieve pressure on the back. Have you ever had a doctor examine you to discover the cause of the trouble? If not, do so at once. Also have him examine your child's eyes. It may be trachoma which is infectious and dangerous if not taken in time.

A. D. P. Campbell, Ala.—When the hair has been buried from any part of the head, or of the face, of the body, taking the skin with it, the hair follicles have been destroyed and there is no remedy known that will restore the hair. You might as well expect to find a remedy to make the teeth grow again when once they have been lost.

Brown Eyes, Amphion, Texas.—Don't go away off to Maine to ask about your condition when you have a good doctor right there in Texas who can tell more about you and know better what to do in a minute than we away off here can guess at in a year. We don't believe you have any more aches and pains than most other folks and if you will go right along and not worry about yourself you'll live out all the years the Bible says you are entitled to. Other COMFORT workers make a note of this.

J. C. Sherwood, Texas.—Tapeworms are taken into the body from meat not thoroughly cooked and care should be taken to eat only well-cooked meat at all times. Remedies for the worm are many, one is made of two ounces of pumpkin seeds pounded fine in six ounces of water and strained. Take half of this at night and other half in the morning. Repeat this for several days. It must be remembered that some preparatory treatment is necessary and the patient should eat little or nothing for a day before the medicine is taken. This will starve the worm and weaken it so it will come out.

R. M. D. Berlin, Wis.—The only home treatment for stammering is to practice constantly the distinct articulation of words and sentences. You can sing without stammering, can't you? Yes? Then sing your sentences at first and get your mind and your vocal organs to moving in harmony. The chief value of schools for stammering is that they insist upon the practice which you neglect and you are kept at it by a superior power. The majority of stammering cases are curable, but some stubbornly refuse to be cured.

L. B. W. Durwind, Va.—Color-blindness, that is, inability to distinguish colors, is incurable, though when not congenital—born with the person—may be improved somewhat by a system of practice. The vision may be practically perfect in every other respect. What causes color-blindness is not known. Ordinarily it is congenital, but sometimes may result from disease or accident. The symptoms are indicated only when the person is shown certain colors and cannot distinguish one from another.

S. S. W. Chula, Ga.—Tetter is an indefinite term for forms of eczema, or psoriasis, which is the chronic form of eczema. Eczema is caused by feeble digestion, malnutrition and assimilation and its successful treatment can only be had by a physician who can examine the patient and have a full knowledge of conditions. Tetter, so called, is a very common complaint, especially among women who have their hands a great deal in the washbowl, the hot water and soap being a strong irritant to a sensitive skin. This cannot be cured as long as the cause remains. Ointment of zinc ointment is the usual local application, but it is of no value if the hands are constantly in the hot, soapy water. To cure your tetter you must consult a physician and keep your hands dry. Eczema takes many forms and it is nervous and constitutional, usually, requiring long and careful treatment.

Mrs. B. E. G. Onelda, S. Dak.—Yours is another one of the numerous instances of the ignorant mother trying to cure her child when she knows nothing about the trouble or what to do. Take the child to a good family doctor and let him advise you. It isn't medicine you need, half as much as it is some sensible advice and knowledge.

T. R. Shawnee, Okla.—As there are dozens of different skin troubles, some serious and some not, and nearly everybody is so afflicted at times, there cannot be given any advice to cover all cases. You must know what particular trouble you have and the cause of it before any treatment can be undertaken. So go to a doctor with it and let him put you in good shape. You'll only make it worse by guessing at it and trying to cure yourself.

Suffoln, Aurora, Ind.—Superfluous hair may be removed by anyone of many preparations for the purpose, most of them effective and some of them harmless enough, but none of the simple ones are permanent in their effects. The electric needle is said to do the work thoroughly and this is expensive. You are not far from the city. Why not consult a specialist there? The preparations you mention, are as far as we know, no better nor worse than the others. You should under-

stand that the frequent use of any chemical on the skin strong enough to destroy the hair is bound to have a bad effect on the skin in time.

G. W. F. Cherokee, Ky.—There is nothing we could tell you of what you could do for yourself to cure a case of neurasthenia of three years standing. If you have neurasthenia very careful treatment by a competent visiting physician will be necessary and then a cure is not sure. Many people with all the money they want have neurasthenia and they cannot find a cure for it with all their money. As you are only nineteen, we do not believe you have neurasthenia, and at your age you don't think you could have over-worked yourself to that point. If you could and would go to a hospital in Louisville or Cincinnati and have a thorough examination made, just what is wrong may be determined and proper treatment given. Youth and a desire to live are great aids to a physician. Try the hospital.

Mrs. B. C. Svanmore, Ga.—The pains in your chest and shoulders are due rather to neuralgia and indigestion than to tuberculosis and the phlegm in your throat is one to catarrhal condition from climate, probably. Your run-down condition is owing more to your ignorance of diet and proper eating and you need to talk to a good, sensible doctor and have him advise and instruct you in right living, rather than to give you medicine to cure some disease you do not have, or if you have, there is no reason why you should have it. Other COMFORT readers please make a note of this and profit by it.

Pellagra, Morganton, N. C.—We have such inquiries as yours from your readers frequently concerning pellagra and we can only advise that persons who think they have it should go to a reputable physician and have an examination made for that particular disease. In some sections of the South Boards of Health have been investigating pellagra and if patients will get in touch with them they will receive free information and we believe free treatment. It is for the public good and patients will be given every consideration.

J. G. Vancouver, B. C.—A very excellent remedy for constipation is the injection of hot water, made more effective by the use of Castile soap in the water. It is more of a natural remedy than the ordinary medicines taken for such purpose, and in many cases it proves an absolute cure. If some attention is afterwards paid to the diet. We recommend it, but you must get the advice of a physician as to details of application.

Mrs. A. T. San Francisco, Cal.—People are not troubled all their lives with insomnia. When it comes from childhood to middle age, the individual may conclude that nature did not intend that that particular organism should require as much sleep as the usual eight hours which is accepted as correct. You have no doubt been trying to sleep eight hours, when nature asked only four or five. Study your case and allow yourself only the amount needed. Either sit up late, or get up early and see if you don't cure your alleged insomnia. Talk to a doctor about the plumpies and muddy complexion of your diet is simple and you do not speak of having indigestion. There are other causes which a doctor knows of and usually can correct.

J. H. Burleson, Texas.—We think marriage will prove to be the cure of all the ills you mention as troubling you. You haven't as much consumption as you have indigestion and if you get a wife who can cook and knows something about proper foods she will do you more good than any medicine you can take. She will get your mind off of yourself and give you something else to think about and in a year or so you will be a new man and ought to be a fairly happy one. Marry a good, healthy girl and don't bother about her being as beautiful as a fairy. Beauty fades, at least, that kind does.

Miss G. S. New York, N. Y.—You are like a good many other COMFORT readers who think that chilblains are not much more than simple frost-bite, or chapped hands or other superficial trouble affected by cold and can be cured by some simple external application. Chilblains are not that kind at all and require the examination and treatment of a physician who can know conditions that cause them. All chilblain sufferers are advised to go to their doctors and be properly treated.

## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

walking through my misery, such an act I should imagine would not only be unpleasant, but I've no doubt the Supreme Court would tell you it was unconstitutional. If you had only put a comma after through, Willie you might have saved the flag bearer's life. You further inform us that our flag was the first to sail on the sea. It might have been the first to sail on the sea around Fithian, Illinois, but I don't think history will

## Did You Win A Cash Prize?

THOSE of our readers who won a December Cash Prize in COMFORT'S Seventh Grand Prize Contest will find their names somewhere in this list. These prizes have already been paid to the winners and now we are almost ready to pay the January Prizes. The names of the winners in our January Contest will be printed in February COMFORT. All who have not yet entered this Cash Prize Contest should remember that there is still three months of it left. Each month's contest is separate and distinct from another and has a separate list of Cash Prizes which are paid promptly at the end of the month. At the end of the three remaining months we will also pay a list of Grand Prizes. Every Monthly Prize you win helps you win one of the Grand Prizes. These Monthly Cash Prizes and Grand Cash Prizes are extra and in addition to the premiums we give you. You are sure to get a premium for every club you send in and in addition any Monthly Prize you win is paid to you promptly at the end of the month in which you win it. All of our readers who have not yet done so should by all means enter now for the February prizes. It costs you nothing to try. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Read all about this Grand Cash Prize offer on another page. Also write us for our latest Premium Catalogue. We want to show you what splendid premiums we will give you in addition to any prize money which you may win. And while you are waiting for the catalogue start securing a club of subscriptions to be placed to your credit on the February Prizes.

### Here Are The Names Of Our December Prize Winners!

The 43 contestants whose names appear below have been paid the following December Monthly Cash Prizes. Many of them won a December prize DOUBLED.

Henry N. McCord, Ga.	1st Prize	\$30.00
E. Waggoner, Ill.	2nd Prize doubled	40.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Minn.	3rd Prize doubled	20.00
Mrs. Ruth Crow, Tenn.	4th Prize doubled	10.00
Macdon A. Green, Tenn.	5th Prize doubled	10.00
Sibyl Pharis, Kans.	6th Prize doubled	10.00
A. B. Naiting, Mass.	7th Prize doubled	5.00
Cecilia Thorn, Ohio	8th Prize	3.00
Mrs. George Kurtz, Kans.	9th Prize doubled	5.00
Mrs. J. E. Craddock, Va.	10th Prize	3.00
Mrs. J. A. Thomson, Va.	11th Prize	2.00
D. L. Havens, Pa.	12th Prize	2.00
Altan F. Trumble, N. Y.	13th Prize	2.00
Pearl A. Young, Ohio	14th Prize doubled	4.00
Mrs. Mabel Banks, Ohio	15th Prize	2.00
Mrs. Cassie Askins, Ill.	16th Prize	2.00
L. F. Catcart, Iowa	17th Prize	2.00
Miss Mary Jefferson, Indiana	18th Prize	2.00

### The Next Four Received a \$1.00 Monthly Prize Doubled!

Mrs. Lexim Verrier, Wash.; Mrs. Eliza J. Bagley, Ohio; Mrs. Annie Pierce, Iowa; Mrs. Mary E. Crothers, Ill.

### The Next 21 Received A \$1.00 Monthly Prize Single!

Mary Coleman, Ohio; Mrs. Math Born, N. Dak.; Mrs. Maude Cowdrey, Mich.; Mrs. Nannie Henson, Calif.; Mrs. C. J. Puckett, Texas; Mrs. Bessie Merritt, Okla.; Master Rolland Van Antwerp, Idaho; Mrs. Geo. W. Jewett, Maine; Wm. A. Grant, Ark.; Joseph Lucas Baldwin, Ohio; Mrs. Blanche Griffiths, Mont.; Jay Cobin, Mont.; Mrs. Mary Woodmont; Mrs. Adam Scharrer, N. J.; Miss Agnes Johnson, Neb.; Buel Story, Ky.; Robert Stewart, Jr., Ill.; Hattie E. Buchanan, Okla.; Miss Mary Mellon, Pa.; Miss Johanna Hockstra, Ill.; Clara B. West, Conn.

### We Paid Each Of These Women A \$1.00 Consolation Prize!

Mrs. Earl Hunsinger, Okla.; Mrs. Tillie Anderson, Minn.; Mrs. M. F. James, N. C.; Patricia Sullivan, Tenn.; Mrs. P. E. Johnson, Fla.; Alice Nicholson, Ill.; Reeta Noice, Ohio; Mrs. I. J. Tucker, Ga.; Mrs. W. J. Tenney, N. Y.; Mrs. J. E. Freeman, Colo.; Eva Clair Moon, N. Y.; Mrs. C. C. Shanholts, Kans.; Mrs. M. B. Morgan, Ky.; Mrs. E. M. Brown, Va.; Miss Alta Witbeck, N. Y.; Miss Clara Berry, W. Va.; Mrs. Ola Pope, S. C.; Della Cross, Ohio; Mrs. C. A. Jacobson, Colo.; Clara Jordan, Ill.; Mrs. O. C. Rector, Iowa; Mrs. E. E. R. Curry, N. C.; Mrs. N. P. Sweet, Maine; Miss Elsie May Cresner, Va.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Ecloise Showler, Indiana; Mrs. Harvey E. Lutz, Neb.; Miss Elsie May Cresner, Va.; Alice Williams, Ga.; Mrs. J. A. Dexter, Ill.; Miss Mollie A. Elliott, Kans.; Mrs. G. C. Taylor, Vt.; Mrs. Mary Van Deborgh, Okla.; Mrs. F. J. Shafer, Pa.; Miss Anna Brown, Wis.; Mrs. Gertrude Ross, Mass.; Mrs. Alice Hancock, Ohio; Mrs. Bert Reid, Pa.; Mrs. Lizzie Tooe, Texas; Mrs. A. J. Johnson, Colo.; Miss Florence Burtz, Ala.; Mrs. A. Hutson, Idaho; Mrs. Ada P. Roe, N. C.; Daisy Wells, Ill.; Mrs. H. Lake, Wis.; Miss Lydia Wetbie, Pa.; Miss Rhoda Early, Va.; Sara M. Baird, N. J.; Mrs. Andrew Arsenault, Maine; Mrs. Geo. H. Joslin, Ohio; Mrs. Herbert G. Jackson, Maine; Miss Mary Neis, Wis.; Mrs. Hettie Owens, Okla.; Mrs. Taylor Everett, Miss.; Miss Viola Severn, Indiana; Amanda Lewis, Ill.; Mrs. Jennie Peden, Wash.; Mrs. S. H. Tranholm, Minn.; Mrs. J. M. Riddle, Texas; Mrs. Alice Chambers, Wis.; Mrs. Kittie Sherman, Mich.; Mrs. Peter Thill, Mont.; Mrs. Geo. W. Schwamberger, Ohio; Grace M. Reese, Okla.; Rachel Rebecca Com, Calif.; Kate Ogden, Ill.; Mrs. Maggie Skyles, Missouri; Mrs. Truman Voorhis, N. Y.; Mrs. Myrtle Raninger, Mich.; Mrs. Eliza Hilory, Ill.; Mrs. Ada Bolerson, Calif.; Eliza C. Thaw, Texas; Mrs. Homer Sheridan, Colo.; Mrs. O. W. Stair, Va.; Maude Dively, Calif.; Miss Mabel Hight, N. C.; Mrs. Helen V. Munday, W. Va.; Mrs. M. C. Gary, Va.; Mrs. Elizabeth Best, Mich.; Mrs. E. D. Barlow, Mich.; Adm. O'Neil, Ky.; Mrs. C. W. Norwood, Okla.; Mrs. G. A. Purdie, W. Va.; Mrs. Lena Bodke, Neb.; Olive Wagner, Pa.; Rose Ritch, Pa.; Mrs. L. E. McCarver, N. C.; Mrs. Maggie Myers, Iowa; Mrs. C. A. Sherrill, N. Y.; Mrs. Amy Stratton, Indiana; Miss Ethel Brown, N. H.; Miss Anna Tippet, Tenn.; Miss Nellie Shaughnessy, Ill.; Mrs. Albert Bergmann, Ala.; Mrs. Iva Gipson, Colo.

### Start Your Club Now And Enter For A February Prize!

**WE GIVE FREE**

This GOLD PLATED LOCKET, opens to hold two pictures, set with a sparkling similitude DIAMOND, and a 22-inch NECK CHAIN and these 4 beautiful GOLD PLATED RINGS to anyone that will sell only 12 pieces of Jewelry at 10c. each and send us the \$1.20. We trust you and take back all not sold. Address H. A. DALE MFG. CO. Providence, R. I.

**98 cents**

**8 YEAR GUARANTEE**

**Railroad Style**

To advertise our business, make new friends and introduce our analogies of Watch business we will send this elegant R. R. style watch by mail post paid for ONLY 98 CENTS. Gentlemen's size, full nickel silver plated case, locomotive dial, lever escapement, stem wind and stem set, a perfect timekeeper and fully guaranteed for 8 years. Send this advertisement to us with 98 CENTS and watch will be sent by mail post paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Send 98 cents today. Address R. E. CHALMERS & CO., 538 So. Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

bear you out as to the rest of your statement. Billy the Goat has just struck for another five cents a day, and wants two more tomato cans added to his daily diet. Because I declined to accede to his wishes he has gone on strike, and to get even with me, he has written this poem:

My country 'tis of thee,  
Land of wage slavery,  
Where gold is king,  
Land where the trust hogs rule,  
And kids are kept from school,  
And labor's but wealth's plant tool,  
Hurrah, Bing Bing.

### Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League, provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs thirty cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The thirty cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C."—a handsome certificate of membership with your name engraved thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

Please observe carefully the following directions which explain exactly

### How to become a Member

Send thirty cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for 15 months if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended two full years beyond date of expiration, if you remit 35 cents.

Or, if your subscription is already paid in advance, you can take a friend's 15-months subscription at 25 cents and send it in with five cents of your own, thirty cents in all, with your request for membership, and we will send you the button and membership certificate, and send COMFORT to your friend for 15 months. League subscriptions do not count in premium clubs.

NEVER apply for membership without enclosing thirty cents to include a new subscription or a renewal.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth. It costs but thirty cents to join, and that gives you at least a 15-month subscription to COMFORT also, without extra cost.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate. Join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in the several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, New York, grand secretary.

### Special Notice

Never write a subscription or renewal order or application for membership in the body of a letter. Write your subscription or renewal and membership application on a separate sheet of paper, separate from your letter. We have to put all subscription orders on our subscription list at once, so if it is written on the same sheet as your letter, the whole letter

has to go on to the subscription file at once and thus can receive no attention from Uncle Charlie.

Never send subscriptions to Uncle Charlie near to the Secretary of the League; they bother him and cause confusion and delay.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

### League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Written references from postmaster or physician must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Anna Jenks, 1219 John St., Hudson Falls, N. Y. Invalid from rheumatism. Unable to leave the house. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Nora Jordan, Chatham, Wash. Co., Ala. Invalid, great sufferer. No means of support. Do something for her. Send her a blanket please. Miss Stella Rinehart, Harris Station, R. R. 1, Ohio. Helpless cripple. Unable to walk. Has rheumatism and spinal trouble. Lives with sister who has lung trouble. Help

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

**PEDISAN FOR ALL TROUBLES OF THE FEET.** 25c a bottle. DU FERR CHEMICAL CO., Aspinwall, Penna.

**EMB. SILK** ALL COLORS, equal to 16 FULL SKINS. Great black and white Free premium slip. C. BRENT SILK MILLS, Portland, Maine 25c

**CANCER** Treated at home. No pain, knife, plaster or oils. Send for Free Treatise. A. J. Miller, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

**BIRTH STONE RINGS FREE** \$1.00 value, solid 14K Gold Shell, guaranteed for 5 years, with stone for any month, simply to introduce our Jewelry Catalog De Luxe. Send 10c. to cover cost of advertising and mailing, none to you. Guarantee Jewelry Co., Dept. A. Tyrone, Pa.

**PARALYSIS** Conquered at Last. Write for Proof of Cures. Advice Free. DR. CHASE'S BLOOD AND NERVE TABLETS Does It. DR. CHASE, 224 North Tenth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**Big Powerful Air Rifle** FREE for distributing 8 set of pictures on special offer at 25c. Send name. H. O. SEITZ, Dept. 1 D S CHICAGO.

**Piles Cured** All soreness gone in 20 minutes. No surgery. No pain. Will send remedy on trial. If satisfied send \$1 inside of one week, if not return unused remedy. Send for it today. FLACKS REMEDY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.

**JAPAN ROSE BUSHES** The Wonder of the World. Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we GUARANTEE it to be so. They will BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS. Winter or Summer, and when 3 years old will have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. Will grow in the house in the winter as well as in the ground in summer. Roses All The Year Around. Package of seed with directions and our guarantee by mail 10 cts. Japan Seed Co. Box 6 So. Norwalk, Conn.

### The Latest Vanity Case



### Given for a Club of Three

EVERY lady and girl should have one of these handsome German silver Vanity Cases because it is the latest style and design having a thin Model case like that of a this model watch. As shown in illustration the outside of the case is beautifully enameled and if you want to you can have your jeweller engrave your Monogram initials in the little round panel which is perfectly plain and bright polished. This case is of very light, weighing a little over 3 ounces but it is of good size being 4 1/2 inches long and 2 1/2 inches wide with a 12-inch chain. On the inside of the case on one side is a place for visiting cards, bills, postage stamps, etc., etc., and on the other side is a powder puff in a little compartment which closes with a hinged cover, a good sized mirror, a compartment for nickels and another one for dimes. This new case is one of the prettiest designs we have yet seen so we have bought a quantity of them to give away among COMFORT readers. We will send you one of them if you will accept the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of only three 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send you this Vanity Case free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 711. Address COMFORT, Augusta Maine.



# I Won My Battle Against

## Within Twenty-Four Hours

I obtained greater relief than I had ever found in years of search before. Now I am cured, well and absolutely FREE from every trace of that loathsome disease.

I Will Gladly Tell You How  
**FREE!**

You need no Salves, Lotions, Jellies, Sprays or Atomizers; No Greases, Pastes or Ointments; No Plasters, Masks or Bandages; No Baths; No Massage or Electricity; No Smoke to Inhale and Choke You; No Surgery; No Vibration; No Instrument or Appliance; No Pain or Operation. My way is simple, easy, convenient, pleasant, painless, invisible.

## Conquer Your Catarrh Or It May Conquer You

Catarrh Is a Sneak-Thief That May Steal Your Health and Happiness

Do you wake up in the morning with nose clogged up and your throat stopped up with an accumulation of poisonous mucous phlegm? Do you have to "k-a-a-w-k" and choke and gag and spit after you get up in order to get your head cleared out? If you do, heed that warning. It may not seem important now, but it IS, it IS, it IS. I tell you it IS important. I tell you if I realized this when I first had had these early symptoms, I might have saved myself torture, misery, suffering and embarrassment that no words can describe.

If your catarrh has already become worse than this, if you now find yourself hawking and spitting all day long, if you have a bad taste in your mouth, no appetite and a breath that makes people turn away their heads when you go near them, if your hearing is affected, if you have catarrhal headaches, and other advanced symptoms, you may think these are troublesome, but, take it from me, even these symptoms are nothing as compared to what catarrh symptoms can be when neglected.

### I Paid Dearly For Neglect

If you could only know and realize the frightful penalty I paid for neglect of early symptoms you would be mighty busy trying to find something to kill and clean out the millions and



billions of germs that are nesting, breeding, feeding, thriving in your nose and throat and filling these parts with their disgusting, poisonous, health-destroying filth.

You know that all day the poisonous catarrhal mucous drops into your throat. You have to spit it up. Now think of what happens at night. Do you think these little glutons—the catarrh germs—sleep when you sleep, do you think the poisonous mucous all remains in your throat till morning when you wake up and spit it out? Don't fool yourself. A lot of it does collect in your throat, true enough, but a lot of it also gets Down Your Throat and Into Your Stomach.

### No Wonder Suffering Follows

Is it any wonder that people have Catarrh of the Stomach, Bowels and Other Vital Organs? Is it any wonder that appetite and digestion fail, that the blood becomes impure, that strength and vitality are lost, that health is ruined and lives are wrecked by the ravages of neglected catarrh?

Let me tell you how I fought catarrh germs every minute of the day and night, fought them while at work, while out in company, while at the theater and other places of amusement, while awake and asleep, without anyone ever seeing me do it, without anyone ever knowing it, and how I finally conquered the disease and freed myself from its abominable clutches to my own unbounded joy and the surprise of all who knew me.

# CATARRH



## After Suffering Years

I conquered the disease that was robbing me of every comfort, every pleasure. I cured myself, I cured my friends in a wonderful, simple easy way that astonished all who knew me.

I Want All To Know How  
**FREE!**

If you've got CATARRH get rid of it. Don't let anybody tell you it can't be cured. It CAN be cured. I know it can; I've proved it can. Few people ever had it worse than I did and I am cured. My friends are cured. Write to me, send me your name and let me tell you how. You'll be surprised to learn the simple, easy way it's done. I charge you nothing for this information. I want the whole world to know.

## Catarrh Is More Serious Than Many People Think

Disgusting, Hawking, Spitting and Awful Breath Are Not the Worst of It

Do you realize that Catarrh is really a serious affection? Do you realize that it is perhaps responsible for more ill health than any other one cause? Do you realize that nasal catarrh, which is so common, is only the beginning, only the first mild symptom, a danger signal of threatening trouble ahead?

Do you realize that catarrh of the nose, with its hawking, its spitting and other disagreeable and offensive symptoms may be a forerunner of catarrh of the stomach or bowels?

The constant dripping of mucous into the throat is sure, sooner or later, to interfere with digestion and, by so doing, indirectly affect the bowels and other vital organs, causing many additional symptoms.

I know what catarrh is because I myself have been its victim and I can sympathize with anyone who is now its victim.

Is it any wonder that after suffering its most frightful and disgusting tortures for years, after seeing my friends shun me as they would a leper, after having tried everything under the sun, and wasting money on salves, lotions, inhalers, instruments and devices, electricity and such things, after having been through it from the first mild symptoms to the stage where it undermined my health, destroyed my happiness and made my life miserable, is it any wonder I say, **Is It Any Wonder** that I feel like shouting, yes **Screaming** the glad news of my cure to every Catarrh sufferer in the world, and telling every body of the simple, easy, painless way in which I was finally cured, after all else failed?

**Write To Me, Write To Me, Now, Now, Now.** If you suffer from any of the awful, loathsome, disgusting symptoms of Catarrh, and let me tell you free, and without a penny's cost, how I conquered my catarrh, how my friends conquered their catarrh and how hundreds of others I know of accomplished the same glorious result. Just send me this coupon with your name and address or write me a letter or a post card.

## Who Is Sam Katz?

I am not a Doctor. I can't work miracles any more than you can. I haven't any mysterious power over disease. I'm just a plain, common, every day business man, who has found out after a lot of suffering, a simple, easy way to fight Catarrh, a way that cured me, cured my friends and scores of others. I want to tell every Catarrh sufferer in the world how I did it. Write to me,—just send me your name and address on the coupon below, or write me a letter or a post card, and let me tell you, free.

SAM KATZ.

Suite C 602, 1325 Michigan Ave.,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Catarrh Ruined My Health And Almost Wrecked My Life

Yet I Was Cured By a Wonderfully Simple Means When All Else Failed, I Am Now Free and I Know That Others Can Be Free. Send Me Your Name and Let Me Tell You How

When I noticed the first symptoms of catarrh I paid little attention to them. I used to sniff salt water up my nose and because that would clear out the passages and make breathing easier, I thought I was getting relief. I never thought about it getting worse until folks began to tell me about my awful breath. I began to notice that my head was clogged up nearly ALL the time. Then I began to look around for a remedy. I bought patent medicines, inhalers, syringes and ointments. I used to be squirting dope into my nose all day long. I got relief, but that's all I did get. As soon as I stopped using these things I would be as bad off as before.

My breath was awful. I got so I couldn't eat, nothing tasted good, in fact I just about lost my sense of taste and also my sense of smell. I sniffed and I hawked and I spat continually until I was ashamed, but what could I do? My friends avoided me.

I felt filthy and loathsome. My food would not digest. I was weak, had headaches and was half sick all the time. I was melancholy, had the blues, lost ambition and felt like sneaking off in some obscure corner of the world away from everybody.

### I Waited Too Long

I tried first one thing, then another; I read about catarrh in medical books, I tried things that everybody said were good and things nobody else ever heard of. I was desperate. I had to make my living and I realized that unless I found a cure I might soon be unable to work and I certainly had no desire to die in the poorhouse.

Then came the happiest day of my life—the day I found the simple, easy, wonderful means by which I was absolutely cured. The very first day I felt that my deliverance was at hand because the effect was absolutely different from anything else I ever used. My new-found method enabled me to fight the disease every minute of the day and night without continually poking and squirting stuff into my nostrils. And O, the relief! The English language has no words that express the joy I felt when folks began to tell me that my breath was not nearly so bad, when I began to enjoy my food again and gain strength.

### A Cure At Last

Almost before I realized it my cure was complete. Every symptom of catarrh was gone. My head was clear, there was no more dripping in my throat, no more headaches, no more bad taste, no more bad breath. I felt fine. Everybody said I looked better. I could eat like a truck horse and I got fat and strong again. People began to ask me what it was that worked such a wonderful change in me. I told them and many of them tried my plan with the same wonderful results.

I felt so good I wanted to tell everybody. I have already told thousands and I want to tell YOU. I know you will thank me the longest day you live. I want you to know the simple, easy means I found to cure my catarrh. I want you to send me your name so I can tell you.

I want you to know the indescribable joy that freedom from disgusting catarrh brought me and will bring you. I ask no money for this information—it is FREE—you are welcome to it and I want you to have it. Write me today, fill in the coupon or write me a letter or postcard. Simply say, "Sam Katz, I want to know how you cured your catarrh" and write your name and address.

No Time Like the Present

Write To Me Now!



**FREE! COUPON FREE!**

SEND NOW  
SAM KATZ, Suite C 602,  
1325 Michigan Avenue,  
Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE and without cost full details concerning the wonderful way you cured your catarrh.

Name .....

Street or R. F. D. ....

Postoffice ..... State .....





## NEW TREATMENT THAT KNOCKS RHEUMATISM.

Hundreds Use It. Call It a Wonder. Offers to Send a 50c Box Free to Any Sufferer to Prove It.

Up in Syracuse, N. Y., a treatment for rheumatism has been found that hundreds of users say is a wonder, reporting cases that seem little short of miraculous. Just a few treatments even in the very worst cases seem to accomplish wonders even after other remedies have failed entirely. It seems to neutralize the uric acid and lime salt deposits in the blood, driving all the poisons out, clogging waste from the system. Soreness, pain, stiffness, swelling just seem to melt away and vanish. The treatment first introduced by Mr. Delano is so good that its owner wants everybody who suffers from rheumatism or who has a friend so afflicted, to get a free 50c package from him to prove just what it will do in every case before a penny is spent. Mr. Delano says: "To prove that the Delano treatment will positively overcome rheumatism, no matter how severe, stubborn or long standing the case, and even after all other treatments have failed, I will, if you have never previously used the treatment, send you a full size 50c package free if you will send your name and address with 10c to help pay postage and distribution expense to me personally. F. H. Delano, 329Q Delano Bldg., Syracuse, N. Y. I can send only one Free Package to an address."

## LET ME REMOVE YOUR

# GOITRE

**\$2.50 TEST TREATMENT FREE**



Don't suffer and be disgraced with "Big Neck." Don't give up hope because other physicians or remedies have failed you. I am curing hundreds of old chronic cases that had resisted all other remedies. My patients everywhere are reporting cures. You may try one \$2.50 treatment of my remarkable discovery at my expense. It's absolutely FREE—in plain package—send no money. You will be surprised at how quickly my treatment reduces the size of the goitre and relieves choking and other disagreeable symptoms. It is free from the first trial. No interference with your work, no danger of any kind, no obligation. SEND AT ONCE.

**\$2.50 TREATMENT FREE**

Fill out and mail this coupon to Dr. W. T. Bohn, 815 Minty Block, Battle Creek, Mich., and get \$2.50 Treatment Free by mail.

Age.....How old is goitre?.....Yrs.  
Nervous?.....Hands tremble?.....  
Do eyes bulge?.....Face heat too rapidly?.....  
Name.....  
Address.....

## To Women Who Dread Motherhood

Information How They May Give Birth to Happy, Healthy Children Absolutely Without Fear of Pain—SENT FREE.

Don't dread the pains of childbirth. Dr. J. H. Dye devoted his life to relieving the sorrows of women. He has proven that the pain at childbirth need no longer be feared. Send your name and address to Dr. J. H. Dye Medical Institute, 106 Lewis Block, Buffalo, N. Y., and we will send you, postpaid, his wonderful book which tells how to give birth to happy, healthy children, absolutely without fear of pain, also how to become a mother. Do not delay but write TO-DAY.

## THE BEE CELL SUPPORTER

**A BOON TO WOMANKIND**  
Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us \$2.00 and we will mail you postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Box A White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

## OLD SORES

Since 1899 ALLEN'S ULCERINE SALVE has healed more old sores than all other salves combined. It is the most powerful salve known and heals sores from the bottom up, drawing out the poisons. By mail 55 cents. Book free.

J. P. ALLEN MEDICINE CO., Dept. B25 67, PAUL, MINN.

## PILES

**PAY IF CURED**  
We pay postage and send FREE. Also Cream Pile and Fistula Cure. RIA CO., DEPT. 80, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

**SOLO GUITAR FREE** for distributing 8 set of Art pictures at 25c on special offer. Send name at once. N.O. SEITZ, 126 CHICAGO

## Edna's Secret Marriage

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

In the crowd whom she recognizes, and whose appearance rouses her from her contemptuous indifference; she raises her head, looks intently and then leans forward out of the carriage, with her eyes fixed on a broad-shouldered, stalwart gentleman, who comes with slow and languid gait down the broad pavement. He is tall enough to tower pretty considerably over the Swiss, who on an average are not tall, and to decidedly top his fellow countrymen; and he is handsome and distinguished enough to draw the eyes of the loungers even from the interesting young lady herself.

Very slowly he comes down toward the parade quite unconscious of the notice he is attracting—quite as unconscious of the lady who is waiting for him. If some kind angel would but whisper a word of warning in his ear! Poor Cyril! his kind angels have been very few and their warnings far between; as usual, he comes down upon his fate, or, rather, upon the individual who is to rule his fate, with his usual careless unconcern and indifference to everything that pertains to the future; and it is not until the young lady has stretched out her hand and caught him by the arm, not until she has called him twice, thrice, by his name, that he turns and recognizes her.

"Why, Cyril! who on earth would expect to see you here?" she exclaims, showing a dazzling row of teeth and a smile broad and expressive.

"Glitters!" says Cyril, "you here?" and although he smiles and suppresses every sign of the surprise that he feels, there is something in the tone that is anything but indicative of the welcome which so celebrated a person as Miss Glitters, of the Theater Royal, feels that she is entitled to.

"Yes, I'm here; why shouldn't I be just as much as you? How long have you been here?" "Not long," answers Cyril, "and you?" "Oh, only came today—this morning—and shan't make a long stay of it; at least, we didn't think of it, for Jerry says it's the slowest place he was ever in."

"Is Lord Jerry Carew here?" asks Cyril, looking round with anything but an expression of anxiety for his presence.

"Yes," he's gone inside to order supper; we're going for a drive—don't know what else to do. I never saw such a place; no theater, no concert, no casino, no anything; of course we didn't know you were here, or else it would have been different."

Cyril inclines his head with a cynical smile. "Oh, the place would have been everything that is delightful, thank you, Molly."

"You haven't forgotten your old teasing ways, Cyril," says Miss Glitters with a pout; "but, I say, where are you staying—here, of course?" and she nods her head toward the palatial Grand.

Cyril shakes his head, with an abstracted air, as if he were thinking hard.

"No," he says, "not here."

"Not here! Where then? I thought this was the only place fit to stop at!"

Cyril smiles. "Oh—ahem! yes! Oh, come now, nonsense; it's not so bad as that!" says Miss Glitters, blushing; "you're not quite cleaned out—really, Cyril!"

"Of course not," says Cyril, lightly. "Well, then come and stay here, and I'll persuade Jerry to stop another night or two. No—no? Why not? Anyhow, you'll have some supper with us tonight?"

"No; I think not," says Cyril, taking out his watch. "I think not, Molly."

"Then he comes a little closer, and looks at her fixedly, almost earnestly. "Don't look so cut up, you won't miss me; and, besides, I want you to do me a favor."

"What?" exclaims Miss Glitters, incredulously; "Sir Cyril! More ask a favor! The world's coming to an end!"

"Don't hasten its destruction by refusing to grant my favor, then. See here, Molly. I am not stopping at the Grand, and I won't sup with you tonight; and I don't want to see Lord Jerry, because I am here incog, and don't want to be seen myself."

Molly put her lips into the proper shape for whistling.

"Not as bad as that, Cyril?"

Cyril smiles. "No, not quite so bad as that, Molly; the duns have not followed me to Switzerland."

"Then what is it?" queries Miss Glitters, with intense curiosity. "What are you up to—what is the little game? Come, Cyril; I will keep it a secret—I will, upon my honor! Do tell me—do, there's a good fellow!"

Cyril laughs one of his rare laughs. "There's nothing to tell you or anyone else, Molly. I have come here for a little rest and quiet, and I know, and so do you, that I shouldn't get it if I found you and Lord Jerry, and therefore I want you to do me the favor to keep our meeting a secret. Come, it's not a hard thing to promise. You have only to keep my name off your lips; you ought to be tired of it by this time."

Molly pouts and looks at him with all a woman's balked curiosity and suspicion.

"I don't believe that's all the reason," she says; "and if it is, it's all nonsense! Fancy your wanting to keep quiet and all that! No, it won't do, Cyril; there's something else in the wind, I'm sure of it."

"All right," says Cyril. "I'm not going to contradict a lady—bad manners that, Molly; but give me your promise."

"What—that I won't mention your name? That I won't tell anyone, now or hereafter, that I saw you, or knew you were in this beast of a place?"

"Exactly," says Cyril.

"Well, I'll do that; I'll do more than that, Cyril, for you."

"Of course," says Cyril, with polite acquiescence; "and as that is all I want, you'll do that cheerfully. Good by, Molly—enjoy your drive; you'll find the supper a good one, or they've lost their cook since I was there—good by."

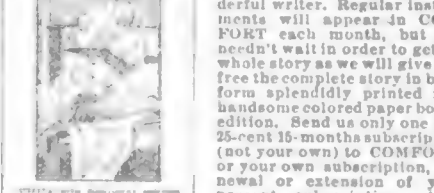
"Good by, if you will go," she says, with a pout. He takes the beloved and beringed hand, presses it for a moment, and raising his hat turns away. Scarcely has he done so than he sees walking slowly under the trees on the quay, Aunt Martha and Edna. Aunt Martha is looking cheerfully before her, with her usual gaze on the lake, but Edna—yes, he sees in a moment that she has seen him; that she has still her eyes upon the overdressed figure and powdered face of Miss Glitters, now she turns them to him; he raises his hat and passes on; it is all done in a moment, but Miss Glitters' eyes are sharp and she has seen the recognition—the salutation—nay, more, the faint flush that colors the lovely face of the young girl, and Miss Glitters colors in her turn.

"No, Mr. Cyril—devil—that is the game, is it? Quiet and rest, eh? Quiet and rest, indeed! As if I was to be taken in by that! As if I didn't know you too well to believe all that! Now—I wonder—with intense curiosity—who she is? Poor little thing!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

these poor souls. William V. Kinter, County Home, Indiana, R. R. 6, Box 10, Pa. Helpless invalid. Very worthy. Send him some reading matter and cheery letters, and don't forget to put something in them. He says: "I get very lonely and kind of blue some days." Help cheer him up. Mrs. Jane Kimbrough, Fulton, R. R. 2, Miss. Unable to walk for eighteen years, eighty-seven years of age. Lives with blind sister. Send this poor afflicted soul some sunshine. Mrs. Anna Kindred, Bicknell, Ind. Mr. Kindred has a cancer on his face. Is unable to do any work. Mrs. Kindred tries to do all she can to keep the wolf from the door, but the fight is too much for her. Old and very highly recommended. Open your hearts and pockets and send them such as Joseph E. Simpson, North Bradford, Maine. Helpless cripple from rheumatism. His sight is beginning to fail. Needs money for treatment. No means of support. Postmaster speaks highly of him. Send him some help. A. C. McClinton, Rising Fawn, Ga. Invalid for two years. Has wife and two small children dependent on him. Send them some assistance. Mrs. J. D. Arthur, Johnson City, R. R. 1, Tenn. Has blind husband. He tries to earn a living by teaching music. She thinks if she had a sewing machine she could help. Will someone pass one on to her? Mrs. Sallie Mosley, Mitchell, La. Shut-in. Seventy-seven years of age. Has to depend on charity for her support. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. M. L. Perkins, Hunlock Creek, Pa. Invalid for many years. Unable to leave her bed. Very worthy. Remember her. Mrs. Mary Beeson, Chestnut Ridge, N. C. Sixty-five years of age. Confined to her room for twenty-five years with rheumatism. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Laura E. Cales, Asbury, Madison Co., Ky. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Lives with mother. Needs money for food and medicine. Send her some help. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Adams, 2627 St. Paul St., Bellingham, Wash. They are poor, old, sick and lonely. Send them some cheer. Mrs. Rosy Hopkins, Critz, Va. Husband sick. Needs food and clothing. Send them some cheer. Mrs. Sarah Plunkett, Strleby, N. C. Been an invalid for seven years. Has spinal trouble and chronic gastritis. Lives with her sister who is very poor. She needs food and medicine. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Adella Porritt, Soda Springs, Idaho. Would like cheery letters and reading matter. Invalid. Mrs. S. S. McGowan, Cumberland, R. R. 2, Box 35, Md. Invalid. Would like cheery letters and reading matter.

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Locks  
And Her  
Lovely  
Twin  
Babies!**

**All Three  
Dollies  
Given  
To You  
Without  
Cost!**



The illustration shows three dolls. A large doll in the center, representing 'Golden Locks', has curly hair with a large bow on top. She wears a long-sleeved dress with a bow at the waist and a wide, patterned belt. She has large shoes with bows. At her feet are two smaller dolls, representing 'Her Lovely Twin Babies', who are identical to her in outfit and hairstyle. The entire scene is set against a background of stylized clouds.

**Premium No. 463**

PREMIUM  
NO. 672

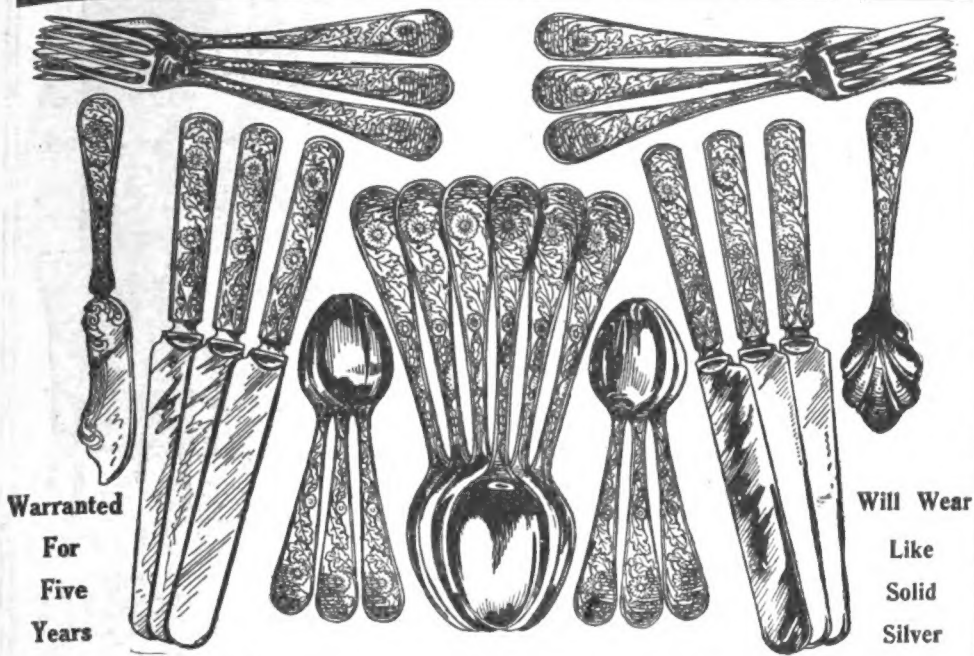
DATES TO PLANT ROSES.			
Latitude of	Florida, Calif., Tex.,	after	Feb.
"	Ariz., Okla., So. Car.,	"	Mich.
"	Wash., Tenn., Va.,	"	"
"	Nev., Kans., Mo.,	"	Apr.
"	Iowa, Ohio, W. Va.,	"	"
"	Mont., Mich., N. Y., and all New England States	"	May

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**Nita Weldon** Here is another gold medal winner, well worthy a place in the heart and garden of every flower lover. In habit of growth it is perfection. Both the canes and foliage are of such strength and vigor as to withstand without injury the ravages of insects or



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For  
Five  
Years

Will Wear  
Like  
Solid  
Silver

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Look  
At  
Me!



I  
Have  
Real  
Eye-  
Lashes!

I Go To  
Sleep  
Like a  
Real  
BABY!

MY  
ARMS  
and LEGS  
are  
JOINTED!

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Sweetest Baby Doll

In Toyland  
And You Can  
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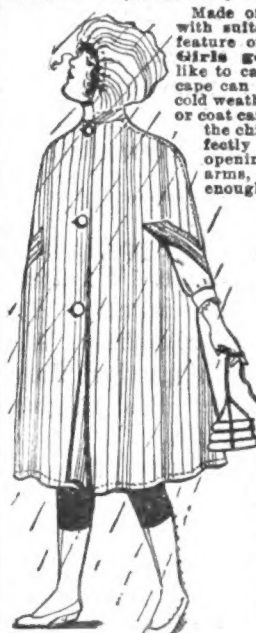


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## Girl's Waterproof Cape

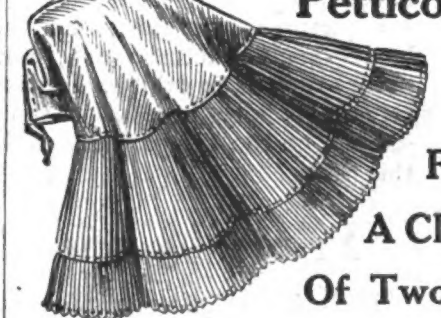
A Great PROTECTOR From WIND and RAIN



For a club of only seven subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for 15 months, we will send you by Parcel Post one of these serviceable Rain Capes. Premium No. 629. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium  
No.  
612

## Stylish Colored Petticoat



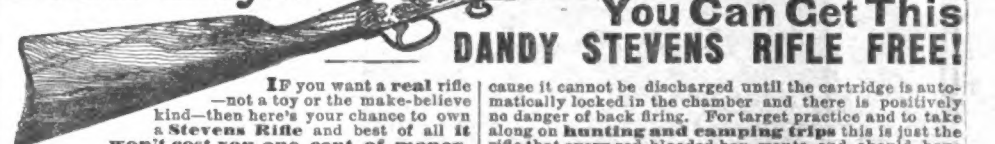
For  
A Club  
Of Two

Kelley Green, Cerise Or Black

**COLORED** petticoats modeled along narrow lines to conform to the narrow dress skirts that are now the style. Kelley Green, Cerise or "American Beauty" and Black seem to be popular shades. For they afford a striking contrast to most any dress. The petticoat offered here is made of handsome saten or "farmer's satin" of good quality with finished seams and deep flounce and it comes in the popular colors above mentioned. Every woman to be in fashion now needs one or more of these petticoats which fit so nicely and hang so gracefully having not near so much fullness as the old petticoats and yet not the extreme hobble style. Be sure to specify size and color wanted when ordering. We have them in sizes all the way from 38 to 44 and will send you exact size and the color desired, if you will accept the following

**Club Offer.** For a club of only two 15-month subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send you one of these petticoats free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 612. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Look Boys!



You Can Get This  
DANDY STEVENS RIFLE FREE!

If you want a real rifle—not a toy or the make-believe kind—then here's your chance to own a Stevens Rifle and best of all it won't cost you one cent of money. Of course, you know what the "Stevens" Rifle is. It is acknowledged to be one of the very best makes in the world manufactured by the famous Stevens Firearms Co. of Massachusetts. The rifle we offer you here is their "Little Scout" model and is the take-down pattern—that is by simply turning a screw you can remove the barrel from the stock which is a great help in cleaning the gun or packing it for travel. It shoots C. B. caps., .22 short, .22 long or .22 long rifle rimfire cartridges, has an 18-inch round all-steel barrel, case-hardened frame, blued steel butt plate, German silver knife-edge front and open rear sights, polished black walnut stock and weighs 2½ pounds. This rifle is absolutely safe be-

cause it cannot be discharged until the cartridge is automatically locked in the chamber and there is positively no danger of back firing. For target practice and to take along on hunting and camping trips this is just the rifle that every red-blooded boy wants and should have because with it you are always sure of bagging all the small game that comes your way such as rabbits, squirrels, birds and all kinds of game birds. We want every boy who reads this offer to have one of these splendid rifles and we are going to make it very easy for you to get one without spending a cent for it. Here's our free offer. Just read it.

**Club Offer.** For a club of only twelve 15-months subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, or six 3-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you this genuine Stevens Rifle free by Parcel Post prepaid. Premium No. 692. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

## Great Japanese Rug about Six Feet Long

Given For a Club of Only Four



compelled to get up another club and secure more of them, they are given on such easy terms and are so entirely wearable and give such a fine appearance.

**CLUB OFFER.** For a club of only four 15-months subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will deliver one of these Rugs by Parcel Post. Prem. No. 420. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





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We have just issued a Bargain Book which will amaze and delight you. It is the finest we ever issued in our 50 years in business.

It is so big—so handsome—that it costs us \$1 per copy with mailing, but we'll send it to you free if you have a home.

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The prices will average one-third less than usual. Some are half store prices. We buy for the millions—a thousand times what the usual dealer buys. We pick up bargains—surplus stocks. And we sell direct by mail.

Our prices will seem impossible. But we prove them to you by sending goods on trial. You buy nothing whatever until you see it in your home and use it for a month.

Keep It 30 Days

We send you things—whatever you want—to keep for 30 days. Test them, inspect them, compare our price with stores. Then buy or return them, just as you prefer. What you return we credit, and we pay the freight both ways.

That's better than buying in stores. Here you have a month to consider—there only a few minutes.

More than a million people buy their home things here. We often furnish 10,000 homes a week. We save them millions of dollars. We show them more things than they ever saw elsewhere. And we give them long-time credit.

Send for this new book. It costs you nothing. And it will bring to your home the greatest exhibit, the lowest prices and the fairest terms that were ever known in this line.

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You may pay a little each month. Buy anything you want by saving just 2 or 3 cents a day. This is our new-style credit. We open accounts without any formalities with people who buy for their homes.

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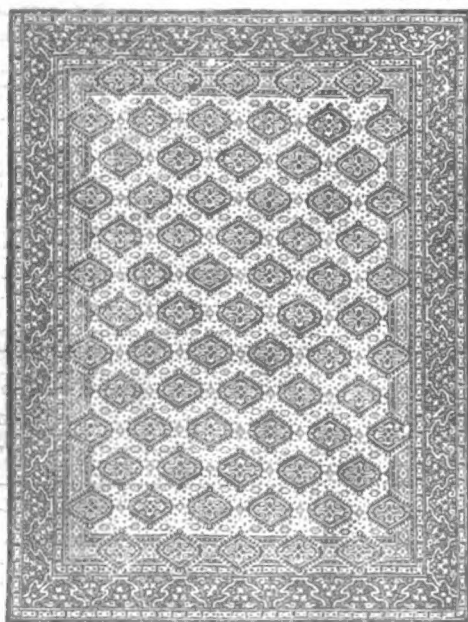
Address.....

Write plainly. Give full address.

Check which catalogs you want.

Be sure to ask for Book of Spring Styles for Women Also

Get Rich Axminster 9x12 Rug By Send- ing Only \$125



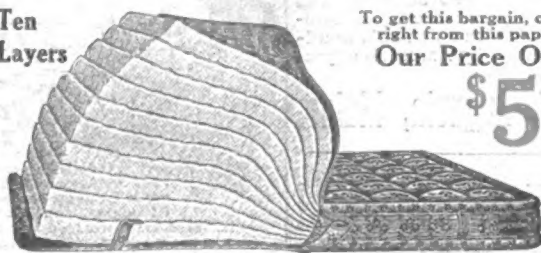
Just Write for this handsome Axminster rug. Your charge account will be opened at once and the rug will be placed in your home on 30 days' free trial. Then pay \$1.25 monthly if it pleases you and you are satisfied with the saving. This is a sample of the wonderful bargains to be found in our catalog, but as there were not enough to picture in this book you must order from this paper to take advantage of this big bargain.

Handsome Oriental Design, a copy of a rug selling for four times our price—a pattern that is found only in the very best homes. This rug is rich in appearance, coming in a tan ground with the Oriental figures brought out in beautiful shades of brown, red, blue, green and old rose colors. It has a luxurious high pile, is well woven of all-wool yarns and neatly finished.

No. F4C203. Size 9x12 feet. Price.....\$12.95

45-Pound Felt Mattress Is Yours by Sending 50c

Ten Layers



To get this bargain, order right from this paper.

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It Is So Easy to Get this big bargain in a ten-layer 45-lb. felt mattress that there is no good reason for your being without it. Just think of the days and days of comfort from a mattress of this guaranteed quality when you only pay 50c a month and enjoy its use while paying for it. You get 30 days' free trial besides, in which you can make sure of your bargain. Order right from this paper, as there were not enough to catalog. Your account will be opened when you write us.

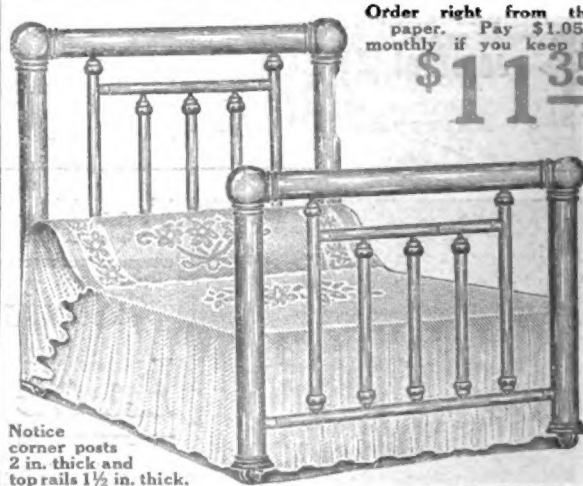
Imperial Roll Edge, extending all around, insures durability and means extra quality, making an Imperial box edge 5 inches wide all around, with nice rounded corners. Mattress is filled with 45 lbs. of genuine felt in ten layers. There are 54 tufts, with two rows of Imperial edge stitching. The covering is finest grade of selected fancy art ticking. Mattress is absolutely sanitary and will not mat or become hard or lumpy. Weight, 45 lbs. Comes in 4 foot 6 inch size only.

No. F4B6537. Price.....\$5.35

**Spiegel, May, Stern Co**

1174 W. 35th Street, Chicago

\$1.05 Brings Life Lacquer Brass Bed with 2 in. Posts



Notice corner posts 2 in. thick and top rails 1 1/2 in. thick.

Here is a Striking Design in a luxurious brass bed, one that has all the beauty of appearance to be found in a brass bed selling for \$10 or more. This is a tremendous bargain, one that you must order right from this paper, because there were not enough to catalog. Just write us for this handsome bed and send the small payment of \$1.05. Then place the bed in your home for 30 days. If you decide to keep it, pay only \$1.05 monthly. Your account will be open as soon as you write us, without formality.

Corner Posts are 2 inches thick. They are nicely topped by rounded corner caps, by which they are firmly joined to the top rails, which measure 1 1/2 inches thick. Top rails are in turn supported by five upright filling rods in both head and foot ends which are 3/4 inch thick. All filling rods are capped with artistic spun brass mounts. Notice the gallery effect, made by the extra cross rail, giving extra strength and beauty.

Guaranteed Life Lacquer is applied to every part of this bed. This lacquer protects the brass and keeps it from tarnishing or turning color, and also means that you can clean it with any ordinary acid or alkali cleaner without harming the brass. Bed stands 57 inches high at head end and 37 inches high at foot end. Comes in bright brass finish or the soft, velvety satin finish. Be sure to ask for finish desired. Shipping weight about 190 lbs.

No. F4B6043. Price.....\$11.35